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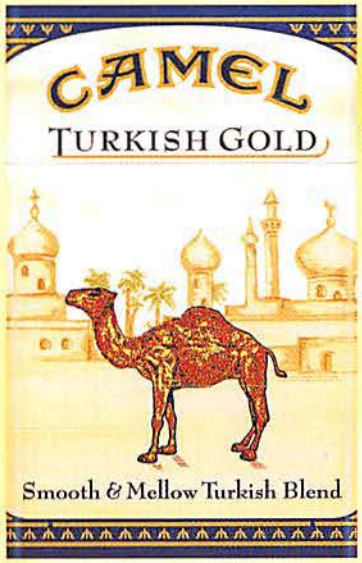

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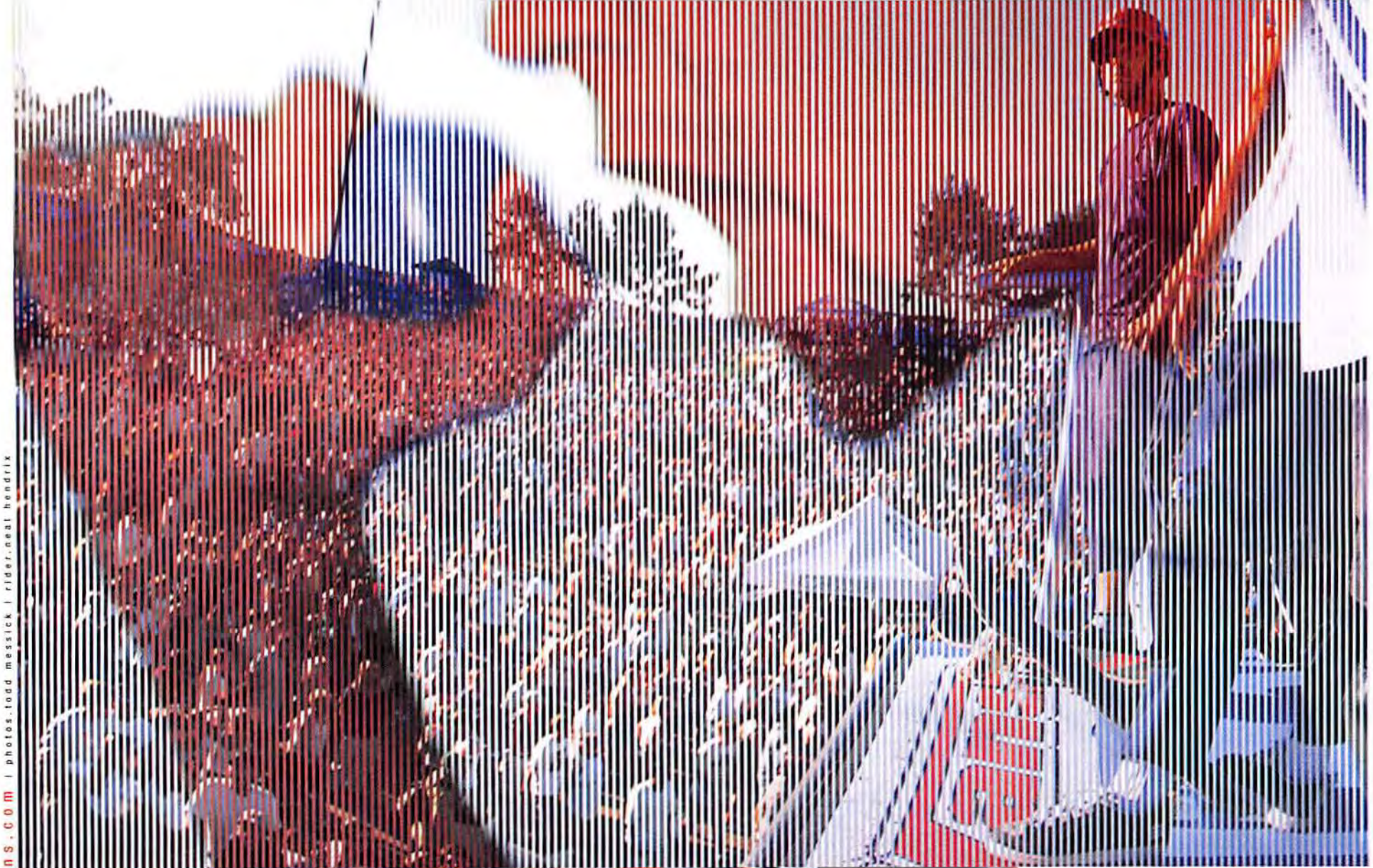

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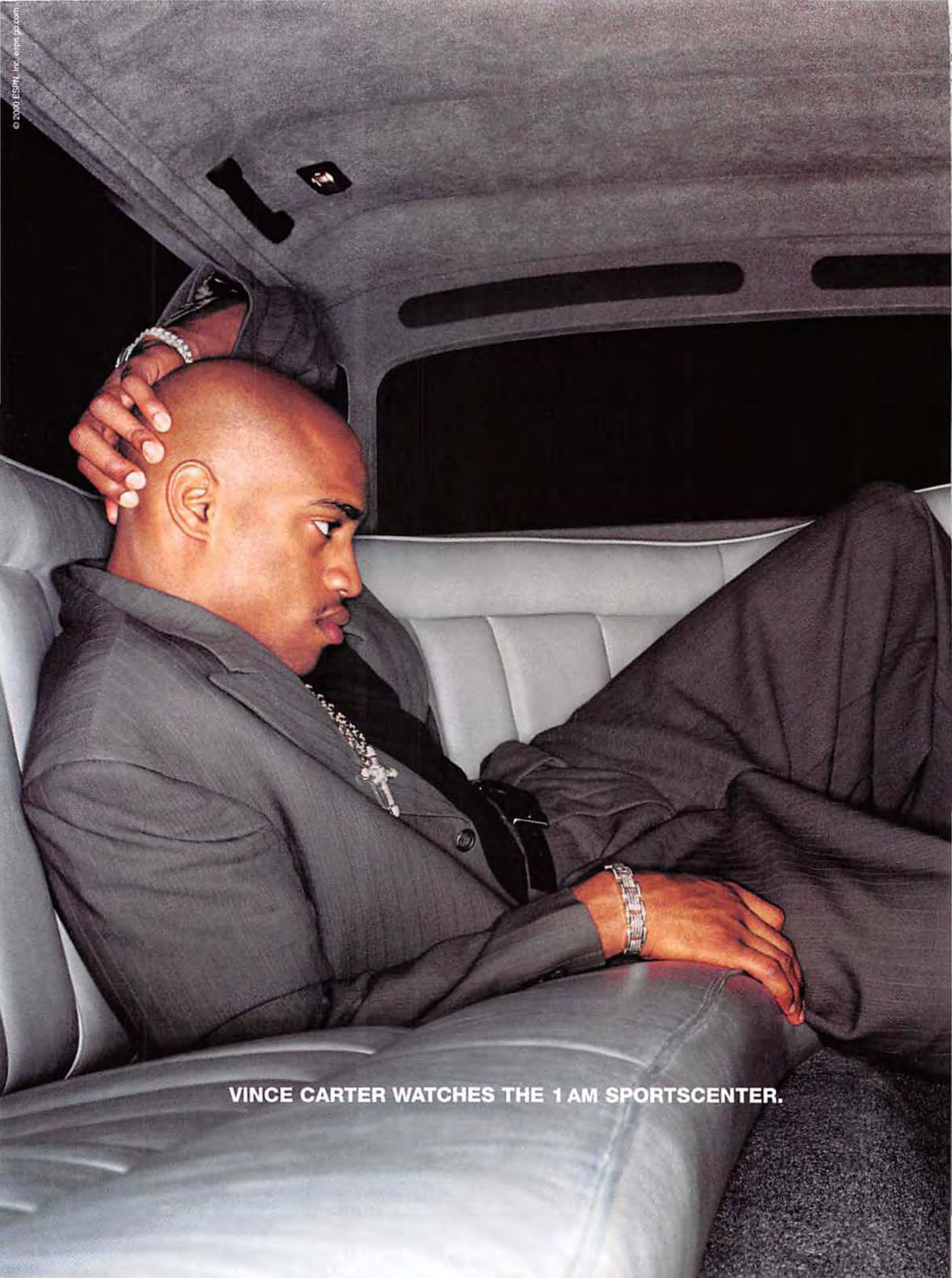
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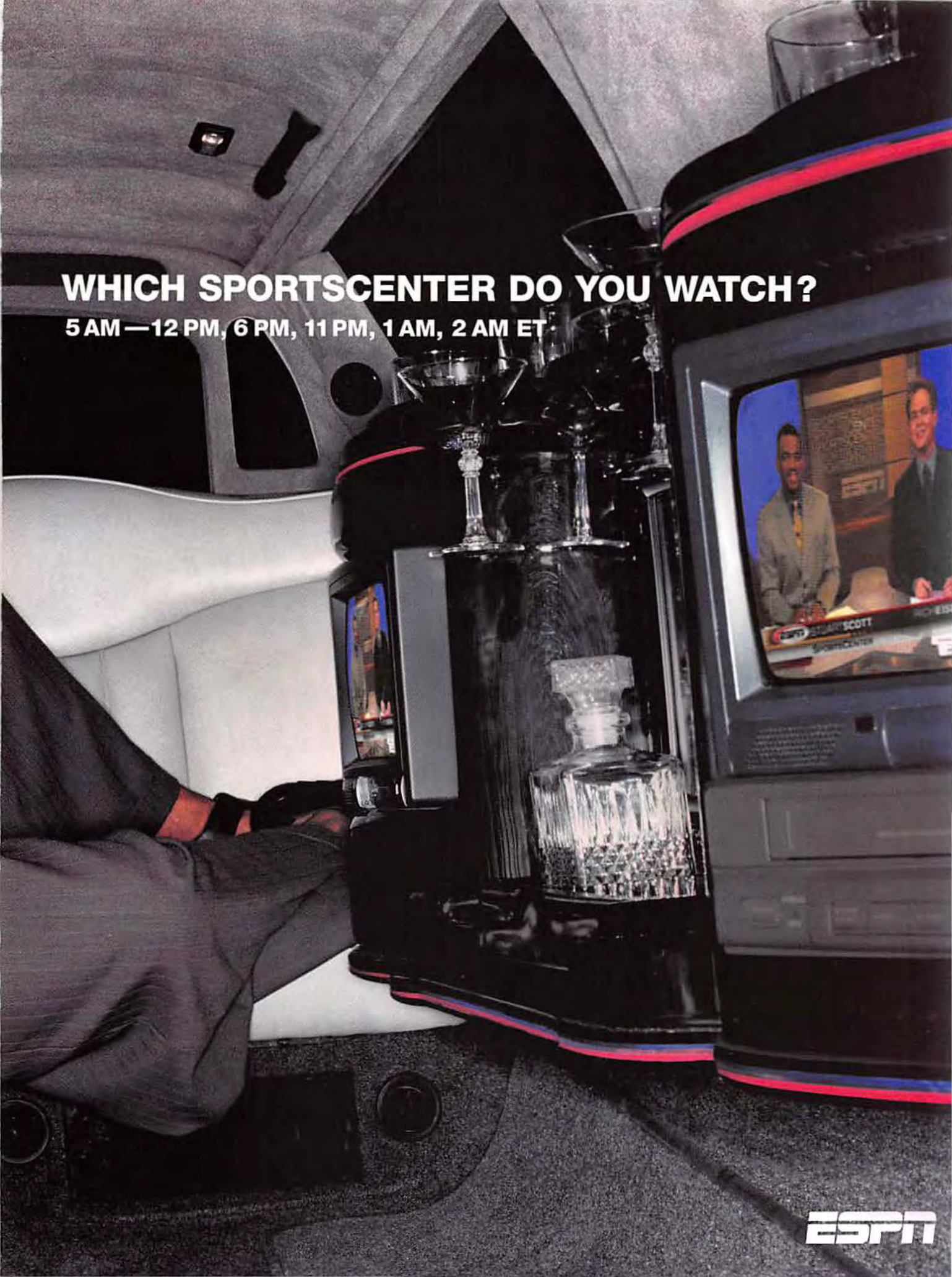
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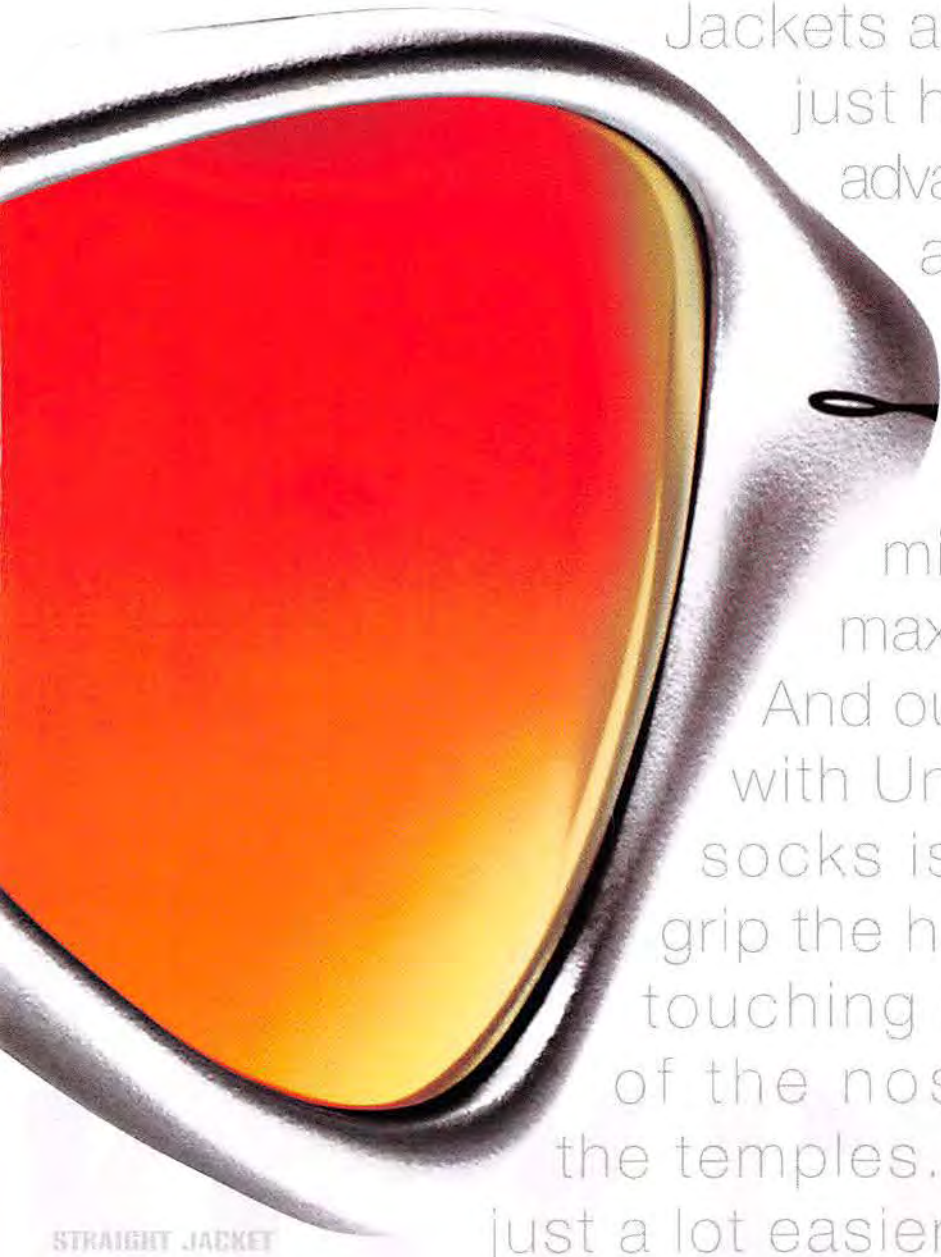

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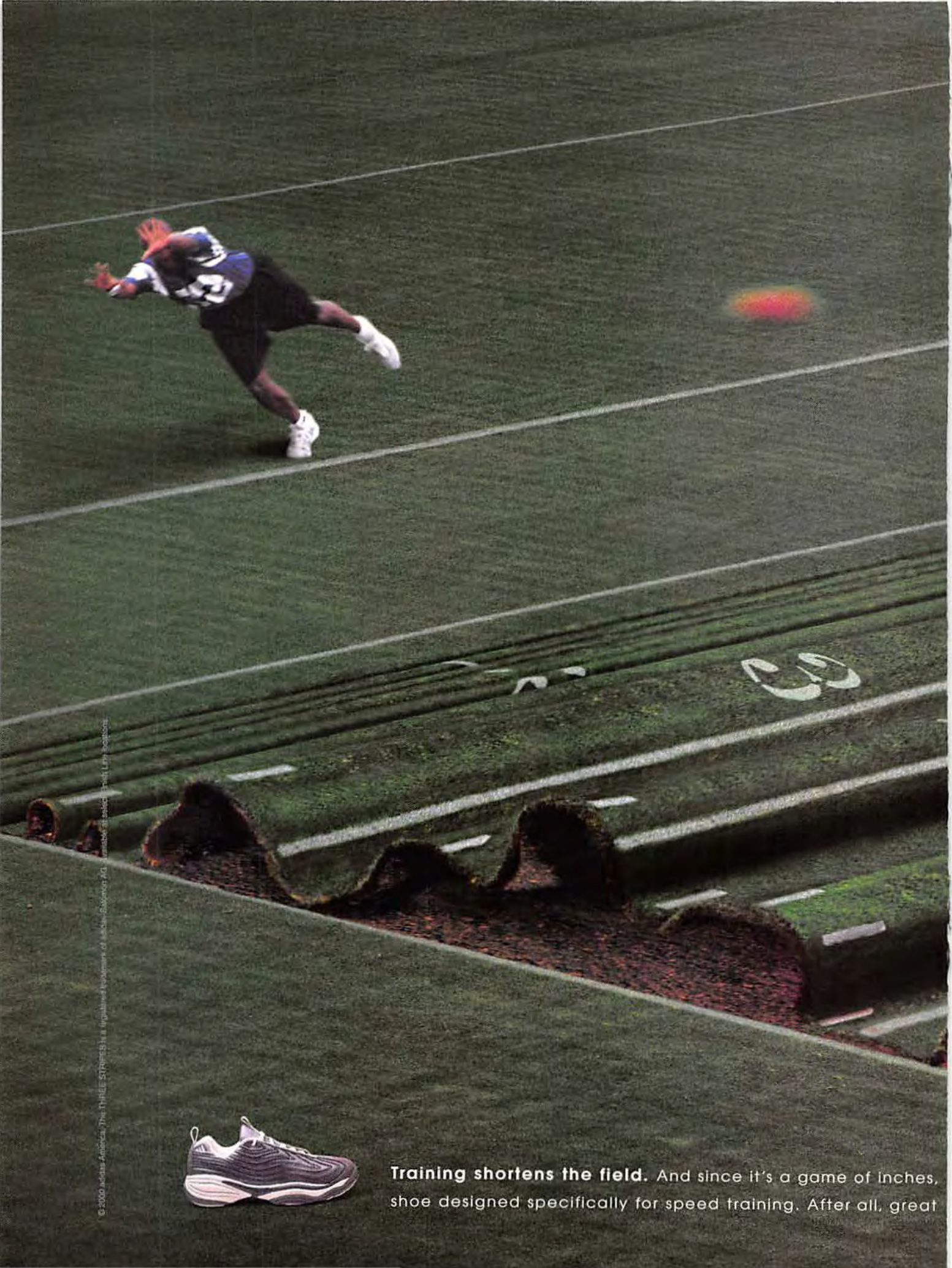
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BONUS SUMMER SPECIAL

HEAT

Brazilian goddesses on beaches, in bikinis: 16 pages of exclusive photos in a handy pull-out format.

On the Cover

Lacey Chabert

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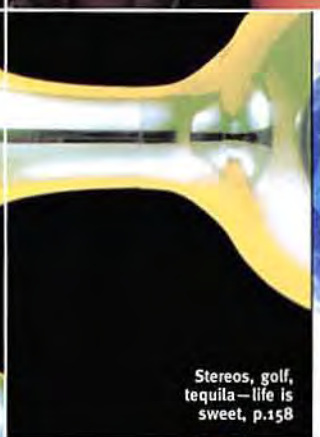

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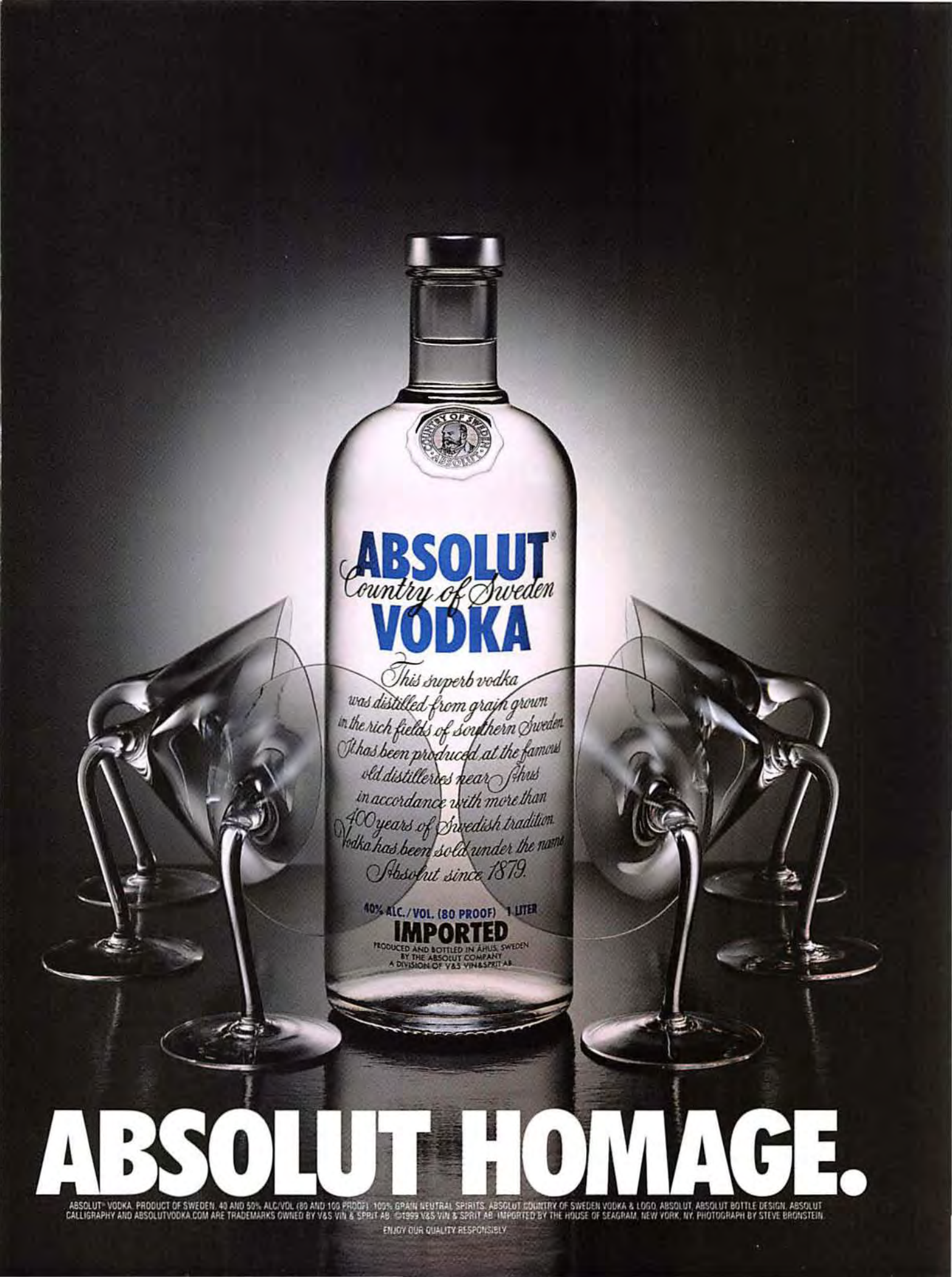
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The sexaholics meeting was deemed a disaster

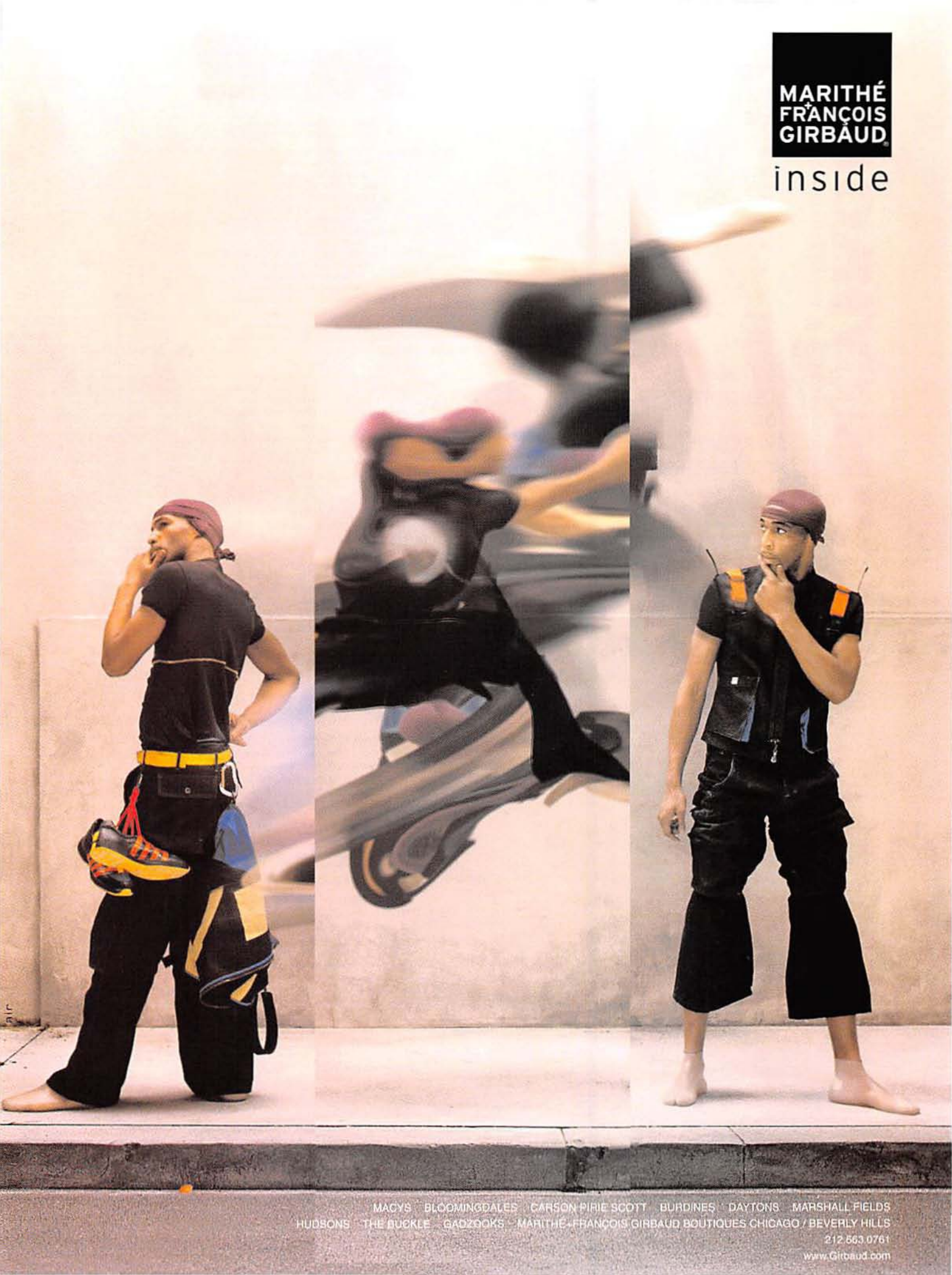
OUR SURVEY SAYS...SEX!

My dear readers, I now know more about you than I ever cared to know. Yes, the results of *Stuff*'s first official sex survey are in, and I'm officially scared (you know who you are, Mr. "I did it on a boat with a bag of scallops"). We're always rattling on about sex: how to master it and how to get her to do it. But while we've been droning on, you've just been busy at it. Everywhere and anywhere. Our survey revealed that no stone in your neighborhood, no national monument and no crevice in Disney World's Cinderella Castle has been left unchristened by your collective naked butts. Obviously, we've exposed some of you as bold-faced liars. According to you, the average American penis is more than seven inches long. Right, and you're the best she's ever had.

So rather than simply rely on your dubious testimony, we also canvassed your girlfriends and sisters. The results were fascinating: She *likes* giving oral sex, she's way kinkier than you are, and she wishes she had sex more often...although not necessarily with you. It just goes to show: Ask a few silly sex questions, get about 40,000 filthy answers. They all start on page 120. Enjoy.

Andy Clerkson

ANDY CLERKSON EDITOR-IN-CHIEF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Amanda Marcum is devoured by not-so-quicksand

It's Your Call

Speak your peace—if you have the nerve.

Works of art

I have a fine appreciation for masterpieces. That's why I found Amanda Marcum to be the *Mona Lisa* of beach beauties. But what is up with the dude shooting paint out his butt on page 141 of your June/July issue? Was he born with that talent, or did he have to practice it? How is that "art"? I know that I definitely would never hang one of his paintings in my house.

—Eric, via e-mail

That's a shame. You can pick up his latest piece on eBay. Look for him under the name "Butticelli." (Sorry, that was bad.) You're right—Amanda Marcum *is* hot.

Lionel Richie lover

In your June/July issue, you said that you do not know what the word *liming* from the Lionel Richie song "All Night Long" means. It is a West Indian (mostly Trinidadian and Tobagonian) word meaning *hanging out*. As in, "Where are you liming later?"

—Ricardo Douglas, Brooklyn, N.Y.

That's great, Ricky. Now can you explain Lionel Richie?

Too much information

Your April/May issue disturbed me. You ranked the all-time "Killer Construction Sites" and made grave errors. When you included the Death Star, you got your numbers and pictures all mixed up. First, you cited it as the first Death Star and showed a picture of the second Death Star. Then, you said the Death Star lost 33,678 people when it blew up. Wrong! Here are the exact numbers: 25,800 stormtroopers, 27,048 officers, 774,576 general crew members and 378,685 support staff. They lost a total of 1,206,109 people. Do the proper research next time.

—Calrist Nauxten, Austin, Tex.

Put down the damn remote control and get out of Anagramland, Calrist Nauxten.

Greatest guy moment No. 51

I find it odd that the debut of *Stuff* did not make the 50 Greatest Guy Moments list. Was it just an oversight? Did Mr. Brian Frazer really feel that Moses' parting the Red Sea was more impressive than the delivery of a magazine that addresses the deepest dreams and desires of the American male? Have you fired this Frazer guy yet? If not, may I suggest sticking a Yoko Ono boxed set and a Janet Reno swimsuit calendar in his next paycheck?

—Warren Ross, Boulder City, Nev.

We appreciate your sentiments, but please understand that *Stuff*'s ongoing mission is to provide unparalleled guy moments on ▷▷▷

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am a cop outside Chicago. It was a slow night, so I brought *Stuff* with me to pass the time. It began raining, so I slid my mag into my shirt to protect it. Suddenly, I heard a scream and saw a woman being chased by a guy who was shocked to see me. When I confronted him, he pulled a knife and stabbed at me. I disarmed him, and after help arrived, I opened my shirt and saw that the knife had sliced through the mag and left a cut on my bulletproof vest. Your magazine saved my life!

—Officer William Kovarik, Chicagoland, Ill.

In the movie *Gladiator*, Russell Crowe wears a breastplate made of pages from Issue 4. He withstands arrows, broadswords and those big, spiky balls. He looks damn fine in it, too. For your bravery, we'll send you a $600 Aiwa XD-DW1 Portable DVD Player. Enjoy its unparalleled sound quality, or smash it over some assailant's skull—whatever.

Photography: (Amanda) Catherine Wessel; Styling: Kelly Rae; Hair & Makeup: Kenzo Hamaguchi for Celestine LA.

a monthly basis. Still, we loved your suggestion and assigned Frazer to oversee the highly anticipated Reno photo shoot for the cover of the next issue of *Transgendered American Lawyer*.

An icy reception

In the April/May issue of your otherwise wonderful magazine, I was appalled by your coverage of the Eskimo Olympics. The word *Eskimo* is actually derogatory. The proper reference is *Aleut* or *Inuit*.

—Mark Novielli, via e-mail

Sorry, Markster. In the future, we will refer to those frosty dudes as *Inuit* or by the more accurate term *Frozen Americans*.

It's clobberin' time

On page 54 of your most recent issue, I noticed the picture of Marvel Comics hero the Thing. Despite my most valiant surfing efforts, I have been unable to find anything about the movie that this came from.

—John Woytkewicz, via e-mail

Speaking through his publicist, Mr. Thing says that the film in question was never released. He feels that this was not due to his performance (which was stellar), but to the incompetence of the director, whom Thing was compelled to mash into mulch during a disagreement about his motivation.

What's in a name?

I can't believe you listed Climax, Michigan, as one of the "Twelve Worst Real Town Names" last month. I attended college at Western Michigan University and went through Climax often. Actually, going through Climax with a girl in your car can't be considered a bad thing. Michigan, in fact, has plenty of places with exciting names. I used to drive to see my friend who lives on Rosey Mound Drive and get off at exit 69, which is Big Beaver Road!

—Stev Aara, via e-mail

We took a drive in Michigan, got lost in Big Beaver and never reached Climax. By the way, what the hell's up with *your* name?

Have Stuff, will travel

I recently had to make a beer run for a friend's birthday bash and stopped along the way at a gas station. After buying gas, cigarettes and the latest issue of *Stuff*, I must have left my driver's license on the counter. I didn't realize my loss until I tried to pay at the liquor store and the clerk wouldn't budge on selling me the suds. But then he started staring at your magazine under my arm. He offered to "look the other way" in exchange for the issue. Though I hated to see the mag go, I felt that you guys would understand. Your help did not go unrecognized, however, as the party was renamed in your honor for the evening. Here's to you!

—Jon, via e-mail

In remote parts of China, copies of *Stuff* have replaced local currency. We hear that on the black market, our Heidi Klum issue is worth 10 packs of American cigarettes, two pairs of Levi's and a pound of yak butter.

Xena's hot, you maggots!

I am a survival instructor for the United States Air Force. Every third week, I go to the mountains of Washington to train people in high-risk personal survival, evasion, resistance and escape techniques. I use various types of motivation on my students. The one I have found to work the best is showing them pictures and reading them articles from *Stuff* magazine. It always seems to pump them up. You keep putting out a great magazine, and I'll keep putting out the most well-trained Air Force personnel that I can.

—A1C Jason Martinez, U.S. Air Force

To help motivate our men in uniform, *Stuff* is working with the Pentagon to develop a bulletproof, water-repellent, flame-resistant, all-terrain, camouflage edition with an anti-heat-sensor, ripstop nylon shell and an extra compartment for gear and firearms. There will also be a really neat section on fall runway fashion.

Don't sacrifice a cow, man

I am a Haitian American, and I found your article "It's Witchcraft" offensive. Vodou (voodoo) is not all about spells. That's a very small part. Vodou, like Catholicism, is about celebrating God and all of the saints. You would never cast a spell on anyone unless you expect God to stop protecting you from spells, and it's guaranteed that the spell you cast will come back to you in one way or another. The Web sites you mentioned are disrespectful and have little to do with reality.

—Luana Estimé-Amira, New York City

You're right. In no way did we intend to belittle any sacred tradition. Clearly, we should watch fewer movies. But does this mean that there are no zombies?

Stuff does it all

Your magazine is degrading and demoralizing. It does not offer anything positive to our society. It just adds to the decay of American family values. It's clearly eroding our national fiber. There is not one redeeming quality to *Stuff*. Keep up the good work.

—Ken Radford, Dunmore, Pa.

Clearly you don't know what you're talking about. We've already proven that we're a solvent form of currency, a military training manual, a fascinating source of foreign colloquialisms and a lifesaving device. And don't forget Amanda Marcum. Ever.

SEND A LETTER, EARN RESPECT FROM HER PARENTS

Are you being grilled by your girlfriend's parents about when you're gonna get off your butt and ditch your plans to become a professional surfer? Face it: You've got no dough, you're swimming in fantasy and you just want to watch their TV and do their daughter—and they know it. Try showing them your new $550 Phillips DVD player and toss on New Line Cinema's *Boiler Room*. Giovanni Ribisi and Ben Affleck star as a pair of twentysomething brokers who lie, cheat and steal from unsuspecting friends and investors. You'll look like St. Francis of Assisi in comparison. So, send us love (or Sanskrit curses) and we'll send you *Boiler Room* on DVD, the state-of-the-art player and nine other New Line DVD titles worth $25 each. Show them that it's better to be an honest, full-time slob than a slimy suit.

Send your comments to:
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For rules, see page 163.

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(MINUS THE LIVING)

Sir Dan's back. And the world is a dark and sinister place. The evil Lord Palethorn's spell has turned London into an un-jolly old place. A gang of sadistic villains now roams the streets. And it's up to Sir Dan to destroy them with his lethal arsenal — Gatling guns, torches, axes, his own removable arm and more. Between the mighty battles and baffling puzzles, Sir Dan's facing a deadly challenge. He'll need smarts and some helpful friends — a mad professor, a wily ghost and his Egyptian princess girlfriend — to prevail. Demonic terror has a new address. And you wouldn't want to be caught alive in a place like this.

MEDIEVIL II

A GOTHIC JOURNEY TO DIE FOR.

Did You Hear the One About...

The trigger-happy doggy and other amazingly twisted but true tales.

Dog shows man puppy love

My friends Dave and Kyle were short on cash, so they decided to breed their boxers and sell the puppies. One day, I joined the guys to observe a little doggy-humping session in Dave's backyard. The dogs were hot to trot, but unfortunately Dave's dog, Prince, was having difficulty gaining entry—he was aiming too high. Trying to remedy the situation, Dave grabbed Prince's hind legs and tried to line him up right. Everything seemed to be going smoothly until Kyle noticed that Prince had slipped out of his princess again. He knelt down to get a better view of the alignment, and Prince—apparently turned on by the voyeurism—blew his load all over Kyle's face. To this day, we call him Splooge.

—Kirk F., via e-mail

C'mon, Kirk. Dogs never have a problem finding the target—that is, if our pant legs are any indication.

A cherry on the bottom

One night, while my boyfriend was waiting in the bedroom, I secretly slid a chocolate-covered cherry up into myself, thinking it'd make things a little sweeter when he went downtown. I climbed into bed and asked for a "big, wet kiss." He slid underneath the sheets, and I was eagerly anticipating moans of delight when he found my little gift. Instead, I was assaulted by high-pitched screams of terror. He jumped up, landed on the floor and said while gagging, "You have to go to the doctor. There's a piece of turd coming out of you!" I've never laughed so hard in my life, but sadly, he has yet to head south again.

—Sara M., via e-mail

Wanna really freak him out? Next time, insert a cocktail weenie.

The jolly geriatric

I am relaying this letter, which was sent to the principal's office of a middle school in Safety Harbor, Florida, that had sponsored a luncheon for the elderly. It is, I believe, a testament to goodwill.

Dear Sir,
God blesses you for the beautiful radio that I won at your recent senior citizens' luncheon. I am 84 years old and live at the Assisted Home for the Aged. All of my family has passed away. It's nice to know that someone really thinks of me. God blesses you for your kindness to an old, forgotten lady. My roommate is 95 and always had her own radio but would never let me listen to it, even when she was napping. Yesterday, her radio fell off the nightstand and broke into pieces. It was awful, and she was in tears. She asked if she could listen to mine. I said, "Fuck you."
Sincerely, Edna Jones

—Will W., Hinesville, Ga.

Maybe next time we'll think twice before taking Edna's parking space.

Lord of the rings

I used to work as an emergency medical technician in the ER. One night, I heard a big commotion behind one of the curtains. I pulled it back to find a guy doubled over in pain. I asked the nurses what the problem was and learned the awful truth: His wife had slipped a silver napkin ring onto his breadstick during foreplay. After getting aroused, the ring was so snug that it cut off the blood flow, causing the man to stay hard. He'd been in a state of readiness for four hours! The only solution was to cut the ring off, but his wife refused. The ring was a wedding gift that her mother had bought from Tiffany's. She finally gave in, but I learned an important lesson that day: Never get married.

—Jay M., Wichita, Kans.

At least they had the good sense to stay away from the other wedding gifts, like the pearl-handled carrot peeler.

TRUE LIE OF THE MONTH

My girlfriend and her family are from Russia, but they live in the U.S. now. She and I had been dating for two months, and, figuring it was time for me to experience a little glasnost, she invited me to her folks' house for dinner. Although I was nervous, everything was going smoothly. They were really nice, the food was delicious and everyone was laughing and joking. Her dad told me this story about how the linen tablecloth had been handed down to him by his grandmother in 1920 and that maybe one day it would be on my table. I squirmed, we laughed some more... and then the shots of Smirnoff began. After four rounds, I got incredibly woozy. I kept it together until her dad told a joke and slapped me on the back. In an instant, the antique tablecloth was covered in semi-digested borscht. I'm not sure what it did for Russo-American relations worldwide, but her folks suddenly got colder than Siberia.

—Greg M., Schenectady, N.Y.

As the great sage Wayne said, "If you blow chunks and she stays, she's yours forever." And to help usher in a better tomorrow, we're giving you $500 toward a Kahlúa party. But you might want to invest some of that cash in barf bags, pal.

STORIES WIN PRIZES

Everyone has a calling in life. Yours is to beat level 17 of *Wario Land II*. To help you achieve that goal, we want to give you a Nintendo 64 prize package (worth $535), which includes an N64 control set, *Perfect Dark* and *Excitebike 64*, three controllers, four Expansion Paks, four Rumble Paks and a Game Boy Color with *Tetris* and *Wario Land II*. All you have to do is get in a messed-up situation, write it down and send it in. The best one gets the loot.

For rules, see page 163.

Send your stories to: *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; letters@stuff-mag.com.

Photography: David Weiss. Illustration: David Tarzymian

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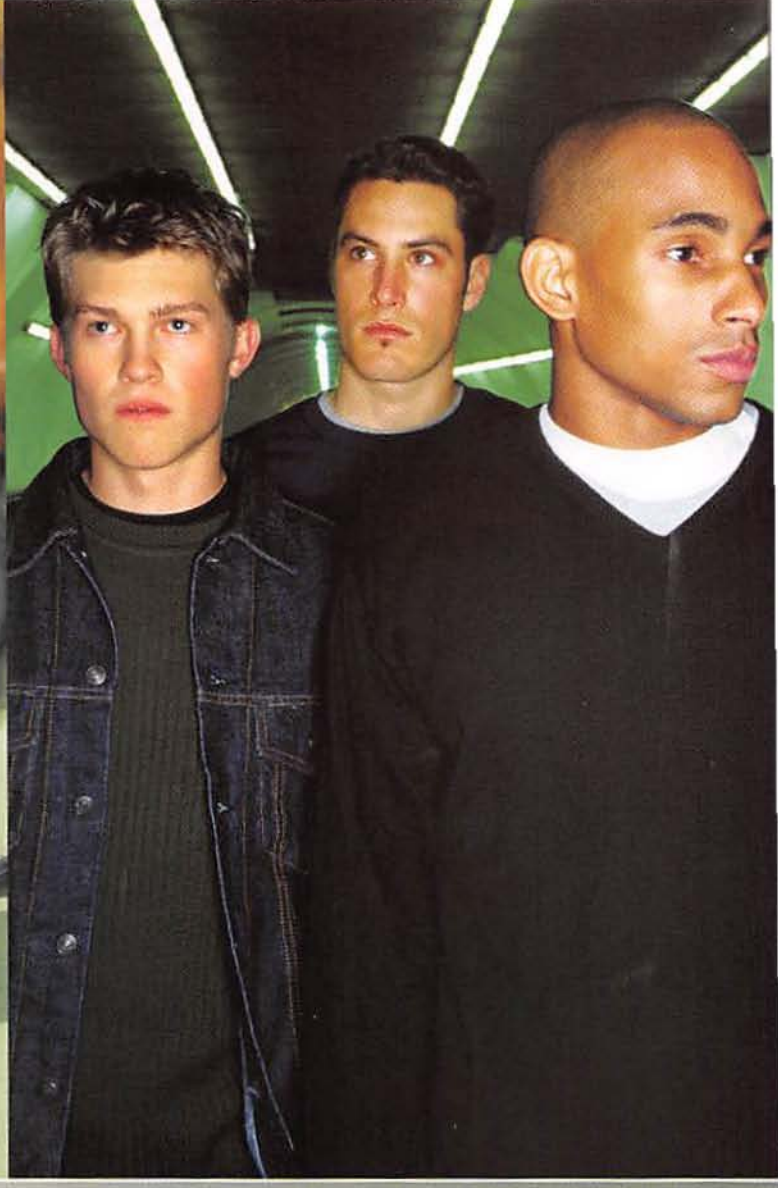

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First lady

That '70s Girl

Red alert. Red hot. Code red. All awful ways to begin this story. Laura Prepon deserves better. Yes, the beautiful babe next door on *That '70s Show* has a, er, strawberry-blond mane. But Laura is amazing because she's that rare gorgeous girl who's just as comfortable schooling your ass on the b-ball court as she is locking lips with you in the back of a '77 Camaro. The most maddening part: The 20-year-old is every bit the sexy tomboy in person. "I just had French doors put in my bedroom," she says, "and I got to use a sledgehammer to knock down the wall. It was so much fun."

You'll soon be able to catch Laura's big-screen debut in the still-undistributed indie *The Pornographer: A Love Story*. The title is about as racy as the action gets, but that doesn't mean Laura won't walk on the wild side. Lately, she's been spending her free time playing with her newest toy: a Mini-14 semiautomatic rifle. "I love the energy you feel when you shoot," she says. "Some people get a little freaked out by it, but I am so into guns." Red alert...

Horses and crowd surfing do not a good mix make

When crowds get attacked

Terror in Row H

If recent events are any indication, sports fans are fast becoming an endangered species.

It's getting more and more hazardous for those of us who comprise the spectator population of spectator sports. Just ask the two fans who were injured when Ernie Irvan's car crashed at the 1997 Daytona 500, sending his hood flying into the stands. And they were lucky to have survived. Here, we take a look at some of the freakiest crowd disasters in history.

1 MITSUBISHI MOTORS BADMINTON HORSE TRIALS

ENGLAND (1999)

Australian jockey Stuart Tinney and his horse, Tex, gave fans an extra-up-close look at horse jumping at the ultrachallenging Badminton course. Rather than jump fence No. 19, Tex decided to take a flying leap over a protective barrier, landing squarely on the crowd. A cameraman's arm was broken, as well as the collarbone of a female spectator.

2 CIRCUS INTERNATIONAL

HONOLULU (1994)

Tyke the circus elephant was in no mood to perform one sweltering August day, so she decided to go berserk instead. First, she killed a trainer by kicking him out of the ring; then she tried to stomp on another trainer's head. Tyke eventually escaped and went on a rampage down the streets of Honolulu, where she was finally gunned down by police.

3 RAMSTEIN AIR SHOW

WEST GERMANY (1988)

The air show held at the Ramstein U.S. Air Base came to a fiery end when three planes collided during the Italian flying team's performance. One jet careened into the audience, killing 70 people and leaving more than 300 others critically injured.

4 LE MANS 24-HOUR RACE

FRANCE (1955)

During the first few hours of a 24-hour endurance race, Frenchman Pierre Levegh's Mercedes-Benz spun off course, crashed through a wooden fence, took flight over an embankment and landed in a crowd of spectators, who were sitting 20 or 30 deep. Eighty-three people died, including Levegh, making it the worst auto-racing accident in history.

Moments before Dumbo was gunned down, 1994

The horrific scene at the Ramstein air show, 1988

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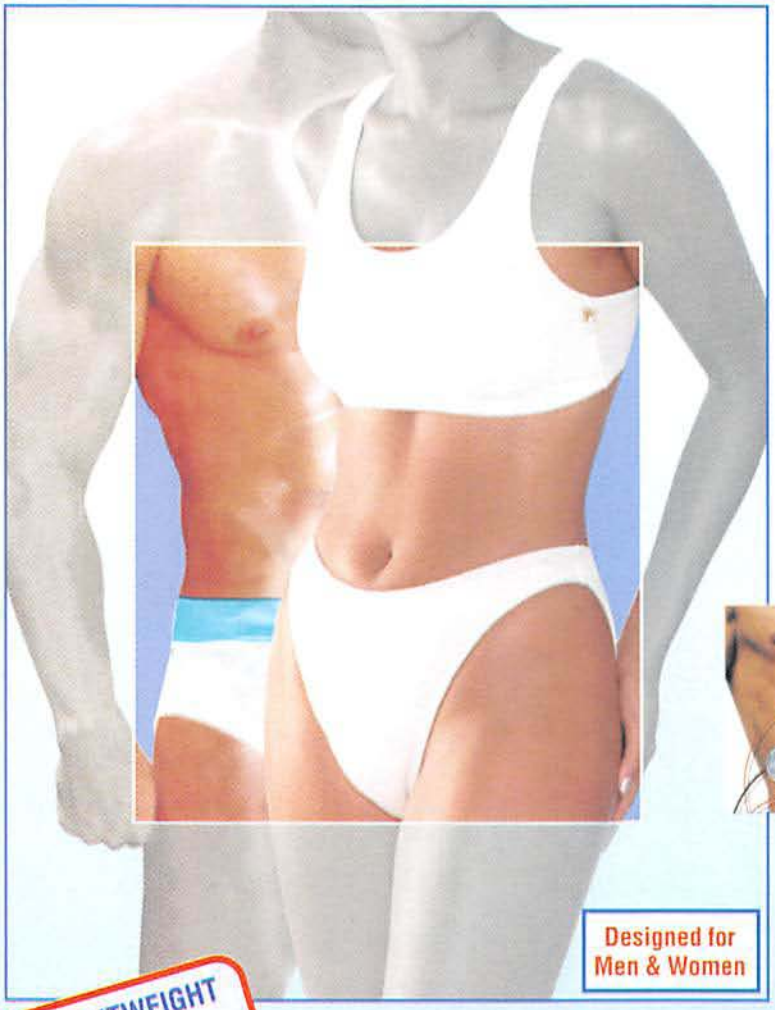

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Booze road test

Wild Style

Bowling and brewskies go together like Puffy and prosecution. So to evaluate how potent this month's microbrew—Island City Wild Rice Lager—really is, we sent our slightly alcoholic reporter down to the lanes with a couple of quarts in tow. Here's his report.

POISON	Island City Wild Rice Lager
SLOGAN	Lager brewed with wild rice (Note to marketing department: Slogan needs work.)
CREDENTIALS	Gold Medal Winner 1991 and Silver Medal Winner 1999, Great American Beer Festival
SERVING SIZE	1-liter and half-liter bottles
HEAD	Oddly reminiscent of sex with a girlfriend—it was full-on at first but quickly tapered off, until we were just happy to have had any at all.
AROMA	Fruity, caramel
TASTE	A sweet, dark caramel flavor and finish
WEB SITE	www.minocquabrewingco.com
THE BOWLING TEST	After downing 72 ounces of Wild Rice Lager, our man's game significantly worsened because, he claims, "it was really hard to aim with the pins moving like that." Here's a frame-by-frame account:

SOBER	BOMBED
SCORE	
162	73
STRIKES	
4	0
SPARES	
3	1
GUTTER BALLS	
0	3
# OF TIMES TRIPPED OFF THE MINI STEP	
0	3
# OF FRAMES BEFORE SOMEONE ELSE KEPT SCORE	
0	4
LENGTH OF GAME	
23 minutes	1 hour, 7 minutes
FINAL VERDICT	

WILD RICE LAGER DOESN'T TASTE NEARLY AS GOOD COMING UP AS IT DOES GOING DOWN, BUT IT STILL MAKES A FINE COMPANION TO ANY SPORTS EVENT.

Photography: (Beer, food) Jan Knapik. Illustration: From the book *More Red Meat*. Copyright©1998 by Max Cannon. Reprinted by arrangement with St. Martin's Press Inc.

CONSUMER WATCHDOG REPORT NO. 1

The Frozen-Dinner Scam

We're never ones to back away from alerting you, John Q. Public, to scandals perpetrated by big-business fat cats. So when we learned that frozen-dinner box-top photos featured mint leaves that did not actually come with the dinner, we were outraged! We purchased a few of these so-called entrées and gave them the once-over. Here is the first installment of our explosive findings.

BUDGET GOURMET'S

BEEF PEPPER STEAK WITH RICE, GREEN PEPPERS AND ONIONS ($2.19)

There's a reason that the fat content of this particular entrée weighs in at a seemingly healthy six grams per serving: There isn't enough beef in it to choke a gnat. "Huh?" you might say. "But the photo clearly shows a heaping pile of steamy, juicy cuts of beef!" That, sweet, innocent consumer, is why you should never judge a frozen dinner by its cover. We found this meal lacking in both heartiness and deliciousness. When the bell rang on our microwave, we opened the door and were greeted not by the promise of flavorful arias singing across our taste buds, but by a smallish lump of foodstuff that simply laid there. Budget Gourmet? More like Expensive Sham.

NEXT MONTH'S SHOCKER:

Healthy Choice's Honey Glazed Chicken promises grill marks that don't really exist!

DAMNNATIONS

IS AMERICA THE BEST?

This month, we put our star-spangled banner to the test.

More than 200 years ago, our forefathers formed a "more perfect union." Still, some will argue that the United States is not, in fact, the greatest country on earth. Curious to see if the naysayers were right, *Stuff* took a few flags and ran them by a panel of U.N. diplomats. On a scale of 1 to 10, here are their official findings.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA	Stars and stripes, baby.	9
LIBYA	The Libyan Betsy Ross sure put a lot of work into this.	1
DOMINICA	Excellent, if you don't mind saluting a parrot.	2
TRINIDAD & TOBAGO	They stole it from Van Halen's *Diver Down* album.	6
ST. LUCIA	Inspiration: a few bong hits and a *Star Trek* marathon.	4
RWANDA	The *R* is for Rwanda. Get it?	2
BHUTAN	Dig the dragon on rollerblades. We have a winner!	10

The shocking finale to the director's cut of *Charlotte's Web*

Billions served

Did Somebody Say...Baked Pig Face?

This little piggy ran all the way home—then got its face sliced off and served for lunch.

Sick of Big Macs and chalupas? If you have a passport and 72 hours for lunch, you can sink your teeth into the hottest fast food in China: baked pig face. Served at a chain of joints named, ingeniously enough, Baked Pig Face, the debristled delicacy is huge in Beijing—and may be coming to a food court near you. At BPF, you get the whole head of a hog, including the snout, eyes, ears, tongue, brains and teeth, seasoned with more than 30 herbs and spices. It also comes with piglet-shaped dumplings and plum sauce. Don't worry if your date is the "I'll just have a salad" type: She can nibble on a side of ox penis (roasted, not fried).

Sure, it sounds finger-lickin' good, but is it in accordance with the Food Guide Pyramid? "If you eat the face, you're probably just eating fat and collagen, not a good source of nourishment," says Kathleen Zelman, a spokesperson for the American Dietetic Association. What about that ox penis? In Zelman's professional opinion: "Why would you want to eat a penis?" Ah, but have you tried it with the plum sauce?

"I can kill a small mammal with my right nipple."

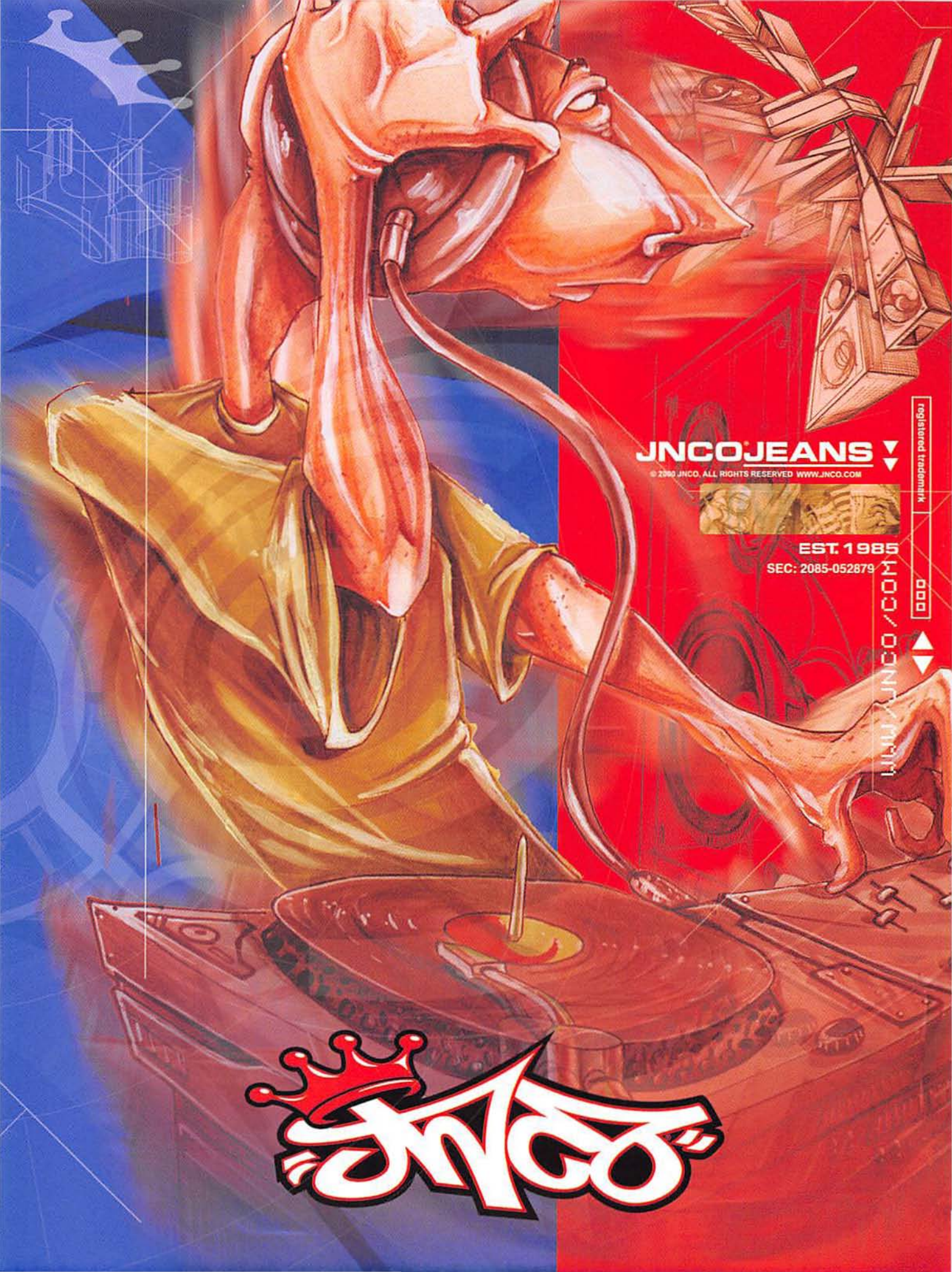
HONG KONG PHOOEY

Bruce Lee strikes with his mind-numbing thoughts and ideas.

In his book *Striking Thoughts*, the late, legendary Lee serves up pearls of wisdom and subtle observations that he collected while making chop suey of people's faces. Unfortunately, Mr. Lee may have taken one too many nunchaku shots to the dome. Read and learn, little egg roll.

- You know how I like to think of myself? As a human being.
- I really dig exercise. When I'm jogging in the morning—boy! It's sure refreshing.
- A fat belly cannot believe that such a thing as hunger exists.
- The two diseases [of the ego] are riding an ass to search for an ass and riding an ass and being unwilling to dismount.
- One must always strive to be better. The sky's the limit.
- Change is changeless. To change with change is the changeless state.

Photography: (Pig Face) Matthew Wakem. (Book) Jens Mortensen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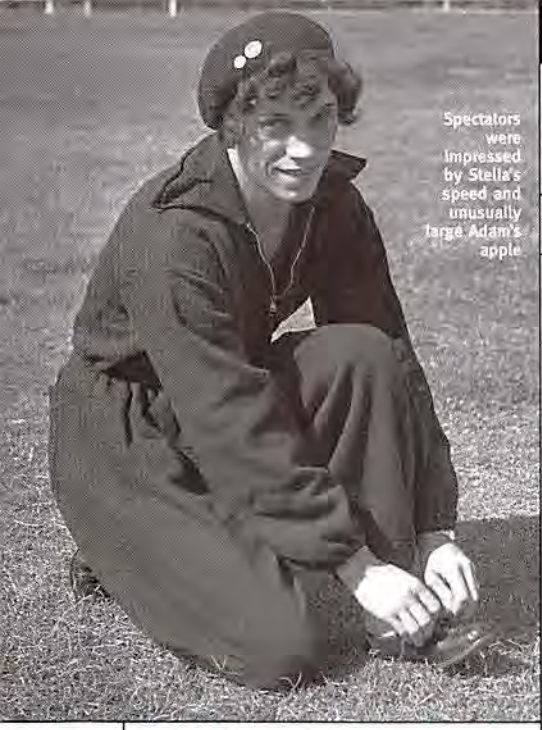


Spectators were impressed by Stella's speed and unusually large Adam's apple

Eight things you didn't know about

The Olympics

Men posing as women, pigeon shooting and death threats: There's more to Olympic history than Bruce Jenner and Wheaties.

1. In 1980, 69-year-old Stella Walsh (above), the 100-yard sprint winner in 1932, was accidentally shot dead by supermarket robbers in Ohio. Doctors and friends were shocked when an autopsy revealed that she was actually a he.
2. Haiti's Dieudonne Lamothe set the record for the slowest 5,000-meter finish in Olympic history in 1976 and finished dead last in the 1984 marathon. Why did he even bother racing? Haitian officials threatened to kill him if he ever failed to finish a race.
3. Izzy, the official mascot of the 1996 Atlanta Games, was banned from celebrations because he was so damn ugly.
4. North Korea's Li Ho-Jun has said that he achieved his world-record small-bore rifle score in the 1972 Games by imagining that he was aiming at capitalists.
5. Although Ray Ewry spent his childhood in a wheelchair, suffering from polio, he went on to win 10 gold medals in the high, long and triple jump for the U.S. between 1900 and 1908. His record has never been broken.
6. At the 1924 Games, Hungarian fencer Italo Santelli challenged Italian fencing captain Adolfo Contronei to a duel after an insult to his honor. The Hungarian's son, Giorgio, fought in *his* father's place, slashing the Italian on the head and avenging his pop.
7. Eight years after Rafer Johnson won the 1960 decathlon, he worked as Robert Kennedy's bodyguard and caught the assassin who fatally shot the senator.
8. The following "sports" were at one time Olympic events: stone throwing (1904–1920), the 60-meter underwater swim (1900) and, of course, live pigeon shooting (1900).

MORONIC MILESTONES

THE WORLD OF STUPID

Our regular roundup of folks who are more than a few McNuggets short of a Happy Meal.

OHIO

Cons make complete asses of themselves

Rather than appear at the local courthouse, inmates of Ohio's Portage County Jail attend their arraignment hearings via live video link. In December 1998, Todd Ekmark stood before the camera, denied a domestic violence charge and then, thinking the camera was off, dropped his pants and mooned it, saying, "This is for you, judge." A good joke in our book—if the camera wasn't still running. After witnessing Ekmark's unappealing appeal, Judge Barbara Watson declared, "This is for you," and sentenced him to 10 days in the slammer.

NEW JERSEY

The long and short of it

A 51-year-old man from Long Branch, New Jersey, called police and claimed that he had been stabbed in the crotch while sleeping. Responding officers quickly learned that the heavily intoxicated man was not the victim of a crazed, penis-poking bandit, but was instead the victim of his vacuum cleaner's factory-guaranteed sucking ability. Feeling a little randy that evening, the man had turned on the vacuum and inserted himself into the nearest hole. The vacuum—which has a spinning blade inside—speedily removed a half inch of his penis. Doctors successfully stopped the bleeding, but they were unable to reattach the severed tip, assuring the world that Herr Hoover will be unable to create future generations of sex-starved morons.

TENNESSEE

Who wants to land in the clink?

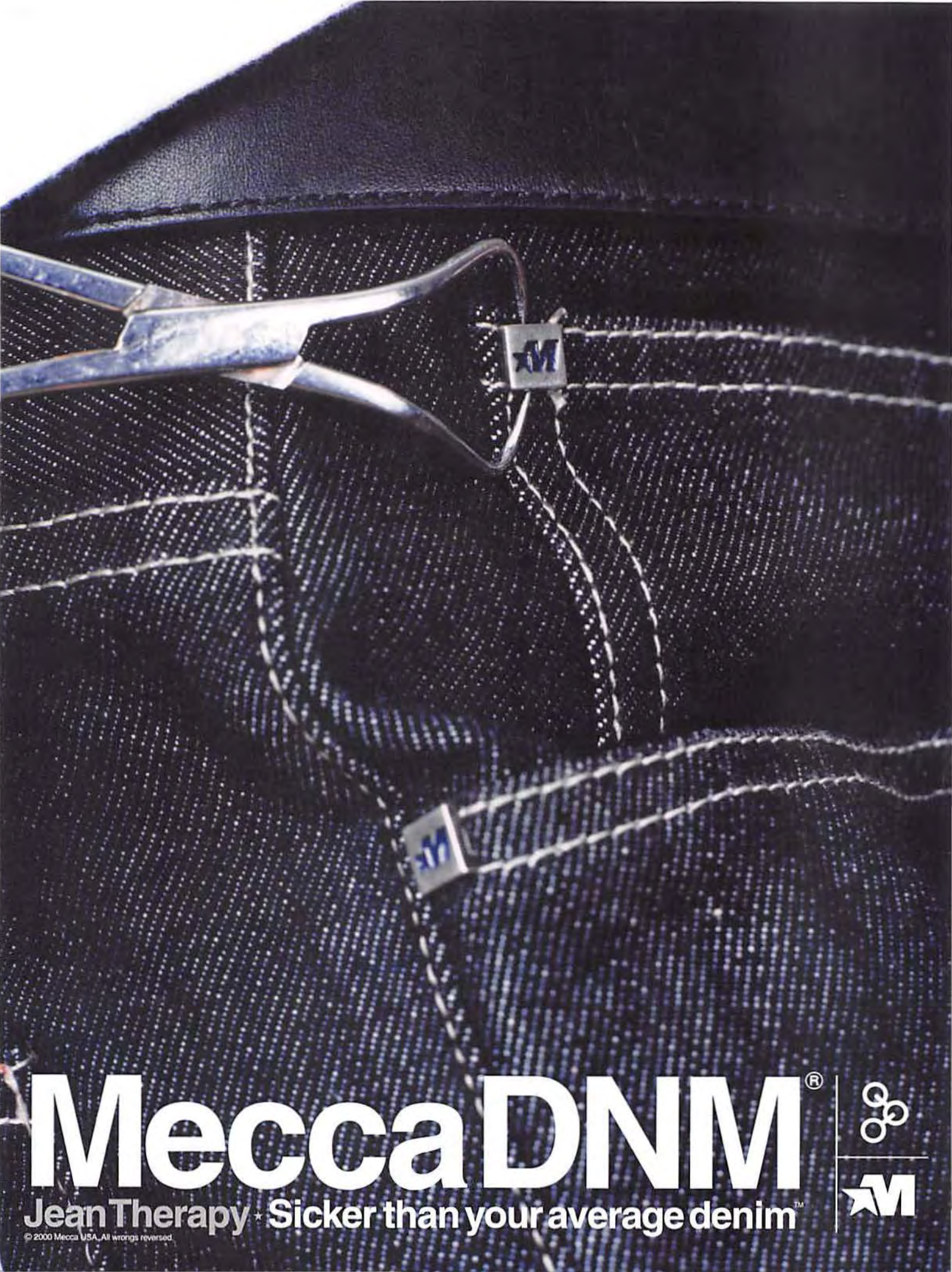
Mike Stacey never made it past contestants' row on a recent episode of *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire,* but he did walk away with a unique door prize: a one-way ticket to jail. See, not only were his friends and family watching his TV debut, but so was Sgt. Tommy Watts of the Sevier County Sheriff's Department. It turns out that there was an arrest order on Stacey for skipping out on a court appearance, writing bad checks and owing $17,053 in restitution for a T-shirt-counterfeiting conviction. Shortly after appearing on the show, he appeared at police headquarters in handcuffs. The lesson? If you're on the run from the law and need to go on a game show, pick *Greed*; no one watches that.

ISRAEL

Explosive idiocy

On September 5, 1999, two groups of Palestinian terrorists detonated time bombs in Israel for the explicit purpose of killing lots of innocent people. Fortunately, both bombs exploded in the terrorists' cars while en route to their targets. The reason: The Moe, Larry and Curly of terrorism had failed to take daylight saving time into account. As a result, the bombs exploded an hour earlier than they'd expected.

Illustration: David Tuzzyman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Secretary of Steak George Albright

Welcome to Florida: Home to gators, geezers and, now, the Secretary of BBQ.

Politicians are always going on about child welfare, the elderly and tax breaks—but who will stand up for the rights of the barbecuer? Florida State Rep. George Albright, that's who. He was recently appointed by Governor Jeb Bush as Florida's secretary of barbecue to help promote barbecuing and barbecue culture.

ARE YOU PROUD OF YOUR POSITION?
Oh, yes. I even went and had a license plate made that says SEC BBQ.

WHAT'S THE FIRST THING YOU'RE GOING TO DO AS THE SECRETARY OF BARBECUE?
I'm going to start an Internet site—with my own money—to catalog the various barbecue cook-offs and restaurants all over the state.

DO YOU PULL YOUR PORK?
I am not a pork puller.

WHAT DOES BARBECUE MEAN TO YOU?
Barbecue is the great equalizer. It's the only food that, when you go into a restaurant, you'll see millionaires and construction workers eating, side by side. The fellowship across this country of bringing family and friends together every weekend is around a barbecue grill.

WHICH STATE HAS THE BEST BARBECUE?
It's like painting. The *Mona Lisa* is the premier painting in the world, and there are a lot of other wonderful paintings out there that everyone enjoys on an equal basis.

WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
I enjoy all barbecues equally.

WHICH PARTY MAKES THE BEST BARBECUE?
The Democrats would probably just give it away. Republicans would buy their meat only from big business.

ANY BARBECUE ADVICE?
If it's a large, open fire, don't barbecue naked.

Rock Hudson privately pores over more Grade A beef

Van de Velde gets in touch with his frog roots at last year's British Open

A SMART BET IS NEVER A GAMBLE

THE WIZARD OF ODDS

HEISMAN TROPHY WINNER

WUSS BET	MICHAEL VICK	2–1
MONEY BET	DREW BREES	8–1

Have you heard of hype? The sophomore jinx? Season-ending injuries? If any of those should stick to Vick—the Virginia Tech QB who can run, throw and tape ankles—then embrace Brees. The Purdue QB delivers smart bombs with Pentagon precision.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL CHAMPION

WUSS BET	NEBRASKA	2–1
MONEY BET	TEXAS	20–1

The Cornhuskers have been earmarked for greatness because of their humvee-size defense, led by linebacker Carlos Polk. Defending champ Florida State is stocked and has 27-year-old "When the hell is this guy gonna graduate?" QB Chris Weinke returning—again. But buck the odds and bet Texas, which has supersoph QB Chris Simms throwing to thoroughbred burners such as incoming receiver B.J. Johnson.

PIGSKIN CLASSIC CHAMPION

WUSS BET	FLORIDA STATE	-11
MONEY BET	BRIGHAM YOUNG	+11

The season-opening classic (August 26) looks like anything but. FSU features Weinke, stud tailback Travis Minor and a 12-game winning streak. BYU finished 8–3 last year but got plowed by Marshall in the Motor City Bowl. Still, the always-offensive Mormons are loaded with QB Bret Engemann and running back Paul Peterson. With a pile of hotshot freshmen coming in, a BYU gamble is A-OK.

WILL NOTRE DAME SACK ITS CRAPPY COACH?

WUSS BET	HE STAYS	5–1
MONEY BET	HE GOES THIS SEASON	3–5

Coach Bob Davie's contract runs through 2003, but last year's 5–7 record ain't gonna cut it. This is Notre Dame, man! Knute Rockne! The Gipper! Green beer! These bozos even lost to walkovers Boston College and Stanford. With Texas A&M, Nebraska and Purdue on the schedule, things look black for the blue and gold. Bank on Bobby's inevitable exit.

BRITISH OPEN WINNER

WUSS BET	TIGER WOODS	3–1
MONEY BET	JEAN VAN DE VELDE	40–1

Van de Velde is due for redemption after blowing a 10-stroke lead in the final round at Carnoustie last year. VDV misplayed himself into a playoff (which he lost to Paul Lawrie) by shooting a seven on the final hole, during which he found himself shooting from the heather and knee-deep water. Too good to be this bad again, the Frenchman's a *bon* bet.

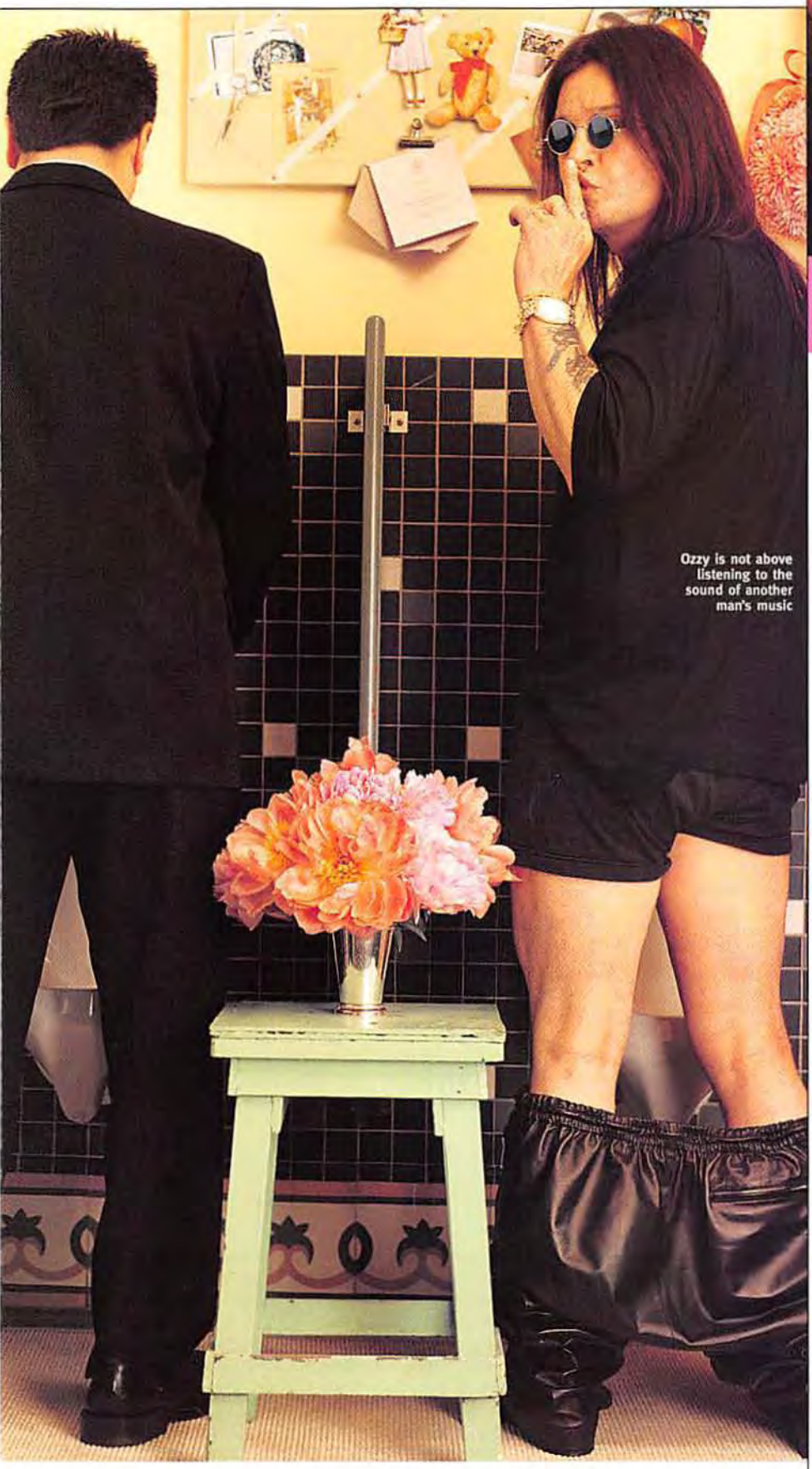
WILL "IRON" MIKE TYSON BE LOCKED UP IN 2000?

WUSS BET	STAYS OUT	1–6
MONEY BET	THE USUAL CELL	4–1

Online casinos are actually taking action on this. Tyson's career is on the canvas. He's on antidepressants. Lately, he's fared better in highway fights than in the ring. He got roughed up by someone called the White Buffalo. He's been incarcerated nearly four years out of the last ten. Bets like this have been known to finance college educations.

Picks by *New York Post* betting guru Hondo.

Photography: Sandra Johnson; Grooming: Mylah Morales for Crystal Agency LA



Ozzy is not above listening to the sound of another man's music

OZZY OSBOURNE Living

He's bitten heads off of winged rodents, sipped cups of fans' spittle and snorted half of Bolivia. Now, a kinder, cuddlier Ozzy takes a break from his annual blockbuster Ozzfest tour to help solve your pressing etiquette problems.

Dear Ozzy,

What level of conversation is permissible between two men who are using urinals in a public rest room?

—Chris F., Lincoln, Nebr.

Say very little if you don't know the other guy, or else he'll think that you want to grab his ass. I prefer staring silently with a shit-eating grin on my face.

Dear Ozzy,

My boss often yells at me in front of my coworkers. It's so humiliating. What is an appropriate way to ask him to stop?

—John S., Queens, N.Y.

There's really no excuse for bad manners. The next time your boss yells at you in front of your coworkers, try pulling him aside and letting him know that you don't appreciate it. If that doesn't work, then tell him to fuck off.

Dear Ozzy,

My girlfriend and I are having a disagreement about when it's proper to wear white shoes and linen pants. Can you give us some guidelines, please?

—Howard T., Newark, N.J.

I personally would never wear white shoes or linen pants for any occasion, and I would definitely not date someone who wanted me to. I say, dump your girlfriend and your problem's solved.

Dear Ozzy,

I find Cornish game hens very hard to manage at dinner parties. How does one eat such a bird in a polite manner?

—Jack N., Broward, Fla.

Don't be timid. Just pick the fucking thing up and put it in your trap. Others will most likely follow your lead.

BABES OF YORE NO.8

LONI ANDERSON

Long before we knew about phone sex, *WKRP*'s ripe receptionist was ringing our bell.

Only a real woman could cultivate that mammoth mane.

Webster's defines *receptionist* as "a person employed to greet telephone callers, visitors, patients or clients." Obviously, the dictionary dweeb who wrote that was asleep from 1978 to 1982, when Loni Anderson, the star of *WKRP in Cincinnati*, proved that a receptionist could be so much more.

A lesser woman would've portrayed sexy secretary Jennifer Marlowe as a dumb-as-nail-files stereotype. Loni, however, transformed her into the bleached-blond sun around which the whole WKRP galaxy revolved. We have no idea if Jennifer could type, collate or take dictation, but she excelled in more important skills—such as bailing her scatterbrained boss, Mr. Carlson, out of trouble at least once every episode—and wholly justified the existence of an early-'80s fashion experiment known as the Clingy Sweater Dress.

Week after week we fidgeted through the zany antics of Dr. Johnny Fever and Venus Flytrap, waiting for those precious seconds when Jennifer would press the phone to her neon-red lips, then put the caller on hold while she finished filing her nails. Not only was she impossibly sexy, but she had also mastered the Zen minimalist approach to the infinite: sitting quietly, doing nothing. She was spiritual *and* sensual. A delicious combo.

A cynic might protest, "But she's just a character, not a real person." Well, her lines may have been scripted, but one thing was undeniably real: the hair. Only a *real* woman could cultivate that mammoth mane, a humongous hairdo that made even Texas pageant queens gasp in awe.

And on the subject of awe: How about that eye-popping poster of her? Farrah in her red one-piece was OK, but Loni went the extra mile by climbing out of the secretarial pool in a string bikini that would've looked skimpy on Kate Moss. She made dreamers of us all. We knew the real reason Loni constantly rebuffed horny salesman Herb Tarlek's sleazy advances and accompanied less-than-studly news nerd Les Nessman to the Silver Sow Awards: She was waiting for one of *us* to whisk her away on a Huffy BMX bike.

Eventually, *WKRP* went off the air. Loni moved on to crappy movies, and we moved on to flings with the likes of Catherine Bach and Cheryl Ladd. Apparently lost and confused, Loni fell under the spell of her *Stroker Ace* costar, toupee host organism Burt Reynolds. But their marriage went sour, disintegrating in a nasty divorce in 1993. Since then, Loni has played Heather Locklear's mother on *Melrose Place* and even a villain named Medusa in *3 Ninjas: High Noon at Mega Mountain*. But to us, she'll always be the sultry secretary who made Cincinnati seem like Sin City.

The search for Leonardo DiCaprio's career continues

Mean machine

Depth Jam

Take the plunge in a personal submarine that kicks Das Booty.

For those of us with a penchant for the Discovery Channel and spending money like water, the SEAmobile is a wet dream come true. The personal submarine lets you explore the ocean for up to 12 hours, as you sit bone-dry in an acrylic bubble. Though not the speediest of machines—it pokes along at just 2 knots—this sub is able to dive to 150 feet. An onboard joystick lets you enjoy a near-360-degree view of coral reefs, tropical fish and the occasional mermaid. The price? A mere $290,000. But less-moneyed folk can share the experience by shelling out 280 clams for a half-hour SEAmobile ride in the waters off Grand Cayman, Catalina Island, California, and Cabo San Lucas, Mexico. For more info, log on to **www.seamagine.com**.

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LARRY MANILOW IS...

LORD OF THE BAR

From fancy brew to cheap stunts, your beer-goggle guide to all things drunk, silly and obnoxious—straight up.

THE SNAPPY COMEBACK

HOOCH OF THE MONTH

Is there anything more tragic than attending a monster truck show and dropping your bottle of brew just as Truckasaurus crushes his fifth and final Cabriolet? Well, one company has stood up to the injustice of inadvertent beer spillage and has said, "No more!" Miller's new plastic bottle is the best thing to happen to beer since dollar draft nights. Available in 16- and 20-ounce sizes, the resealable bottles are not only shatterproof, but they're also perfect for boozing in places where glass bottles aren't allowed. Never again will the thrill of a good tractor pull be spoiled by a shattered suds holder.

THE JOKES

- An Indian, a rabbi and a priest walk into a bar, and the bartender says, "What is this, some kind of joke?"
- A monkey walks into a bar and asks the bartender, "Got any bananas?"
The bartender says, "No."
"Got any bananas?" the monkey asks a second time.
"No," says the bartender.
"Got any bananas?"
"No."
"Got any bananas?"
"No! Are you deaf? Ask me one more time and I'll nail your freakin' lips to the bar!"
"Got any nails?"
"No."
"Got any bananas?"

LARRY SAYS...

"One drink I really like is the Colorado Bulldog. Just order a White Russian, then ask the bartender to splash it with some Coke. Man, that is good. It tastes like a chocolate cola float with a good ol' vodka kick. Try it—I think you'll like it."

If you'd only thought of them at the time...

"Do you mind if I sit back a little? Because your breath is very bad."
Donald Trump

"What other problems do you have besides being unemployed, a moron and a dork?"
John McEnroe

"Joe Frazier is so ugly, he should donate his face to the U.S. Bureau of Wildlife."
Muhammed Ali

"Oh, my God, look at you. Anyone else hurt in the accident?"
Don Rickles to Ernest Borgnine

THE PRANK

THE SETUP
Raise a glass of water and loudly proclaim that you can pin it to the wall by using only a simple, ordinary, everyday thumbtack.

THE TRAP
Hold the glass up to the wall and attempt to pin it on. Then "accidentally" drop the pin on the floor. Lament to a nearby friend that you have the glass in the perfect position and would greatly appreciate it if he could pick up the tack and hand it to you.

THE STING
When your buddy bends down to grab the tack, calmly empty the entire glass of water on his lunkish head.

THE HILARITY
As everyone in the bar bends over in spasms of uproarious laughter, your friend will be a good sport and see the humor in this. If, however, this is not the case, run.

Photography: (Drunk) Donald Miller; (Beer) David Weiss. (Cocktail & Prank) Jens Mortensen. Illustration: Snag.

SPEAKING YOUR MIND: **$0**

MAKING FRIENDS FOR LIFE: **$0**

TRYING SOMETHING NEW: **$0**

BELIEVING IN YOURSELF: **$0**

BEING YOUNG: **PRICELESS**

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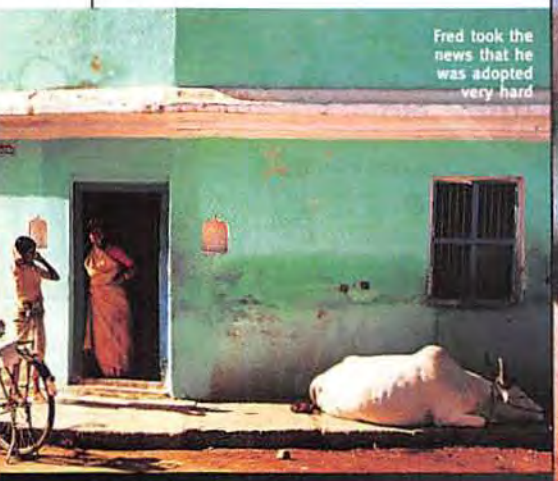


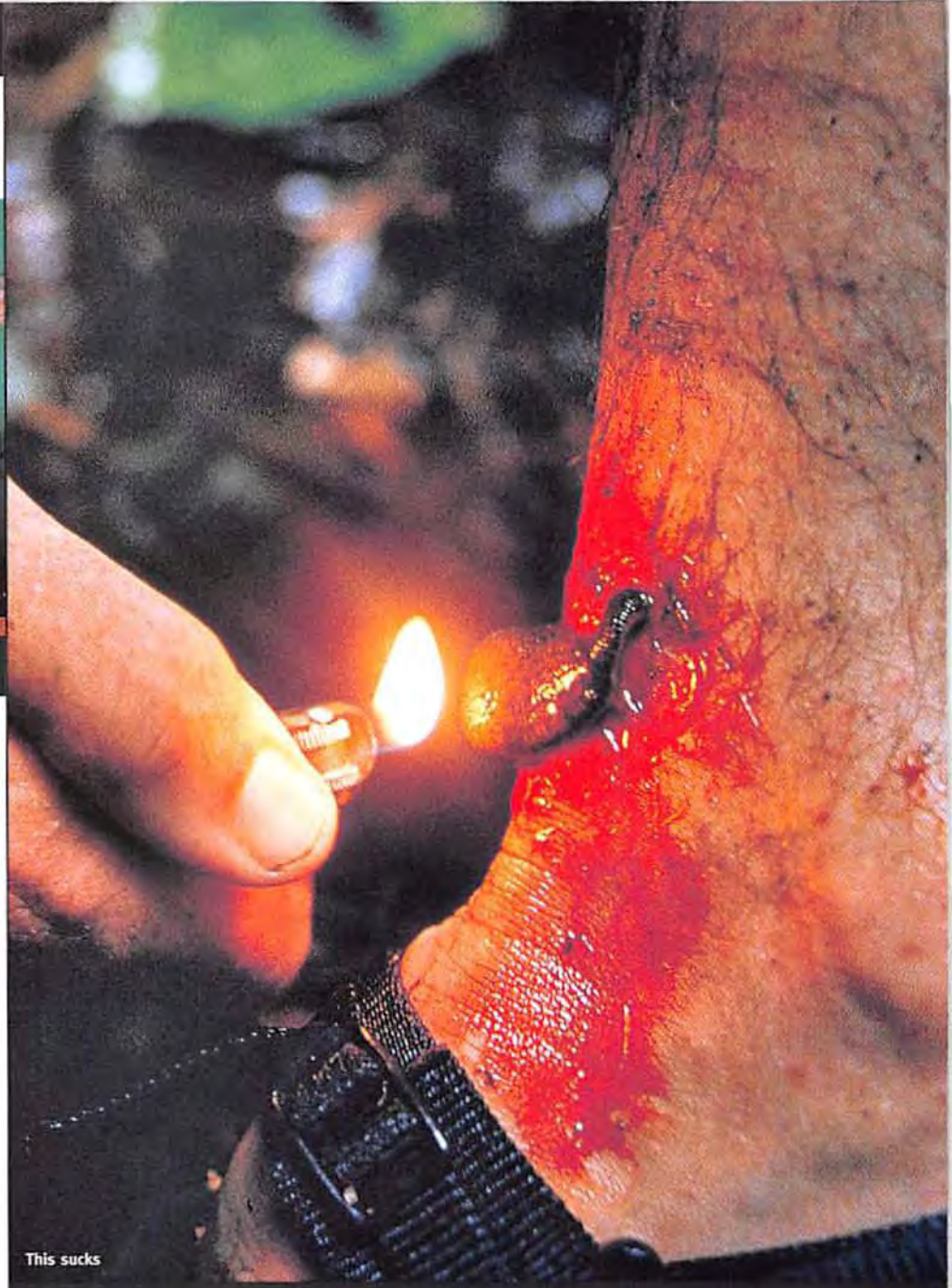
Fred took the news that he was adopted very hard

CONVERSATION STARTERS

Use these nuggets of knowledge to impress—and irritate—the ones you love.

- The elephant is the only mammal that can't jump.
- The longest case of constipation ever recorded lasted 102 grueling days.
- Horses and rabbits can't vomit.
- The average sperm donor makes $4,000 to $5,000 a year.
- The moo of a cow was used as a unit of distance in India for more than 2,000 years.
- In the course of one year, more Monopoly money is printed than real money throughout the world.
- One poison arrow frog contains enough poison to kill 2,200 people.
- You're born with 300 bones, but by the time you reach adulthood, you only have 206.
- One in every four Americans has appeared on television.
- Of all the words in the English language, *set* has the most definitions.

"Jesus, when is this class going to end?"



This sucks

REACH FOR A LEECH

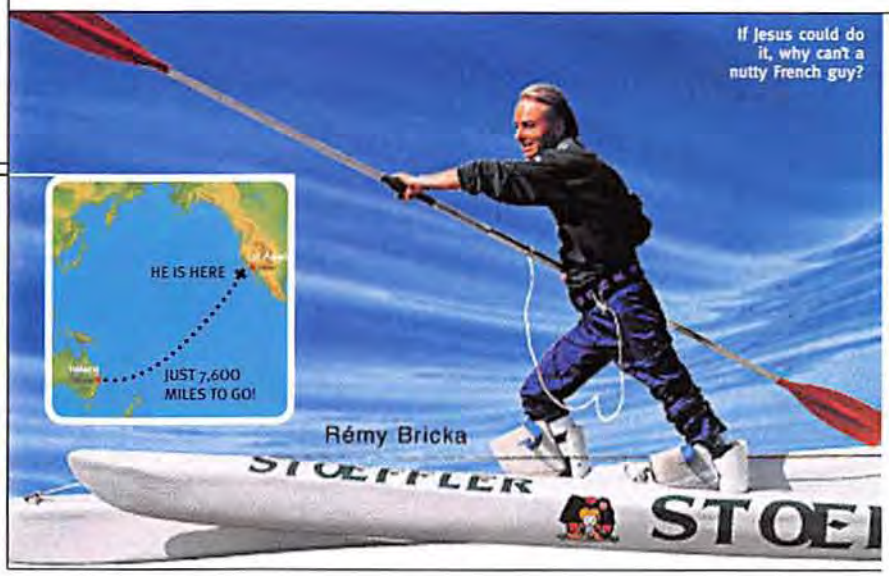
A new medical supply company proves that there's a sucker born each and every minute.

Whoops, you've lopped off a pinkie with your Black & Decker saw—now what do you do? Get yourself a parasite. Yes, leech-assisted bloodletting is the sensation that's sweeping the postoperative nation, and the good people at Leeches U.S.A. are ready to deliver them to you for a mere $6.90 a pop. Having problems with blood pooling beneath the flesh of a reattached body part? Then log on to **www.leechesusa.com**, explain that you are a "competent and professional" leech handler, order your very own friendly sucker and follow these simple instructions: 1) Clean the swollen area with soap and water. 2) Place a leech in the barrel of a syringe. 3) Invert the barrel, directing the little guy's head toward the wound. 4) Once feeding commences, remove the syringe. The lovable scamp will drain your engorged member, pulsating gently as it shares its healing secretions. Sound too creepy? Fear not—the leech bite is quite painless, and if you don't faint at the sight of a parasite feasting on your very lifeblood, everything's gonna be just peachy.

Dead Man Walking...on Water

Tour de Frog

Is it possible to stroll across the Pacific Ocean? Maybe.

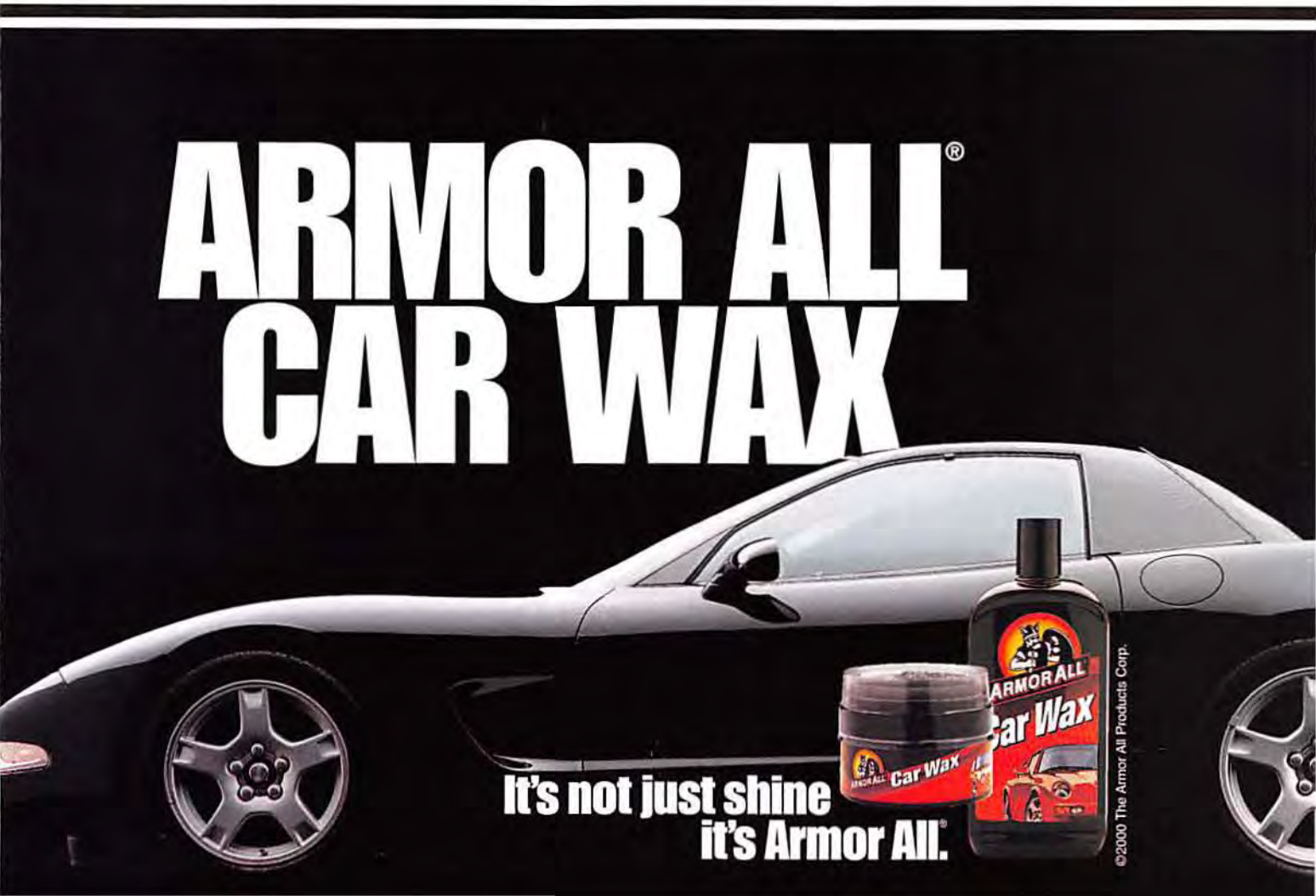


If Jesus could do it, why can't a nutty French guy?

It's been a bad year for transoceanic stunts. British solo-rower Andrew Halsey was fished out of the Pacific after nearly starving to death, French rower Jo Le Guen's quest to cross from New Zealand to Cape Horn ended with him delirious and suffering from gangrene, and the entire U.S., Brazilian and European contingents of the Trans-Atlantic Windsurf Race had to be rescued after being bombarded by high winds. But none of these misfortunes has put a damper on the spirit of French adventurer Rémy Bricka. The 50-year-old "one-man band" entertainer from Alsace has decided that the safest way to cross the Pacific Ocean is...to walk.

On March 4, Bricka stuck his feet into two 13-foot pontoons and set out on an 8,000-mile odyssey from Los Angeles to Sydney. Hauling a 16-foot catamaran—which served as his sleeping quarters and storage space for 22 pounds of sauerkraut (the trip is sponsored in part by Stoeffler, which, unfortunately for Bricka, is a French sauerkraut manufacturer)—Bricka underestimated the Pacific's power and was wiped out just hours after departing.

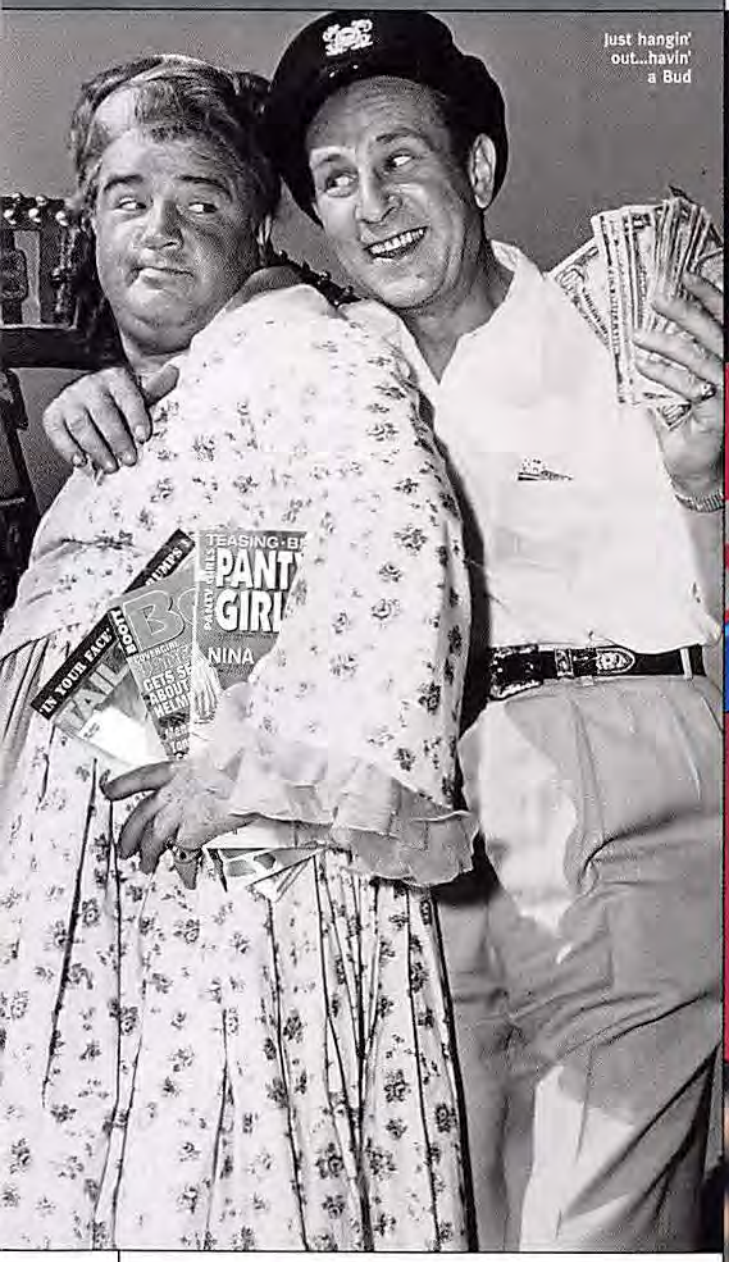
Damages to the equipment totaled more than $20,000, and Stoeffler balked at further payments, so the undaunted Bricka put up the repair money himself. "It's like falling off a horse—you have to get right back on," says the insane Frenchman. On April 24, he strapped on a new pair of pontoons and set out toward the setting sun. The last of the scarily infrequent reports from Bricka have him walking just shy of the island of Guadalupe off Baja, California, a mere 7,600 miles from Sydney. We can only hope the kraut holds up.



THE LINEUP

DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS

Our monthly ranking of the degenerate denizens of the world and their bad behavior.



Just hangin' out...havin' a Bud

1 ABBOTT AND COSTELLO

The recent release of an FBI file that was put together in the 1940s revealed that the creators of the perennially annoying "Who's on First?" routine were, in fact, sex-crazed lunatics. Bud Abbott allegedly owned the largest porn collection of the time—a total of 1,500 stag films—and both he and Lou Costello were suspected of violating the White Slave Traffic Act by paying two prostitutes $50 apiece to perform lewd acts. "I'm a baaaad boy."

2 DARVA CONGER

Darva, Darva, Darva. After crying to America on *Larry King Live* that the attention from her stint on *Who Wants to Marry a Multimillionaire?* cost her her job as an ER nurse, her dignity and her privacy, she did what anyone desperately seeking anonymity would do—she signed a six-figure deal to pose naked in *Playboy*. But don't think she's just a money-grubber: To Darva's credit, she turned down our $2 million offer to appear in the Fox special *When Animals Attack Darva Conger.*

3 PUFF DADDY

Forget the beatings and gunplay charges—Puff Daddy has really screwed up this time. Claiming that he doesn't carry around "actual money," he allegedly sent a security guard to buy some KFC for him and girlfriend Jennifer Lopez. The guard got their chow, but Puffy never paid him back the $16 he spent. We're not sure which is the bigger crime: stiffing the guard or stuffing that greasy crap into Jennifer's bod. Scientists warn that the earth's tilt might be altered if her booty gets any bigger.

4 ALEX TREBEK

The answer: $64,000. The question: For how much money is *Jeopardy*'s Alex Trebek being sued? According to the lawsuit, when United Airlines employee Marlene Andrade tried to stop him from boarding because his carry-on bag was too large, Trebek said, "Don't you know who I am?" After she said she didn't care, he responded, "Fuck you," slammed her hand with a metal plate used to measure the bags and got on. In *Jeopardy* tapings after the incident, Trebek's 'fro was visibly shaken.

5 JOEY GALLOWAY

Newly anointed Dallas Cowboy Joey Galloway sure knows how to party. At the ballroom bash he threw in West Virginia, a man and a woman began arguing, as drunk people often do at parties, and inspired more than 100 other party-goers to beat the crap out of one another. The combat spread into the hallways, where unamused police used pepper spray to mellow the crowd. The brawlers bolted but reconvened in a parking lot at 3 A.M to continue making goo out of one another's faces.

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IT'S A SICK WORLD AFTER ALL

BIZARRE!

Our regular roundup of a world gone wrong.

HOUND HOOVER

Frickin' prairie dogs. They're a huge pain in the corn-fed ass for a lot of folks out in the heartland: tearing up the soil, destroying crops and causing all sorts of mayhem that people like Willie Nelson wail about. What to do? If you're Gay Balfour, you convert a 28,000-pound street cleaner into a vacuum that forcefully purges prairie dogs from their burrows with tornado-force winds. Sick of the little bastards getting into his garbage, Balfour invented what he calls the Dog Gone, which sucks 'em out and "safely" collects them in the back of a padded truck. Animal-rights activists are none too pleased about Balfour's innovation, but he doesn't give a hoot. "It's better than shooting or poisoning them," he says.

MIDGET HORSES FOR HIRE

Professional horse-breeding company Burleson Arabians is attempting to train miniature horses to be guides for the blind. Why not stick with the more traditional Seeing Eye dog? Company president Don Burleson explains that while a dog has an average career of seven to ten years, these two-foot-tall minis typically live to be 30. And that's not all: They have an incredible peripheral vision range of 350 degrees, don't get fleas and shed only once a year. But what about the gigantic, steaming piles of horse shit they're sure to leave behind wherever they go? Fear not, sightless friends: These minis come strapped with "poo bags" for fecal collection. So your horse can rip 'em to his heart's content as you browse the fresh-fruit aisle at the local market.

PORN STAR GIVES HEARTY PERFORMANCE

The scene: the set of the adult movie *Perverted Stories 25*. The action: Porn stud Buck Adams was engaged in a tender, romantic moment, in which he was banging the bejesus out of silicone sweetie Aspen Brock. Just before the money shot, Adams suffered a heart attack and was declared medically dead. Fortunately for the groinally gifted actor, paramedics were able to shock his heart back to life before he was rushed to a hospital. Two days later, Adams walked out of intensive care and into the chapel of love with Brock, whom he married.

DYING LARGE

When Russian mobsters finally go to that big Kremlin in the sky, friends and foes are not likely to forget their cuddly faces. These days, the big sensation sweeping the formerly Communist criminal nation is the erection of tombstones with life-size engravings of the dearly departed wiseguys. Costing as much as $250,000 (P.S.: The average wage in Russia is about $150 a month), these 10-foot-tall stone monuments typically portray the deceased dressed in a leather jacket or Adidas jogging suit and holding keys to a BMW or Mercedes. Sure, it sounds glamorous, but don't get sucked in: The average life span of these Russkie rogues is 35 years.

Getting wood in public can be so very embarrassing

GERMAN TOURISM BRANCHES OUT

German tourist Ulrich Schild was zipping along on a motorcycle in the Dominican Republic, when he suddenly lost control and crashed. As if a nasty case of road rash didn't suck enough, Schild was also impaled on a tree. Rescuers sawed him down and whisked him off to a hospital. But Schild had to wait in the ER for *four* hours with a branch protruding from his chest, while doctors and German Embassy staffers argued over who would foot the bill. Finally, an agreement was reached, and the lumber was successfully removed. When asked for comment, Schild was stumped.

"That prick at the haberdashery told me this hat was a one of a kind!"

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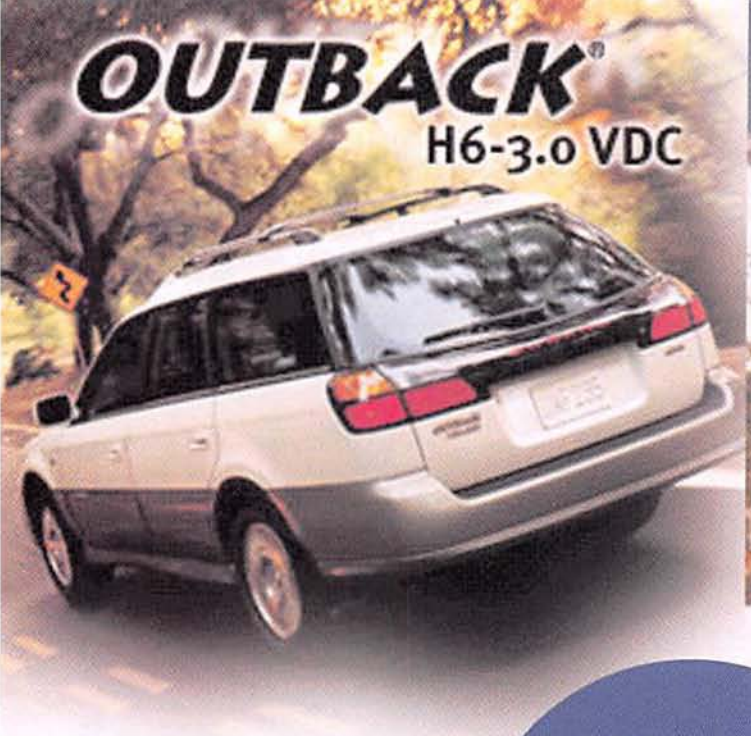
5
Space Channel 5
You dance like a white guy. And now the universe depends on your sorry rhythm. Don't freak space cadet. Cosmic diva Ulala will show you some fly moves. Before long you'll be rump shakin'-it against an alien posse. But don't get too funky or they'll light you up like a Christmas tree. Visit spacechannel5.com
Sega Dreamcast
IT'S THINKING
*No Morolians are actually harmed in this game. Their little souls are returned to the planet Morolia where they are recycled and go on to live happy, productive lives.

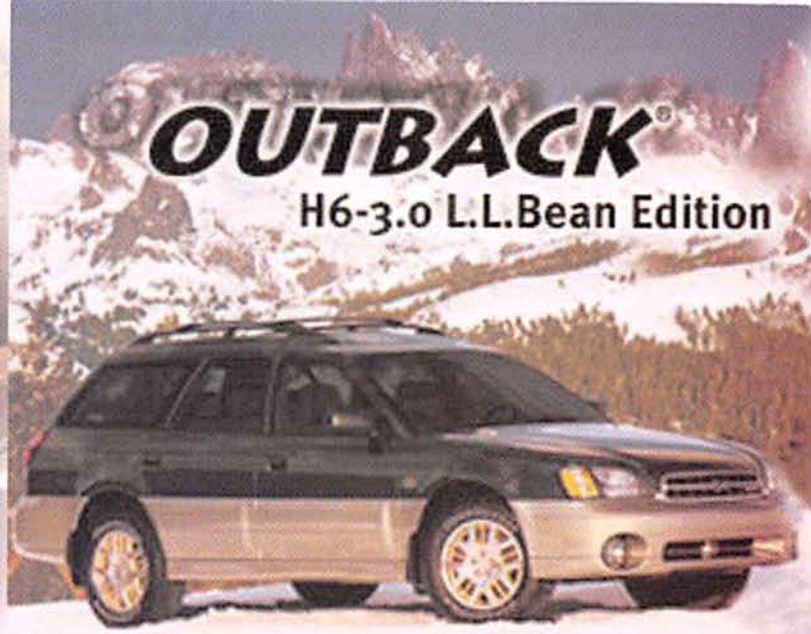
WHO'S THE MAN?

A punk rock icon, the leader of a band named after lethal liquor and music's proudest pothead do battle to earn the esteemed title of Big Daddy.

	JOHN DOE The founding front man of X, a recurring character on *Roswell* and the voice behind the new album *Freedom Is...*	ART ALEXAKIS The lead singer of Everclear, which just released *Songs from an American Movie, Volume 1: Learning How to Smile.*	B-REAL The hirsute hellion whose hip-hop trio, Cypress Hill, released its fifth album, *Skull and Bones*, in April.
IF YOU HAD TO CHOOSE, HOW WOULD YOU PREFER TO BE EXECUTED?	By a firing squad. Because you get one final smoke. **(1 point)**	To have my head squished between the thighs of a very muscular young woman. **(2 points)**	I would like to be orally pleased by the woman of my choice, then shot at the exact moment of ejaculation. **(2 points)**
WHAT'S THE MOST IMPRESSIVE PIECE OF MACHINERY YOU'VE EVER OPERATED?	A 1947 Masse-Harris tractor. **(1)**	I used to work at a store stocking shelves years ago, and I got to drive the forklift. I'd ride around on that thing and really fuck shit up. **(1)**	An eight-foot bong. That's impressive machinery, isn't it? **(2)**
HAS A WOMAN EVER POURED A DRINK ON YOU?	Oh, yes. Several times. **(0)**	No, but I threw a drink on a woman who cheated on me—while she was with the guy she'd cheated with. Then I threw a drink on *him*. Then I punched him. **(1)**	The only time a woman pours a drink on me is when she's willing to lick that drink off. So, yes. **(2)**
HAVE YOU EVER TATTOOED YOURSELF?	A kid with tons of tattoos wanted me to tattoo an X on his hand. I've never operated a tattoo gun and I didn't want to tattoo him without some experience, so I drew a question mark on myself first as a test. **(2)**	I tried when I was younger, but I can't draw for shit, so I stopped. It wore off eventually. **(0)**	I'm not that kind of artist. But I once kicked someone in the ass so hard that my footprint could have been considered a tattoo. **(1)**
WOULD YOU SLEEP WITH MADELINE ALBRIGHT IF IT WOULD SAVE THE WORLD FROM IMMINENT DESTRUCTION?	No. The world needs to be destroyed. I would sleep with her just for the experience of sleeping with Madeline Albright. Fuck the world. **(2)**	No, I would never. I could give a fuck about the world as long as I'm OK. **(1)**	Hey, we all gotta go sometime. **(1)**
WHAT'S ONE ALBUM YOU'RE ASHAMED TO OWN?	There is no shame in music. Everything has a style to it. Even 'N Sync. I'm not saying it's positive... **(0)**	Like I'm going to tell you... I probably have a Molly Hatchet record in my collection somewhere. **(1)**	Puff Daddy's record. But everyone needs a good laugh now and then, right? **(1)**
WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU FELL DOWN DUE TO DRUNKENNESS?	Maybe five years ago in New Orleans. It was more like I knocked myself down because I wasn't looking and ran into a parking meter. **(1)**	I don't recall ever falling down because I was drunk. I'm sure I have, but I used to get so wasted that I don't really remember it. **(1)**	Three months ago, after having six cups of sake and a bottle of Cristal. The hangover was unbearable. **(1)**
WHAT'S THE LARGEST THING YOU'VE EVER TOSSED OUT OF A CAR WINDOW?	Myself. **(2)**	I don't litter. I'll go up and punch someone in the face, but I'm not going to throw shit out of a window. **(0)**	Mase's *Harlem World* CD. **(1)**
AT THE BUZZER	**His name may be John Doe, but this guy's anything but a corpse. Still, despite a solid 9 points, this punk has to settle for silver.**	**Oh, well, Art. Valiant effort, but 7 earns you nothing. So much for the afterglow.**	**There's no doubt about it—this guy's insane in the brain. With help from the bong, B-Real smokes the competition with 11 points.**

Blitz! was brought to you by Greg Bacani, Jay Carlson, Lance Gould, Seth Kelly, Lisa Lombardi, Shane Mooney, John Parrish, Al Ridenour, Steven Russell, Matt Scanlon, Mark Spoonauer, Nick Stevens and Salvatore Tuzzeo Jr.





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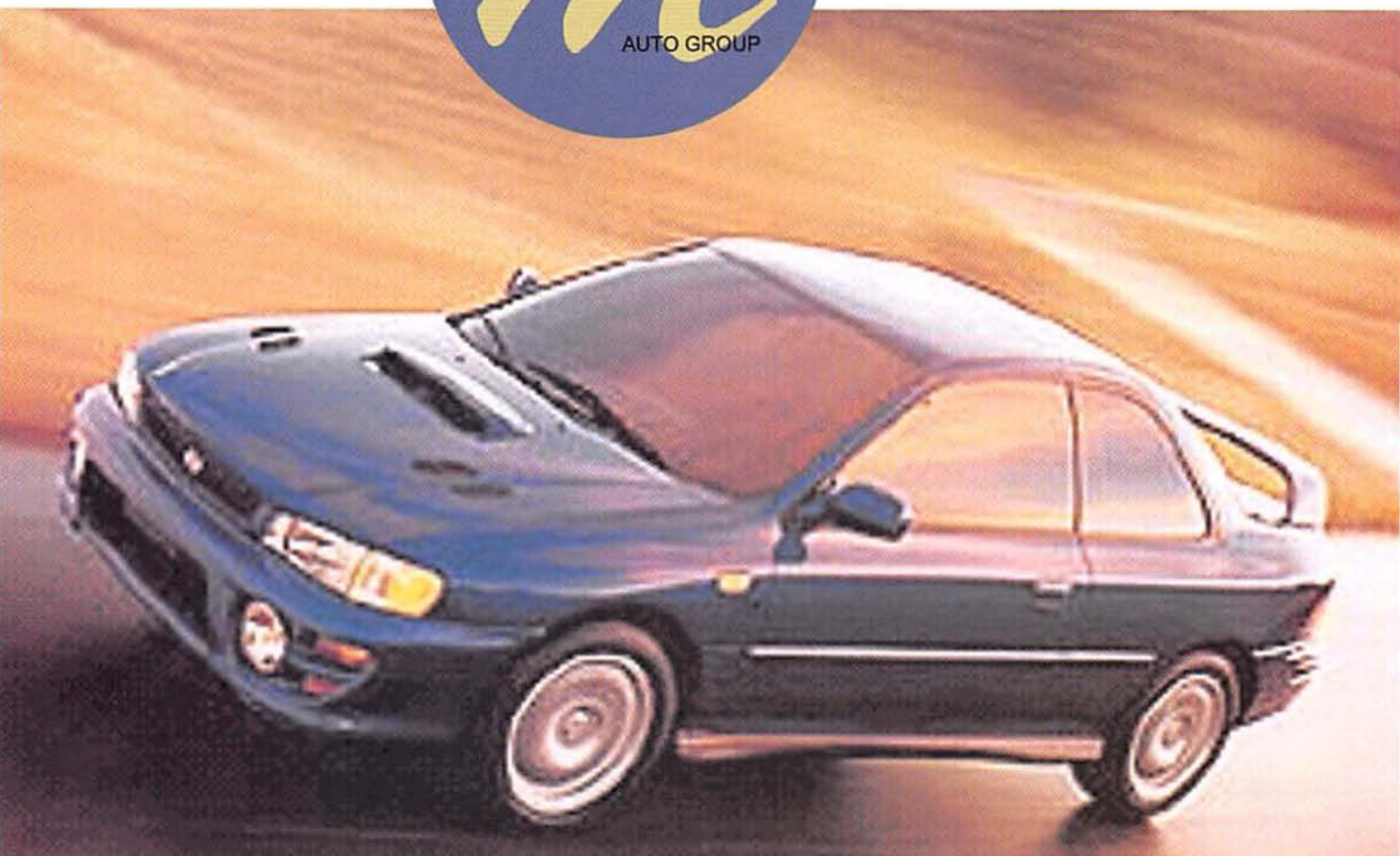

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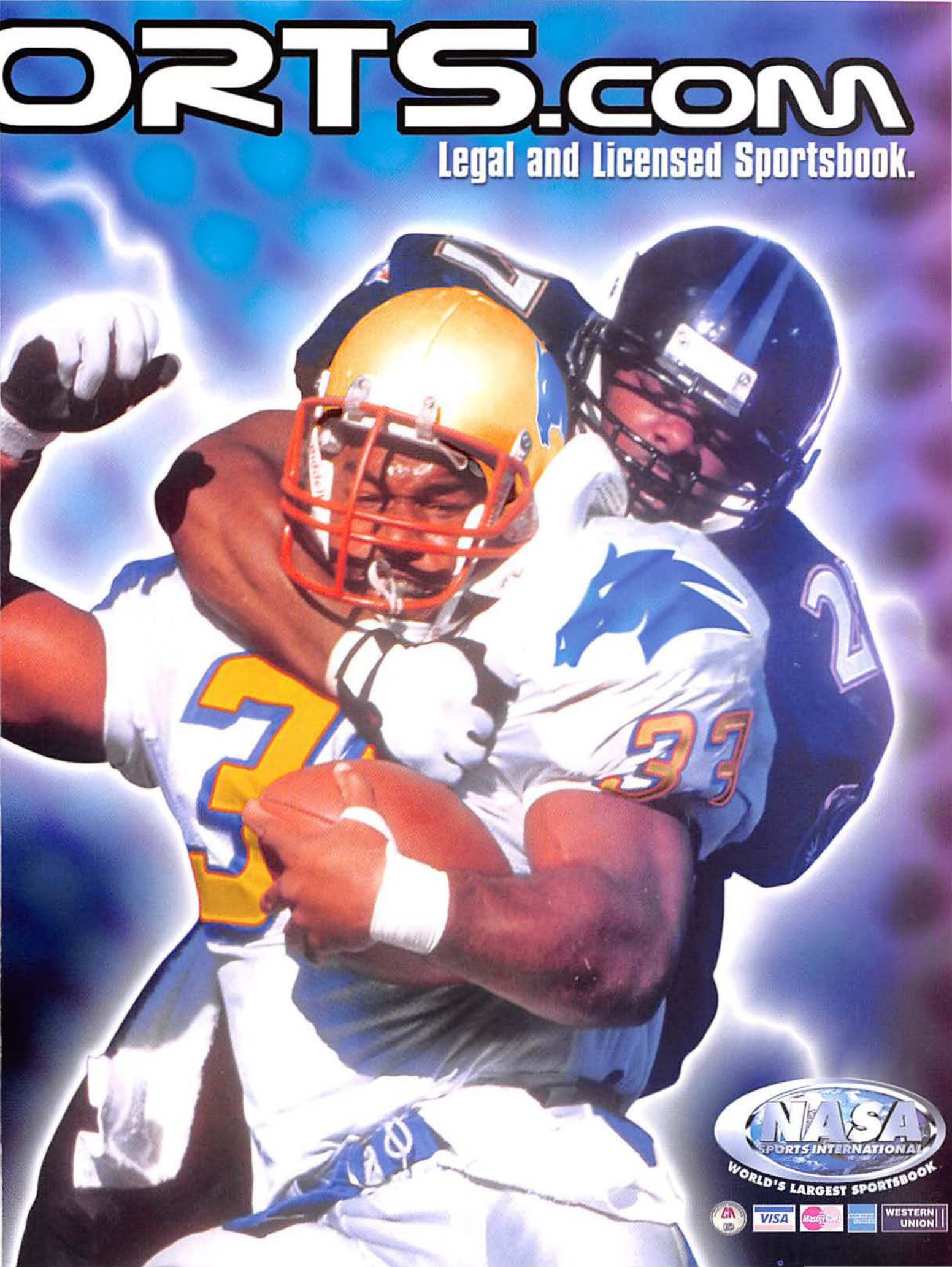
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Hype!

STRAP ON YOUR POP GOGGLES AND GO, GO, GO!

The 10 Best Videos in Rap History

Guns, money and more cleavage than Bourbon Street during Mardi Gras. No, we're not talking about Charlie Sheen's weekly golf outing. The following are the best of what hip-hop video has to offer, compiled, crunched, distilled and analyzed by the world's foremost music-video experts—us.

DA INGREDIENTS

BOOTY
WEAPONS
CHAMPAGNE
NIGHTTIME SUNGLASSES
FRIENDS
CASH MONEY
GOLD
FAST CARS
EXPLOSIONS
CELEBRITY CAMEOS
MUSCLE OUT

10 **LL COOL J**
PHENOMENON

If *The Matrix* and *Flashdance* mated, this futuristic opus would be their love child. LL pulls no punches here, featuring jewels, enormous sunglasses, buckets of Cristal and more gyrating flesh than an epileptic sumo wrestler. Set in what appears to be a nightclub on Planet Pleasure, the video follows a robotic Cool J as he jerks and jolts onstage and in a bizarre space tunnel. But the real stars of "Phenomenon" are the booty-shakin' vixens wearing clothes apparently obtained at an Elton John garage sale. The rap is partly a tirade against rival left-coast rapper 2Pac Shakur. And though he's nowhere in sight, the slick imagery is totally antigangsta: embracing the sex but sparing the violence. ▷▷▷

9
8
7
6

9 **PUBLIC ENEMY**
NIGHT OF THE LIVING BASEHEADS
PE front man Chuck D once called rap "the black people's CNN," and this video is 200 proof of that: an anti–right wing parody of the nightly news. Chuck says it was inspired by the Howard Beach racial incident, in which a mob of whites beat three blacks, one of whom was struck and killed by a car while fleeing.

8 **FUGEES READY OR NOT**
If Jerry Bruckheimer made hip-hop videos, they would look like this. Helicopters, jet skis, explosions, submarines—you expect Steven Seagal to bungee jump onto the scene and get judo on their asses. Fortunately, he doesn't.

7 **THE 2 LIVE CREW ME SO HORNY**
The benchmark in booty video, this ditty would have ranked number one if our panel of judges deemed thongs-per-capita to be the key element of bangin'. 2 Live lead man Luther Campbell combed strip clubs all over Florida to find the "talent." How did he get them into character? "Tequila shots," he says.

6 **2PAC AND SNOOP DOGG**
2 OF AMERICAZ MOST WANTED
In this video, art imitates life—or does it just inspire madness? West Coasters 2Pac and crew are shown assassinating East Coast rival Biggie Smalls, who later *was* killed on the streets of Las Vegas. Don't hold your breath waiting for this video to get past MTV censors; the only way you'll see it is by picking up the *Death Row Uncut* compilation.

5 **DR. DRE DRE DAY**
Hip-hop is nothing without its rivalries. Here, Dre launches an attack on former NWA bandmate Eazy-E. Their feud stemmed from a dispute over Dre leaving their shared label, Ruthless Records. The two never did patch things up before Eazy died of AIDS in 1995.

4 **BUSTA RHYMES GIMME SOME MO'**
We could easily do a Busta-only list, but if there's one video that best represents his mad science, it's this one: a tripped-out, psychedelic mind twister. The dreadlocked paranoid changes persona no less than 20 times. But Busta's most impressive role was as director. He was forced to take over when Hype Williams' fiancée went into labor.

3 **NOTORIOUS B.I.G. HYPNOTIZE**
The apex of all rap videos, this massive production includes every rap convention in the book: Money, chains, booze, babes...and Biggie's completely serious about this stuff. It's the first time—and hopefully the last—that a "follow the bouncing ball" cue appears in a rap video.

2 **BEASTIE BOYS SABOTAGE**
In the funniest hip-hop video ever, our three heroes are the stars of a low-budget '70s cop-show parody, complete with terrible wigs, gigantic aviator shades and leisure suits. That bastion of Victorian values, MTV, had them edit out an obviously fake body being tossed from a bridge, no doubt to prevent the senseless abuse of department store mannequins.

1 **THE ROOTS WHAT THEY DO**
A hilarious send-up of every rap-video cliché on record. Best are the cleverly titled scenes such as "No Logos in the Shot" (in which everything is blurred). And what rap-video parody is complete without a bunch of boyz chugging champagne? Only this time, it's with the subtitle "It's really Ginger Ale."

Deady Bear

Put Teddy on the most endangered species list and FUR FIGHTERS on your most wanted. A new kind of game has hit the scene. Part adventure-crammed shoot 'em up, part heavy petting and panting action. Play as all six armed animal liberators against the malevolent fat-cat, General Viggo. It's a raging romp of feline conspiracies, blazing animal combat and unrelenting beaver shots!

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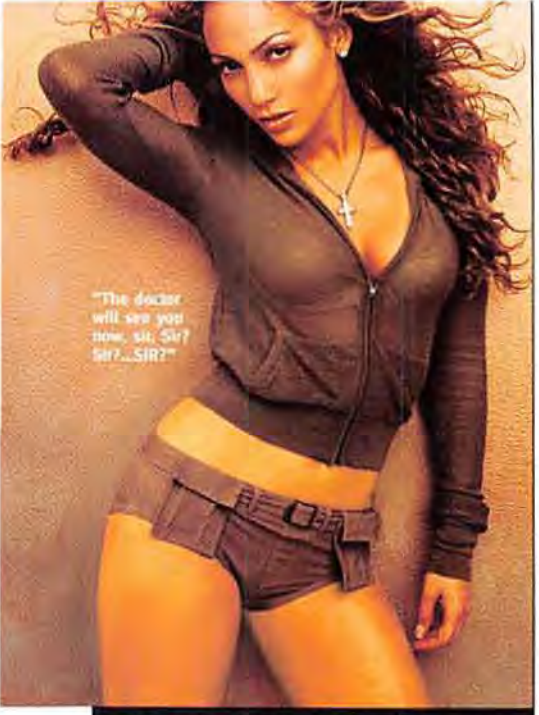

DR. LOPEZ, I PRESUME?

Real-life physicists are about as sexy as Jeff Van Gundy, but in the movies, they look like supermodels. In *The Cell*, Jennifer Lopez is a scientist with serious learning curves. Is booty-as-brainiac a good formula for plot Viagra? Let's put the evidence under the microscope.

DENISE RICHARDS

as nuclear scientist Dr. Christmas Jones (*The World Is Not Enough*)

EXPERT OPINION "Commander Bond, you are dangerous, unpredictable and a hothead. But, then again, explosive devices are my specialty."

WINNING FORMULA In a wet tank top that defies the laws of physics, Dr. Jones stops that scary *Trainspotting* guy from blowing up the world.

SAFFRON BURROWS

as marine biologist Dr. Susan McAlester (*Deep Blue Sea*)

EXPERT OPINION "She may be the smartest animal in the world, but she's still an animal. Come to Mama!"

WINNING FORMULA Stripping to her panties, Dr. McAlester cleverly uses her wet suit as an insulator and electrifies a shark intent on munching her great white legs.

RACHEL WEISZ

as Egyptologist Evie Carnahan (*The Mummy*)

EXPERT OPINION "According to the hieroglyphics, we're right underneath the statue. We should come right up in between his legs."

WINNING FORMULA Dr. Carnahan prances about in an ancient Arabian nightie, making mean Mr. Mummy unravel like Boris Yeltsin after a couple of shots of Stoli.

ELISABETH SHUE

as physicist Dr. Emma Russell (*The Saint*)

EXPERT OPINION "It's out there—all that raw, natural power, just waiting to be harnessed!"

WINNING FORMULA In a fit of genius, Dr. Russell hides her planet-saving equation in her bra... then spends the rest of the movie accessing it.

Hype! Movies

THE FLICK		THE PITCH	THE INSIDE STUFF
	Space Cowboys AUGUST 4 CLINT EASTWOOD (DIR.), TOMMY LEE JONES, JAMES GARNER, DONALD SUTHERLAND	A Cold War-era satellite goes gonzo, and an archaic astronaut (Eastwood) is the only man who can fix it. His one condition: Three aging astro pals have to come along for the ride.	The world according to AARP: Some grumpy old men prove they still have the right stuff to kick out weightless summer action flicks with the best of them.
	Bait AUGUST 11 JAMIE FOXX, DAVID MORSE, DOUG HUTCHISON DIR: ANTOINE FUQUA	An action-comedy in which the Feds get a bottom-feeding ex-con (Foxx) to lure a big fish who's on the lam (Hutchison) with a boatload of gold from the U.S. Treasury.	Director Fuqua (*The Replacement Killers*) definitely has action chops, and Foxx can throw a damn good punch line. Take the bait.
	Bedazzled AUGUST 11 BRENDAN FRASER, ELIZABETH HURLEY, FRANCES O'CONNOR DIR: HAROLD RAMIS	A lonely computer geek (Fraser) sells his soul to Satan (Hurley) for seven wishes, which he hopes will help him bag his dream babe (O'Connor). The catch? Dealing with the devil's a bitch.	Not exactly *Rambo*, but with a horny Hurley, a kinda-cool Fraser and an infallible director (*Caddyshack*, *Groundhog Day*, *Analyze This*), it's far better than, say, a night of *Dharma & Greg*.
	Cecil B. Demented AUGUST 11 MELANIE GRIFFITH, STEPHEN DORFF DIR: JOHN WATERS	A "guerrilla" filmmaker (Dorff) takes on Hollywood by kidnapping a big-time movie star (Griffith) and forcing her to perform unnatural acting in his latest film.	Alicia Witt as an ex-porn star? Now that's cinematic genius. Expect John Waters' usual repertoire: naughty language, a dash of violence and casual sex—all in good fun, of course.
	Impostor AUGUST 11 GARY SINISE, MADELEINE STOWE, VINCENT D'ONOFRIO DIR: GARY FLEDER	While earthlings hold off an alien invasion, a weapons scientist (Sinise) goes into hiding when he's suspected of being an evil alien clone. Based on a story by sci-fi superstar Philip K. Dick.	It was originally a short film, but Miramax thought it was so cool that they asked for a feature version. The plot's all over the universe—but Sinise kicks alien ass with the best of 'em.
	The Cell AUGUST 18 JENNIFER LOPEZ, VINCE VAUGHN, VINCENT D'ONOFRIO DIR: TARSEM	A scientist (Lopez) takes a road trip inside the mind of a comatose serial killer (D'Onofrio) to track the girl he kidnapped before he turned into plant life.	There's so much violence, you'll think you bought tickets to a hockey game. Between D'Onofrio's Darth Vaderish sadism and Lopez's backside, you won't take your eyes off the screen.
	The Way of The Gun AUGUST 18 JAMES CAAN, RYAN PHILLIPPE, JULIETTE LEWIS DIR: CHRIS McQUARRIE	Two crooks kidnap a surrogate mom (Lewis) to ransom the fetus. But the daddy's a godfather who sends his consigliere (Caan) to take care of family business.	Caan is back and cracking heads Corleone-style. And writer-director McQuarrie (*The Usual Suspects*) is cookin' up plots that twist like fusilli. See this. *Capisce?*
	The Replacements AUGUST 25 KEANU REEVES, GENE HACKMAN, JON FAVREAU DIR: HOWARD DEUTCH	Loosely based on the 1987 Redskins during the players' strike. A belligerent coach (Hackman) and a wanna-be QB (Reeves) try to lead a crew of lovable scabs to unlikely victory.	Can you say *Major League*? Can you say *Necessary Roughness*? Then you know the game plan. Worth it just to see Keanu get stomped by some steroid-addled pituitary cases in pads.

BLOND AMBITION

Cameron Diaz

Ignore this sell: "A poignant comedy touching on yearning, love and loss in women's lives." It's the plotline for *Things You Can Tell Just by Looking at Her*, the flick that will bring Cameron Diaz back into our lives this December. Let's be honest: No guy will see it unless he owes his girlfriend—big. Still, it gives us an excuse to write about her.

How do we love her? Let us count the ways: She used jism as styling gel in *There's Something About Mary* and still looked hot, kicked Al Pacino's ass as a ball-busting pro-football team owner in *Any Given Sunday* and still seemed delicate, and cowered in a monkey cage with hair that resembled the stuff in a shower drain in *Being John Malkovich* and still...OK, she looked like shit—but it's the kind of risk that makes us love her. So it's not hard to forgive this brief stop in chick-flickdom. Cameron will soon fill Farrah Fawcett's clogs in the movie version of *Charlie's Angels*, and after that she'll star in Martin Scorsese's *Gangs of New York*. Hell, even if she quit tomorrow, we wouldn't forget this rare movie queen who might actually chat us up in a bar (shut up—this is *our* fantasy), because, let's face it, she likes to hoist a few. "She drinks like a sailor," *Mary* codirector Bob Farrelly once said—a major reason he called her "as close to the ideal woman as you can get."

"You realize, I'll have to frisk you..."

GOING RENTAL

Fantastic stuff that everybody missed. We know because it's on tape.

THE MORBIDLY RIVETING CREEP-UMENTARY

Mr. Death: The Rise and Fall of Fred A. Leuchter, Jr.

DIRECTED BY ERROL MORRIS

An American electronics geek builds a singular reputation by perfecting new and "humane" methods of prisoner execution. Then his specialty gets him a gig as an expert witness in a trial to disprove the existence of the gas chambers in Auschwitz. Hello, *People* magazine!

IT'S ALL BEGINNING TO MAKE SENSE Leuchter eerily starts to resemble Hannibal Lecter as he swells with pride when describing one of his favorite inventions—the electric-chair drip pan. Mmmm...no mess!

THE LOST CLASSIC

Bus Riley's Back in Town

MICHAEL PARKS, ANN-MARGRET, LARRY STORCH, DAVID CARRADINE

In this just-released 1965 flashback, Parks plays a James Dean sulk-alike named Bus who returns to his hometown after a hitch in the Navy. Sort of a *Rebel Without a Real Star* with kick-ass cameos. Excellent slice of the '60s.

RUBBERNECKING MOMENT Parks and mint-condition costar Margret get hot enough to melt our engine block when they bang into each other—while he's driving his cherry '57 Plymouth and she's piloting a killer Jaguar XKE.

THE STRAIGHT-TO-VIDEO LESBIAN-SERIAL-KILLER THRILLER

Mercy

ELLEN BARKIN, PETA WILSON, JULIAN SANDS, WENDY CREWSON, KAREN YOUNG

A serial killer is offing members of a hot, kinky, upscale lesbian club! Kinky lesbians! Serial killer! Did we mention kinky lesbians? Barkin's the cop who goes under covers to probe their clique. The R rating is for "Raunchy as hell."

PAUSE BUTTON ALERT La Femme Wilson does a tango in a picture window that gets a sniper across the street to empty the magazine in his high-powered rifle.

BUT WHY DENY THE OBVIOUS?

Any Given Sunday ★★★★ Touchdown.
The Hurricane ★★★ Split decision.
The Talented Mr. Ripley ★★ Believe it—not!
The Green Mile ★ Long.

NEXT STOP: BOOT HILL

The Cowboy Blues

Q: What's the quickest way to gun down a film career? A: Strap on the spurs.

James Van Der Beek may not know a pistol from a cow pie, but it's too late to worry: He's made a cowboy flick, a career move that's left plenty of young guns for dead. This month, Van Der Beek mounts up in *Texas Rangers*. Take heed: If you ain't Clint, going West is a quick way to send your career south. For proof, follow this sad trail of Hollywood cow dung.

	RIDING HIGH	THE DOG THAT DID HIM IN	SHOOTING BLANKS	BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN?
KIEFER SUTHERLAND	*Stand by Me* and *The Lost Boys* had directors lining up like miners at a whorehouse.	The *21 Jump Street* of westerns—*Young Guns*.	Toss the gross of *Flatliners*, *Article 99* and his other flicks into a 10-gallon hat and you'll have nine gallons to fill.	Nope. He buried himself even deeper with a second western misfire in 1994—*The Cowboy Way*.
JOHN TRAVOLTA	Double-barreled hits *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease* made Travolta the biggest gun in Hollywood.	*Urban Cowboy*—a bucking bore.	*Blow Out* was a bust, *Staying Alive* D.O.A. and *Perfect* so flawed that no one bothered to see his next 12 films.	*Pulp Fiction* was a relapse, but *Battlefield Earth* made us realize the real genius of *Look Who's Talking Too*.
KEVIN COSTNER	After hitting grand slams with baseball flicks, Costner scored two Oscars for *Dances with Wolves*.	He got way too cocky and made *Wyatt Earp*, a movie about a quick draw that ran longer than the frontier era.	*Waterworld* was his Wounded Knee, but *The Postman* should have been Costner's last stand.	He went back to baseball with *For Love of the Game*. Say hi to the sheriff of bloated chick flicks.
LOU DIAMOND PHILLIPS	With *Stand and Deliver* and *La Bamba*, Phillips was living *la vida loca* a decade before Ricky Martin.	The obviously lethal *Young Guns*. (Emilio Estevez, where are you?)	*Teresa's Tattoo* tanked, as did more than 20 other theatrical releases you've never even heard of.	Phillips' pistol apparently lacked punch: His gal ran off with guitar-slinger Melissa Etheridge.
MATTHEW McCONAUGHEY	The great-white hype went from a stoner in *Dazed and Confused* to a stud in *Amistad* and *A Time to Kill*.	*The Newton Boys* made him a household shame—along with co-"stars" Skeet Ulrich and Ethan Hawke.	More people have seen McConaughey naked, stoned and playing the bongos than saw him in *Edtv*.	*U-571* might help to keep McConaughey's career afloat, but people may have gone just to see him sink.

Photography: (Videos) Jens Mortensen. Illustration: Shag.

naked twister, anyone?

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ALBUM OF THE MONTH

A Soundtrack for Ritual Suicide

DEFTONES
White Pony *(Maverick)*
★★★★★

Deftones: With mugs like these, you'd moan, too

Life's a bitch. Just ask British pop stars, who have been forging the soundtracks by which to sip cyanide for decades. Think about it: the Smiths, early Ozzy, Joy Division, the Cure, Radiohead. Limeys are just not happy people. And it's been great that their recent emotional traumas have been our party songs. But now we have our own miserable bastard band. Finally, there is a U.S. answer to that sad, pessimistic, "whining like a little girl who's just had her doll stolen and grazed her knee on the sidewalk" Anglo tradition. All hail California's dreary Deftones, a bunch of geniuses who have embraced the dark side on their third album, *White Pony*.

Gone are the traces of rap-rock that had previously earned these guys tents in the Korn and Limp Bizkit camp. Instead, there are Sabbath-like songs and the reliance on heavy production values that gave gloomy classics *Dark Side of the Moon* and *OK Computer* that extra dose of doom. In "Knife Party," singer Chino Moreno takes his best stab at Robert Smith, crooning, "Go get your knife/now kiss me," as backup singers and guitars moan painfully in the background. By the time the song ends in screams and feedback, suicide is the best solution for this scary relationship.

But *White* is no one-trick pony. Moreno's range runs from desperation to melancholy. Check out "Teenager," with its simple acoustic guitar riffs, or the thrash-metal "ELite," where his shrieks sound as if he's channeling Tiny Tim on a Darvon binge. Think of him as the perfect companion for a day at the beach...as you lie waiting for the tide to suck you and your dead lover into a watery grave.

AURAL SEX

With the top six orgasms ever committed to vinyl, these tunes—if played loudly enough—will actually make your neighbors think you've got a sex life.

1 **LOVE TO LOVE YOU BABY**
DONNA SUMMER 1975
Donna busted pop radio's harmonic hymen with this masturbation mix. The disco diva's looped, 22-second faux-gasm was so convincing that the single was banned in England and condemned by Jesse Jackson.
CLIMAX "Ooooooooooohhhhhh. Love to love ya, baby! Ungggghhhhhhhhhaaawarfkke!"

2 **JE T'AIME...MOI NON PLUS**
SERGE GAINSBOURG & JANE BIRKIN 1969
Gainsbourg's first attempt with a groaning Brigitte Bardot was recorded in 1968, but the sex kitten begged him to can it. So the 41-year-old Frenchie got it up for another go with 21-year-old actress Jane Birkin. Europe loved it; the Vatican denounced it. Orgasm buffs were able to compare Birkin's and Bardot's hot love when the original was released in 1983.
CLIMAX "Huhuhuhuhuuuh! Ohhh...gluhrr...mon amour...caoooohoooo...ahhhhhhh!"

3 **JUNGLE FEVER CHAKACHAS** 1975
Belgian studio band Chakachas recorded this disco moan-fest, but when it broke big, they were deemed too, well, Belgian (you know, mullets and 'staches) for live audiences. In a pre–Milli Vanilli scam, the Latino group Bario was recruited to impersonate Chakachas. You might remember it from *Boogie Nights*.
CLIMAX "¡Ahhyyyyye, sí! ¡Ahhyee, sí!...Aiiiii, aiiiiii, ohyeee."

4 **I TOUCH MYSELF DIVINYLS** 1991
Singer Christina Amphlett's act included dressing up like a Catholic schoolgirl and stroking herself into seizures.
CLIMAX "Wwwwmmmnnnn...When I think about you...mmm...I touch myself! Hungrrrhhgggg!"

5 **JUSTIFY MY LOVE MADONNA** 1990
Madonna does everything but the ice machine in a bring-your-own-sheets motel in the video. Lenny Kravitz was sued by Prince protégée No. 562, Ingrid Chavez, for a cowriting credit. No explanation was given as to why anyone would want credit for these lyrics.
CLIMAX "Wanting...ffuooh...needing...mahuuh...waiting...suuyeeunnggh...for you...maanagah...to justify my love...rahhhahhhhh!!!"

6 **WHOLE LOTTA LOVE LED ZEPPELIN** 1969
Robert Plant insists the 15-second orgasm was his own. Or did you not need to know that?
CLIMAX "Aaaaaaaahhhh. Ahhhhhhhhaahhahah. Aaaaaaaauhhhhhhahhhhh! Way down inside...woman...you need loooovveeuuuunnnhhhhh."

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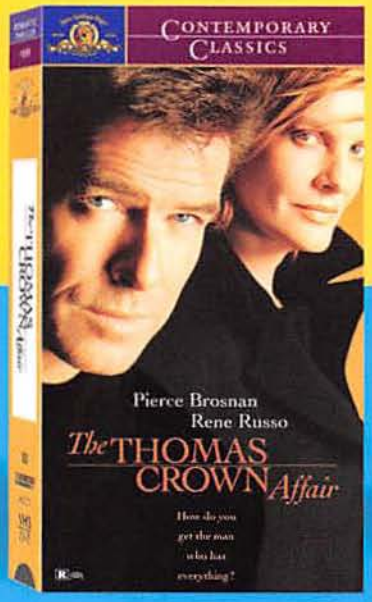

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"If my career tanks, I can clothe America in shag carpeting!"

Stalk This Way

Got a lustful or vengeful celebrity fantasy? Slap it over a beat and voilà: You've got a hit...and a possible restraining order. Obsessing over stars in song—lyrical stalking—is the latest rage. Someone put these celebs in the Witness Protection Program before they get hurt.

CHRISTINA AGUILERA

SONG Eminem's "The Real Slim Shady," from *The Marshall Mathers LP*

LYRIC "Christina Aguilera better switch me chairs/little bitch/ I should download her audio on MP3 and show the whole world how you gave Eminem VD."

ORDER OF PROTECTION POTENTIAL High. Christina's public dis of Eminem's lyrics ("misogynistic," according to that ho bitch) makes him want to rub out that genie with a bottle.

COURTNEY LOVE

SONG Nerf Herder's "Courtney," from *How to Meet Girls*

LYRIC "Now I'm overweight and ugly...Why can't I be like you/ Then we could drive away to Malibu/I hope I'm not out of place but/Courtney Love, sit on my face."

OPP Low. These pussy punkers actually asked the Nancy Spungeon wanna-be for her permission to be parodied and claim they're "still scared of her."

DAVID DUCHOVNY

SONG Bree Sharp's "David Duchovny," from *A Cheap and Evil Girl*

LYRIC "David Duchovny, I want you to love me/to kiss and to hug me/debrief and debug me/David Duchovny, I know you could love me/I'm sweet and I'm cuddly/I'm gonna kill Scully!"

OPP Extremely high. For one, Sharp has confused fantasy with reality. Duchovny is a real person, but Scully—she's a TV character! This is a sure sign of psychotic tendencies. To make matters worse, Dave is playing mind games, trying to be nice—he says he likes the song and has been caught singing along in his car. It will end in tears.

SHARON STONE

SONG Bender's "Sharon Stone," from *Jehovah's Hitlist*

LYRIC "I jack you with a mind probe/Straight out of the PSI lab and I'm crapping in your pie hole/make you my trophy, put you on my shelf."

OPP High. They don't like her. And this was before they saw *If These Walls Could Talk 2*.

LIZ PHAIR

SONG Weston's "Liz Phair," from the compilation *Heal the Bay*

LYRIC "You sang a song with Ben Lee/How about singing with me?"

OPP Zilch. These Pennsylvania popsters are total pansies if all they're looking for from rock's self-described "blow job queen" is a duet.

MUSIC TO YOUR EARS

Wyclef Jean
THE ECLEFTIC
(Columbia)
★★★★

This Fugee gets hard—dissin' DMX and "bloodsucking" cops while trying out new styles (dub, country, classic rock).
FEEDBACK: Hip-hop of the ripest variety, with more lyrical laughs than Puff Daddy at a policemen's ball.

pills.fr
MUSICSOLDIA
(Wax Trax!/TVT)
★★★★

File under Great French Inventions, right next to le french toast. Ultra electrofunk in da house.
FEEDBACK: Earth-rattling big beats and explosive rhymes with enough *karumppph!* to blow the torso off a frog.

Everclear
SONGS FROM AN AMERICAN MOVIE, VOLUME 1: LEARNING HOW TO SMILE
(Capitol)
★★★★

One minute into the opening track, these catchy So-Cal rock samples from front man Art Alexakis had us beaming like Barney on X.
FEEDBACK: As if we needed more proof that these guys can dish out more hits than Mark McGwire.

Sunny Day Real Estate
THE RISING TIDE
(Time Bomb)
★★★★

Blow "Taps." The last living grungers in Seattle have traded in flannel rock for a transglobal beat (tribal drums, screeching vocals and edgy guitars).
FEEDBACK: Whether angry or enigmatic, these guys have a brilliantly suicidal sound.

Various Artists
NEXT UP: RAP'S NEW GENERATION
(Blunt/TVT)
★★★

Q-Tip, Ruff Ryders and Xzibit help young bloodz by rapping with 'em about the usual themes: chronic playa hating and, of course, hos.
FEEDBACK: Lean on phat, and the sound of some of the young 'uns is old, but fresh blood like Third Rail scores.

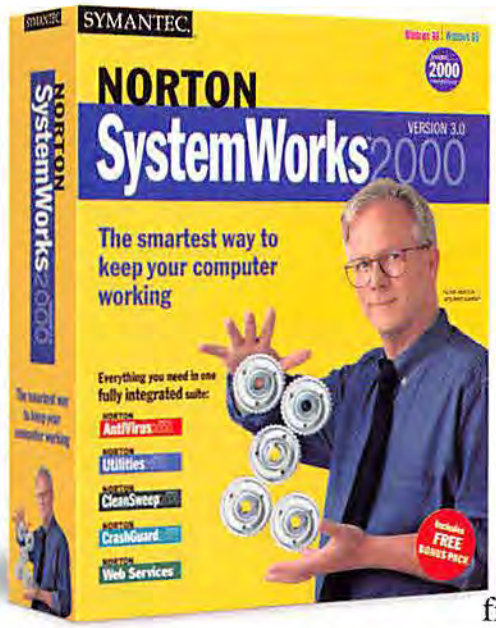
Face to Face
REACTIONARY
(Lady Luck/ Beyond)
★★★

Longtime punks ditch the Green Day shtick to cook up a Social Distortion–inspired brew of ultracaffeinated pop.
FEEDBACK: It follows the "keep it simple, stupid" punk ethic to perfection, with one-word choruses that grab you by the bozacks.

Damage Manual
1
(Invisible)
★★

Does this compute? An electronic supergroup? Ex–PiL, Ministry and Killing Joke slammers trade tape loops and Bowie-like crooning.
FEEDBACK: If you're into sharing a phone booth with a wounded bobcat, then by all means, pick it up.

Forget About Your Problems.



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Ben Patterson, CNET.com*

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PC WORLD BEST BUY February, 2000

WINLIST Winmag.com 1999 October, 1999

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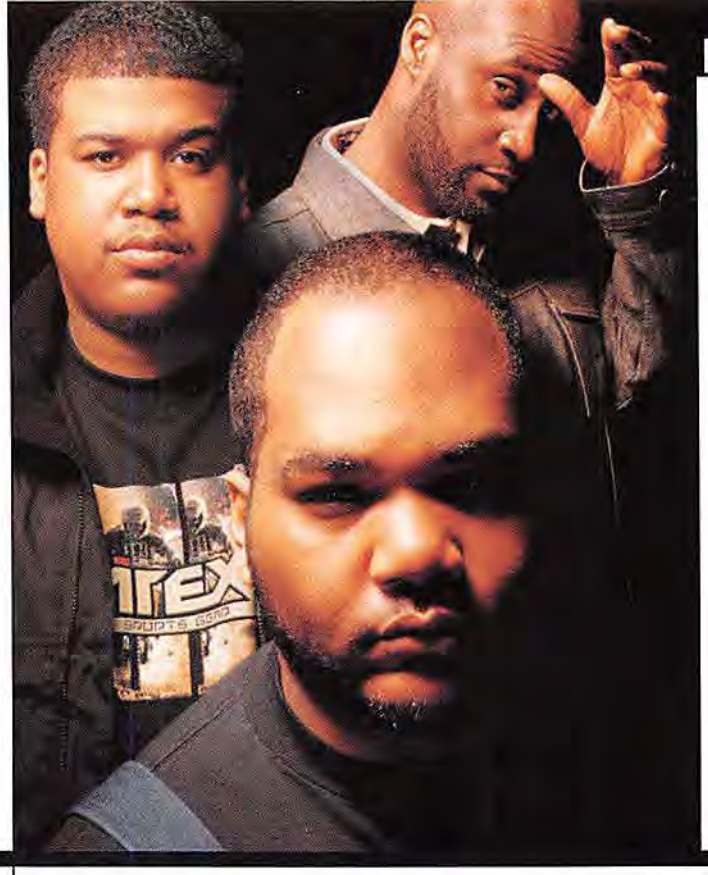
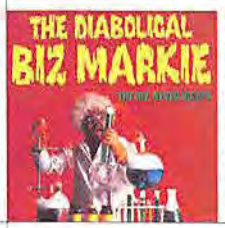


De La Soul Searching

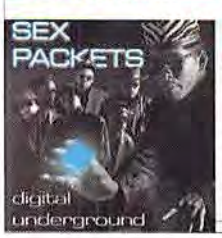
ART OFFICIAL INTELLIGENCE
(Tommy Boy)
★★★★★

For De La Soul (Mase, MC Posdnous and Trugoy—yogurt spelled backward, in case you were wondering), it was never about big gats or big butts—it was about grand experimentation. Right from their 1989 debut, *3 Feet High and Rising*, the group's mellow hip-hop—combined with smart lyrics and comedy—put them in Phat City with everyone from homeys to jazz fans to alt rockers and even acid-dipped Deadheads. Now DLS is back with disc one of their four-years-in-the-making CD trilogy (expect discs two and three in 2001). *Art Official Intelligence* (nobody said they were good with puns) is every bit the eclectic, booty-shakin' jammy-jam they've always kicked. It's also loaded with guest stars such as Redman, Chaka Khan, Busta Rhymes and the Beastie Boys, and pulls out more mainstream hooks for maximum impact. "It has a lot of party songs; it's upbeat," reports MC Posdnous. Now that they're back, wouldn't you like to know where they're comin' from? With De La's help, we chart the albums that helped define this unique hippie-hop.

DE LA HUMOR



BIZ MARKIE
BIZ NEVER SLEEPS
(Cold Chillin') 1989
Famous for off-key raps and the nails-on-a-chalkboard track "Just a Friend," this clown prince of hip-hop and DLS's high school homey got them hooked on lyrical odes to all things freaky (boogers and toilet torpedoes).



DIGITAL UNDERGROUND
SEX PACKETS
(Tommy Boy) 1990
These guys riffed on nursery school humor and touched De La's soul with lines such as "My name is Humpty, pronounced with a umpty/Oh, ladies, how I like to hump thee."

DE LA GODFATHER

STETSASONIC
IN FULL GEAR
(Tommy Boy) 1988
Prince Paul's former posse broke down just in time for him to spew his genius on De La's debut. Paul's kitchen-sink production legacy goofed up De La's eclectic sound with tinny Casio beats and French-lesson records.

DE LA ROOTS

JUNGLE BROTHERS
STRAIGHT OUT THE JUNGLE
(Warlock) 1988
This Afrocentric New York band's emphasis on global consciousness inspired DLS to join them in creating the Native Tongues Posse with Tribe, Queen Latifah, Black Sheep and Monie Love.

BOOGIE DOWN PRODUCTIONS
BY ALL MEANS NECESSARY
(Jive) 1988
DLS backed away from rap's hard-core image and reflected on unity. They came on the heels of the Boogie Down boys, who turned gangsta rap into edutainment.

DE LA | SOUL'S BROTHERS

DE LA POP

THE TURTLES
PRESENT THE BATTLE OF THE BANDS
(Sundazed) 1968
The hippie "Happy Together" dudes adapted a schizophrenic psychedelia, trying to sound like a different band on each track. DLS was impressed enough to illegally sample (and get sued for) Battle's "You Showed Me."

VARIOUS ARTISTS
THE GREATEST HITS OF THE '80s, VOL. 4–6
(Platinum)
DLS will happily name crap '80s new wave as an influence. "At the time, MCs were rhyming over popular tunes," Trugoy says. "It didn't have to be James Brown. It could be Kajagoogoo."

DE LA NEW YORK

ULTRAMAGNETIC MC'S
CRITICAL BEATDOWN
(Next Plateau) 1988
The Bronx-based crew jump-started NYC's underground rap movement, thanks to Kool Keith's bizarre wordplay. They're probably best known for the "smack my bitch up" line made infamous by Prodigy 10 years later.

DE LA JAZZ

MILES DAVIS
COMPLETE BITCHES BREW SESSIONS
(Sony) 1969
The legendary trumpeter was the first jazz musician to incorporate elements of funk and rock into his avant-garde jazz mix, now a De La staple.

A TRIBE CALLED QUEST
LOW END THEORY
(BMG/Jive/Novus) 1991
De La's jazz-rap sound was influenced by these philosophical Queens rappers. "Hanging out with Tribe, who all listened to jazz—that's how I got turned on to the music," says Trugoy.

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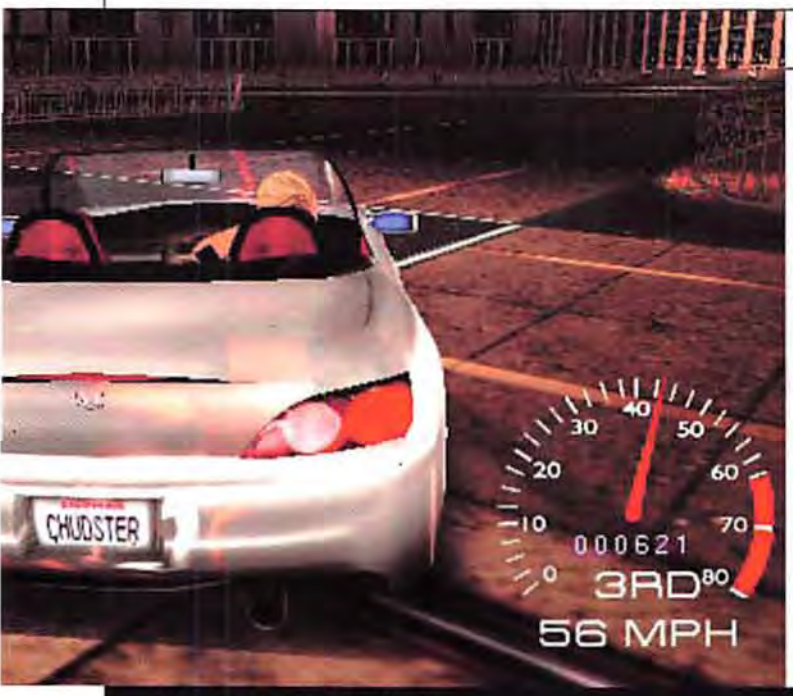

GAME OF THE MONTH

Autoerotic Fixation

METROPOLIS STREET RACER
(Dreamcast) ★★★★★

Torch Tokyo, flatten San Francisco and burn laps around Londontown. The harsh reality of these mean streets was constructed for your destructive pleasure after six square miles of each of the cities were videotaped, photographed and digitally reassembled in meticulous, memory-chewing detail. You'll swear you can see pigeons poop from London's rooftops and smell the halibut down on Fisherman's Wharf in Frisco. Unfortunately, sight-seeing is not advised, no matter how delightful the unbelievably realistic scenery is. A single glance could steer you into a streetlight and a dismembering crash.

You are getting verrrrrry sleepy...

Superb handling and first-rate driving action earn *Metropolis Street Racer* an automatic pole position among racing games. Just don't expect wide-open, bermed and banked racing roads. Instead, prepare to throttle up to 150 mph, navigate the treacherously narrow, winding streets and test your reflexes with hairpin turns, sidewalk-mounting maneuvers and a quick lesson in hard handbrake handling. *Street Racer* also features a two-player, split-screen mode so that you can burn rubber with your buddies. And you'll do it in your choice of more than 30 bitchin' convertibles or other hopped-up, tricked-out street rods that can't help but feel authentic, thanks to actual recordings of road tests and real cars revving their guns. Gentlemen, start your engines.

THE PLAY LIST

Rune *(PC)* ★★★★
What do you—a Viking berserker far from home with only your trusty ax, sword and club—do for fun? Hack your way through caverns full of annoying goblins, forests of dwarves and fortresses of evil, horny-helmeted nutjobs, of course. Nice, eviscerating mayhem.

4x4 Evolution
(PC/Mac/Dreamcast) ★★★★
Which platform rules? Fight it out over the Internet in this multiplayer, off-road smash 'em, crash 'em, trash 'em race. The game doesn't care what console you're playing on—and neither will your pathetic pals when you whup their asses.

Space Channel 5
(Dreamcast) ★★★
Ulala is a shapely space babe on a groovy galaxy quest to free space-station hostages by...hypnotizing their alien captors with her sensuous dance moves. Excuse me? But the Day-Glo graphics and frenetic game play make for a laugh riot.

Vanishing Point
(PS/Dreamcast) ★★★
This smart road racer delivers exquisite accuracy and amazing realism—but it also requires controls on par with computational astrophysics. Still, it's well worth the effort. Add in the stunt-driving mode and you're good to go, go, go.

Army Men: Air Combat *(N64)* ★★★
Embrace your inner child with this speedy helicopter hootenanny by pitting your army of lil' green plastic men against the historically evil "tan guys" in the battle for strategic areas of the kitchen floor. We love the smell of bacon in the morning.

Ecco the Dolphin
(Dreamcast) ★★
Bask in the cool, underwater ambiance, save baby whales and avoid getting shredded by toothy great whites. It's a spliffed-out, underwater adventure—the mellowest puzzle-and-fight game yet made. Think of it as *Tomb Raider* in an ocean of LSD.

THE NEXT GENERATION

For those of you who are willing to sacrifice your dreary life in exchange for virtual reality, your messiah has arrived. Yes, PS2 is here—and if you thought it was just about ass-kicking graphics, you've barely scraped the surface. Read along for the many reasons we're about to find ourselves enslaved by this small plastic box.

IT DOES THE MATH

PS2 games can bounce more than 20 million polygons per second around your TV screen. That gives you smoother, more photo-realistic images than any personal computer available, meaning that the difference between PlayStation graphics and PS2 graphics is the difference between an *Archie* comic and *A Bug's Life*.

IT BLOWS YOUR MIND

The PS2's processor is fast: 10 times faster than PlayStation. So, in addition to gorgeous graphics, it can manage blindingly complex characters and environments. "Shoot, jump, shoot" is preschool compared with PS2's epic narratives, which star casts of thousands, each with his or her own shifty motives. And better yet, you still get to blow all their sorry asses away. It just looks gorier now.

Dark Cloud: **My, what a stunningly realistic set of...feathers**

Wipeout Fusion: **This view gives tech geeks serious chubbies**

IT'S A MULTIPLEX

The PS2 will play all of your DVD movies with scary-clear digital images and paint-cracking surround sound. Whether you're playing *Jurassic Park* or just watching it, expect panicked neighbors to alert zoologists before it's over. Also, like any DVD player, the PS2 plays music CDs as well. We're not talking pin-sharp high fidelity, but hey, it can eviscerate monsters *and* take you to the movies.

IT'S RETRO-READY

Good news: Your old PlayStation games can live again on the PS2.

IT'S PLUGGED IN

The PS2 is ready for plug-ins. With USB ports and a PC card slot, you can add digital cameras, camcorders, laptops and more. Why? For starters, you can plant your puss onto a character.

IT'S A PIPELINE

Sony will soon offer an Internet add-on to take advantage of superfast broadband technology. That means speedy Net access—and games downloaded right to your machine.

WORLD DOMINATION

Sony is piling all of this into one box because it doesn't just want to colonize your brain—it wants to take over your home. As computers and TV converge, you won't just stare at the boob tube. You'll also pay bills on it, order groceries, compete in multiplayer games, order videos, interact with programs and surf the Internet. This little black box makes all of that possible. Cue deep, booming voice: "Ha, ha, ha, ha..."

ONLINE

AND

ON FIRE!

stuff-mag.com

SmartBombs

ALL THE KNOWLEDGE YOU NEED IN A NUTSHELL

Beck had to hold this position to get good TV reception.

How to...

Throw a Split-Fingered Fastball

Sure, it could cripple you, but if hitters are feasting on your fastball, then this pitch may be your best secret weapon. Get a grip with Red Sox ace Rod Beck.

Former teammate Mark Grace once said of Red Sox closer Rod Beck, "You could puke in Rod's car and he's not going to get mad at you." You've gotta admire that. You've also gotta admire the ability of this chainsmoker to mow down opponents with his lethal splitter. The pitch screams straight for the middle of the strike zone—then, as the ball nears the plate, it dives hard and away, like a galloping dog suddenly whacked with a shovel. Here's how Shooter deploys the weapon that's as dangerous to a pitcher's arm as it is to a hitter's ego.

PAY YOUR MEDICAL INSURANCE

The splitter creates arm strain that's more unnatural than Marge Schott lighting a menorah. Orthopedic surgeons blame this devil pitch for everything from snapped finger ligaments and torn rotator cuffs to premature careers as bouncers. "The biggest problem comes from pitchers overcompensating," says Brian Casazza, M.D., clinical assistant professor at the University of Virginia's Department of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation. "Pitchers who don't have a fastball to begin with overthrow or force the pitch. This, coupled with the extra strain on the elbow ligaments that comes from the two-finger grip, can result in elbow trouble." This season, Beck has struggled with a pinched nerve in his neck and a herniated disk—and if the splitter didn't actually put him on the DL, it certainly couldn't have helped. Still, he swears by the pitch: "It's the only reason I've seen some success. If someone told me that I could either have a few productive years before an injury while using the splitter or never hit the majors at all...well, it's a pretty easy choice."

GIVE 'EM THE FINGERS

Ready to risk tearing major arm tissue and start shopping for a chiropractor? First things first: Make a V with your index and middle fingers and place them almost parallel to the seams of the ball, at the point where the seams come closest together. A narrow V will result in more velocity but less break, while the opposite will occur when you widen your fingers. The V puts that all-important downward spin on the ball, which is needed to change its trajectory and school the batter. "If the grip is uncomfortable, you're doing it wrong," Beck says. "My fingers used to spread across the seams a lot less than they do now. It's whatever works for you. As far back as high school, I started working on stretching my fingers around the ball. I'd even bring the ball to class with me, which is probably why I ended up flunking out."

DON'T TIP YOUR HAND

Be careful that your efforts to conceal the grip don't tip off the batter. "Fan the glove around the ball as you change your grip," says Beck. "Make sure you hide your hand the same way with every kind of pitch, so the batter won't be clued in to what you're giving him."

GO OVER THE TOP

There is no sidearm motion with this bad boy. Deviate as little as possible from a fastball delivery—it's a wholly overhand throw. And don't spare the juice: The ball should be no more than 7 to 10 mph slower than your heater. If you can't throw a good fastball, forget about the splitter. Only your orthopedist would thrive.

LET 'ER RIP

"With the fastball, you use your fingers to point and aim for the catcher's mitt," explains Beck. "With the splitter, your target's between that V you make with your fingers." In other words, throw as if your forked fingers are going to straddle the catcher's mitt. Launch this sucker correctly and it'll leave the hitter producing more wind than Tommy Lasorda at an all-you-can-eat calzone festival.

Keep your eye on the balls

How to...

Master Three-Card Monte

You know dozens of suckers dying to part with their hard-earned bucks. Here's how to help them, using just three playing cards.

- You'll need a red ace and any two black cards. Bend them slightly, lengthwise—with the faces curved inward—to make them easier to control.
- In each hand, hold one black card between the tips of your thumb and middle finger. Then add the ace to your right hand, in front of the black card, keeping it between the tips of your thumb and ring finger. Hold up the cards, face forward, so that they are visible to your victim. Then ask him to "follow the ace."
- Lowering your hand to a table (or, if you're working the street corner, to the top of your cardboard box), release the ace from your right hand and let it drop facedown.
- With your left hand, pick up the ace between your thumb and ring finger and then hold up all of the cards again so your victim can see them. You should now have two cards in your left hand and one in your right. Reverse the process and repeat about five times, moving the ace from hand to hand while saying, "Follow the ace...follow the ace." Don't rush, because this part is crucial: You're training your dupe to follow the first card you throw down.
- Now the sting: On the sixth toss, instead of throwing the ace first, swiftly throw the black card you're holding *behind* the ace. Your rapid hand movement, combined with your pigeon's habit of watching the first card, will conceal the fact that you threw the card behind the ace.
- Finish the kill by rapidly tossing down the other black card, followed by the ace. Your man will still be trying to spot the first card you threw down. In subsequent rounds, you can mix up the placement of the cards on the table. In any case, your victim will always pick the wrong card. Collect your cash; explain nothing.

Photography: (Beck) David Harry Stewart. (Cards) Matt Wakem.

Talk like a...

Hollywood Agent

"That yes is really bip, but Howard ramped her when location fever hit. But did you see the Spielberg on that spoon?" *Stuff* deciphers the lingo of those who get 10 percent.

ATTACH AN ANCHOR TO A TANKER When a crappy or no-name actor, director or producer signs on to a creaking project, causing the whole thing to sink like a Stallone.

BIP Depending on how it's used, either an actor who's a hot commodity or one who'll soon be on a bus back to a Kansas turd farm.

EXECU-DOT An imaginary light in the middle of a producer's forehead. Keep it lit during a pitch and you're golden.

HOWARD Pet name for George Lucas, whose biggest flop was *Howard the Duck*.

LOCATION FEVER When everyone on a movie set starts shtupping one another.

PIMP To steal an assistant's idea and take all the credit. As in, "The producer pimped that alien-birth concept from me last summer."

RAMP To boot someone off a movie for an undisclosed reason.

SMELL THE CORN If an actor's new to the biz, agents can "smell the corn on that one."

SPIELBERG A big butt. Steven Spielberg makes most of his bucks not up front, but from a cut of the gross—in other words, on the back end. Get it?

SPOON Someone who has zero experience but is well connected—and is hated for it. From *silver spoon*.

YES A hot female actress. It comes from the natural exclamation guys make when a babe walks by.

"So, how long have you been with us, not counting tomorrow?"

More hack work from Bob Hope

How to...

Work Your Way Around the World

How would you like to lead scuba-diving expeditions in Thailand? Or be a wet T-shirt wrangler in Jamaica? Leave working on a kibbutz to the schmoes—these gigs will bring you cool adventures and cash.

BE AN EXTRA IN BOMBAY

India's west coast is the home of "Bollywood." The Tinsel Town of the Third World churns out 150 "films" (and we use the word loosely) a year. For Americans, getting hired as an extra is as easy as loitering. Recruiters seem to love the local Salvation Army House, but any hotel in the area will do. Be up in the A.M. (when agents make their rounds) and appear as if you can take complex orders, such as: "Move one step forward. Frown." The pay is only about $17 a day, but the women are beautiful and the costumes are a riot (think Lawrence of Arabia meets Liberace). Book a room at the Salvation Army Red Shield House in Bombay (011-91-22-284-1824).

TEACH SCUBA DIVING IN THAILAND

You may not know a regulator from a depth gauge, but in just a few weeks, you can become a PADI-certified dive master. From there, you can get a job at a diving school, such as Big Blue Diving Center in Koh Tao (www.bigbluediving.com). The islands around Thailand are a diver's paradise, and most employers provide room and board as well as give you enough cash to island-hop. Classes at IDC-Thailand are in English and cost about $500 per course. To book your time underwater, log on to www.idc-thailand.com.

MINE GOLD OR ROUND UP SHEEP IN AUSTRALIA

If you love hard labor the way dingoes love babies, then mining may be the thing for you. Haul gold and take home about $12 an hour—but not the gold. Does that sound fair? Head to Kalgoorlie in Western Australia, and rifle through the phone book for drilling companies. If you prefer softer work, get a job as a "jackaroo" and round up sheep for shearing. Pay is about $8 per hour, with free room and board. Check *The Sydney Morning Herald* classifieds under "Stock and Land" at www.smh.com.au.

TEACH SKIING IN THE SWISS ALPS

If you happen to be a good skier, Swiss resorts will pay you to hit the slopes as an instructor. But even if your skills begin and end with the snow plow, you can always fold bedsheets alongside a maid named Inga: Most hotels hire domestic help, including kitchen assistants and cleaners. Agencies in the U.K. will find you a job and handle work permits. Expect an exceptionally low salary, but accommodations are free and you get unlimited ski privileges. Contact Inghams Travel in London (011-44-208-780-4400).

BE A HOSPITALITY HOST IN JAMAICA

Between late February and mid-April, Sunsplash Tours will fly you to Jamaica, put you up in a hotel and give you cash on top of it. Your duties? Getting chicks liquored up for wet T-shirt contests and persuading everyone to come back next year. You can walk away with a tan, $2,000 in commissions and a wide-open space where your brain used to be. Call Sunsplash Tours (800-426-7710).

NAVY
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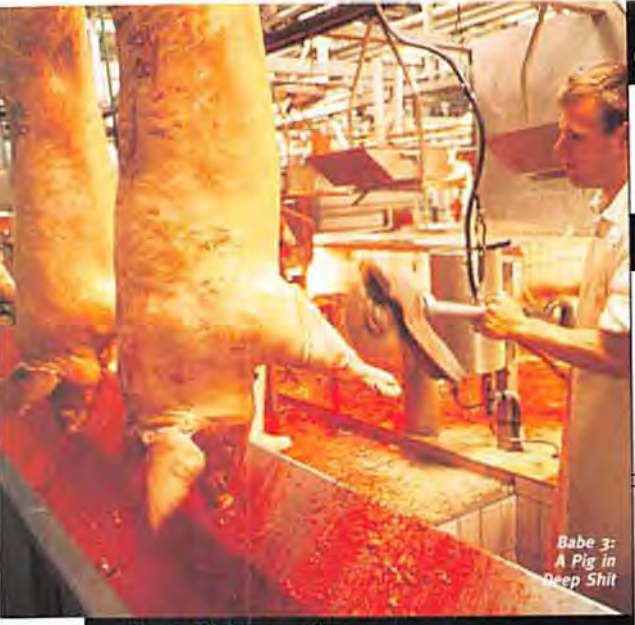

Babe 3: A Pig in Deep Shit

Know what you eat No. 5

Pork Rinds

None other than President Bush once hailed the fried swine snack as superior to broccoli. Here's the skinny on the pigskin that goes great with pigskin.

FIRST, SKIN THE PIG

Whether you call them pork rinds, chicharrónes or bacon rinds, they're all one and the same: deep-fried chunks of pigskin. That's right—genuine porcine epidermis. Manufacturers begin by collecting pork belly and back skin from meatpackers. Next, they freeze the skin so it's easier to cut into one- to two-inch squares. Then, they dry and smoke the squares, which removes most of the fat and moisture, leaving behind a dehydrated postage stamp–size pork pellet. The pellets then get tossed into a roiling, 400-degree vat of melted swine fat. Within a minute, they'll explode like popcorn into their final, crunchy and oh-so-delicious form.

WAIT—DON'T THROW THAT OUT!

This downscale delicacy has ancestors in almost every time and culture, including Ming Dynasty China. In the U.S., the fatty snack was probably a product of slave society, which forced the miserable poor to get creative with every last part of a pig (ever try pickled pigs' feet?). Nowadays, the fat and happy chomp on rinds that come in a multitude of gourmet flavors, including hot 'n' spicy, sour cream, salt 'n' vinegar and chili lemon. Only popcorn outsells pork rinds among snack foods: Last year, Americans spent $840 million on the crunchy swine treats, devouring enough to fill the Superdome up to the cheap seats. Laid end-to-end, those morsels would cover 20 laps around the equator.

GOBS OF FAT ARE GOOD FOR YOU

Not since President Bush extolled pork rinds over broccoli have the piggy poofs seen such stellar sales as today, thanks to the Atkins diet. Dr. Robert Atkins claims that the path to fat-burning nirvana is a diet low in carbs but high in protein—and fat be damned! Since that formula defines pork rinds (up to 88 percent of their calories come from fat), they're touted by Atkins' followers as the ultimate snack food. Just try to keep it to one bag a day.

UNDER THE HOOD

Light Beer

Tastes great? Less filling? Or just watery ale that lets you chug more before you hurl? We give the queen of beers the Breathalyzer test.

HOW DO BREWERS BREW THAT VOODOO THAT DOESN'T MAKE YOU SWELL? Any stubborn carbohydrate that doesn't ferment in the normal brewing process means extra calories for you and that mudslide you call your waist. When making a light beer, brewers toss a special enzyme into the mix to render those unruly carbs fermentable. Hungry yeast's gain is your waist's loss.

DOES "LIGHT" ALSO MEAN "LIGHT ON ALCOHOL"? Relax. It's the fermentation that determines the percentage of alcohol, not the calories. When most full-bore domestic beers shed calories to become light beers, the difference in alcohol content is miniscule. But this isn't the case in Australia and Canada, where *light* does indeed mean a lower alcohol content.

HOW LIGHT ARE LIGHTS? The caloric differences in regular beers are as vast and ever-changing as Oprah's weight. The same applies to light beer. A can of Guinness is only 149 calories (10 calories per ounce), while a bottle of Barney Flats Oatmeal Stout tips the scales at a gut-busting 400 (33 calories per ounce). That said, a light beer usually has 10 to 30 percent fewer calories than its brand's fuller counterpart. The King of Beers is a rather unsvelte 148 calories, while Bud Light is 110.

"TASTES GREAT" OR "LESS FILLING"? No beer expert worth his salted nuts would go on the record as actually approving a light beer (in their world, it's heresy). Since there isn't a huge difference between a regular beer and its unleaded version, the question must be raised: Why sacrifice? Well, consult your gut: Let's say you suck down three Miller Genuine Drafts each day of the week, then drink a case on the weekend (a conservative estimate), while your buddy keeps pace with Miller Lite. You've just consumed a whopping 1,692 calories more than your pal did. That's like eating three Quarter Pounders with cheese, Tubby.

PENIS ENHANCEMENT 101

Maybe your johnson is less than magic. But these stats will help you keep it in your pants.

Typical length added by surgery	1 inch
Number of men who get enlarged each year	15,000
Typical fee	$4,000 to more than $10,000
Number of weeks you have to wait before you can have nonagonizing sex	4 to 5
Estimated percentage of penis surgeries that lead to infection	6
Estimated percentage that have to be redone	5
Number of penile enlargements Dr. Melvin Rosenstein (aka Dr. Dick) of California claims to have performed before losing his license	4,500
Number of those patients who sued Dr. Rosenstein for malpractice, complaining of "numbness, deformity and dysfunction"	50
Cost of correcting a botched job	$3,000 to $10,000
Cost of strapping on a dildo instead and cutting your losses	$25

Photography: (Rinds, Beer, Pepperoni) Jens Mortensen.

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WHADDAYA KNOW!

Something on your mind? Send your questions to **Professor Heinz Krankelschnit,** who has just accepted a new post as Associate Tutor of None-Too-Bright Coeds at Y.A.L.E. (The Yucatán Academy of Low Expectations).

Stool sample from the [illegible] dog

Still curious, mein chickadees? Send your pressing questions to:

Stuff
1040 Avenue of the Americas, 17th Floor, New York, NY 10018

...or by the clickity-net to letters@stuff-mag.com. Do not enclose bribes, liquor or dirty photos; I am getting enough of these at my day job.

CAN A KARATE CHOP TO THE NECK REALLY KNOCK SOMEONE UNCONSCIOUS?

—Steve G., Denver

Ja, this is certainly possible. The vagus nerves, one on each side of the neck, normally are saying to the heart, "Slow down!" A blow to the nerve can tell the heart, "Stop!" This creates the condition known as death. Wayne Saunders of Wales, Great Britain, was being tragically killed in just such a manner only last year during an amateur karate tournament.

WHAT IS THE HOTTEST CHILI PEPPER ON EARTH?

—Rosemary C., New York City

The smaller peppers are tending to be more savage, as they are containing proportionally more capsaicin, the chemical that is giving the pepper its "woof, mein Gott in himmel, bring me the iceberg that was sinking the *Titanic*—aargh, aargh, AARGH" type effect. The most hot-to-trot variety is the habanero, which is getting 10 out of 10 on the official chili-pepper danger scale. My buddies at Guinness tell me that the habanero red savina is the most fiery of all, as one tiny gram can cause "detectable hotness" in 1,272 pounds of sauce. I can vouch for this, as some comedian was putting one in my burrito at Slutty Maria's Bar 'n' Taquería at around 3 A.M. last night. Ow.

HOW FAST IS A ROCKET?

—Mike L., via e-mail

The little bottle rocket on the Fourth of July is whizzing along at 200 miles per hour. The space shuttle, when it is making the low loop-de-loop earth orbit, is traveling at 17,500 mph. But the *Apollo 11* rocket was going pointy bit upward at a maximum of 35,579 mph. This would take you from New York to L.A. in four minutes and nine seconds, if you were deciding to go there instead of the moon.

Janet Reno sends Elian to the moon

"Shit, nobody *can* hear me scream."

WOULD A BODY DECOMPOSE IN OUTER SPACE?

—Dale M., via e-mail

It would not. For decomposition, it is required that there is oxygen and also microorganisms such as bacteria, fungi or protozoa, or failing that, the wriggly earthworms. These are in short supply in space; there is nothing out there but, well, space. This body of which you speak would simply float around forever and ever, which is a charming thought, nein?

HOW COME I WAKE UP EVERY MORNING SPORTING A REDWOOD IN MY SHORTS?

—Brian M., Jersey City, N.J.

This should not worry you, unless you are a lady. It is a common occurrence. It was most embarrassing when I was dozing off overnight in the library last week, only to be awakened by Miss Brandysnap, the librarian, who has now filed a complaint against poor, innocent Uncle Heinz. My good friend Dr. Ruth Westheimer informs me that almost all men are having the frequent sleepy-time stiffening. Production of the manly hormone testosterone is on a so-called circadian, or 24-hour, cycle; it is building up during the night and climaxes (so to speak) when wakey time is here. This is explaining why the forestry department is arriving in your pants slap-bang-early each day. A warning: Do not handle this morning wood if you have not washed your hands since eating a habanero pepper. Ow, ow, ow.

WHY DOES NOSE GREASE WIPED ON YOUR FINGER HELP THE HEAD OF A BEER DISAPPEAR?

—Chris R., Springfield, Pa.

Is this a trick you are performing on a date to impress the fräuleins? You are certainly being a class act. The head on a beer is caused by a protein that is a by-product of the barley. This protein cannot dissolve in water, so it surrounds the bubbles of carbon dioxide and goes for a ride to the top of the glass. But the protein dissolves very easily in even the teeny-tiniest bit of fat, and so does not form a head when grease is present. Maybe you should just try sticking your schnoz straight into the foam, Herr Rico Suave.

Photography: (Prof) Warren Salowe

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*See Participating Retail Locations for Details.

www.maximumrock.com

Elvis' disastrous experiment with disco

Greatest American Hero No. 8

Richard Pryor

This man changed comedy—by scaring the crap out of Whitey.

He came from Peoria, Illinois, but Jeezus, if anybody would have never played in Peoria, it was Richard Pryor. "They called it the model city," he recalls. "That means it had the niggers under control." In his prime, this guy was as unpredictable as Bobby Knight in a bad mood. Some comedians change comedy; Pryor may well have changed society.

Eddie Murphy credits his career to Pryor's inspiration and adapted the same anger into his act. Martin Lawrence and Chris Rock revere him. Damon Wayans wants to make a movie about his life. Pryor told America the truth about itself. He let white people in on how black people really saw them—perhaps best when he deliciously impersonated a petrified pair of middle-aged WASPs who return from intermission at the theater to discover that "the niggers have taken their seats"—and made them deal with their discomfort.

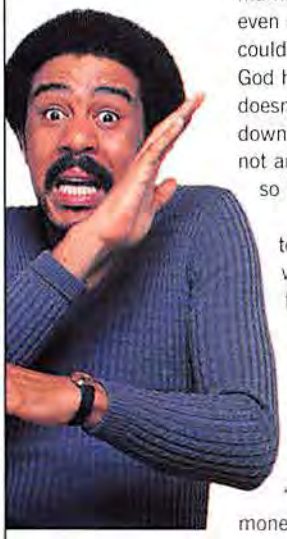
Of course, it wasn't always that way. In the early '60s, he made his living peddling a pale imitation of Bill Cosby. One night in 1967, he walked out under the spotlight, realized he was living a lie and walked straight off again: "I was a Negro for 23 years," he explained. "I gave that shit up. No room for advancement." When he returned to performing more than a year later, it was with a jaw-droppingly raw act—a stark contrast to his old material, which was as cuddly as Barney in blackface.

"I have X-ray vision. I see through everything except Whitey."

In an era when Cosby was making cute jokes about Noah's ark, Pryor was branding himself as "Supernigger! I have X-ray vision. I see through everything except Whitey." On groundbreaking '70s comedy albums such as *Bicentennial Nigger* and seminal concert films such as *Live in Concert*, he dropped predictable punch lines in favor of knockout monologues about black life. He also shot up his ex-wife's car, got arrested for it and worked it into the act. In 1977, he performed at a gay-rights benefit. When the crowd booed his repeated use of the word *faggot*, Pryor stormed off the stage with this parting shot: "You Hollywood faggots can kiss my happy, rich, black ass."

Drugs? Unfortunately, he was swimming in 'em. Like the time in 1980 when he doused himself in brandy and set himself on fire. Though he cowrote Mel Brooks' killer comedy *Blazing Saddles*, he was too stoned to star in it. His coke habit put his career in intensive care in the '80s. "Somebody told me, 'You put cocaine on your dick, you can fuck all night,'" he later mused. "My dick had a jones. Six hundred dollars a day, just to get my dick hard."

Coke, heart attacks and six marriages all took their toll, but even a battle with multiple sclerosis couldn't finish him off. "It's the stuff God hits your ass with when he doesn't want to kill ya, just slow ya down," he says of his disease. "It's not an extreme case. Just enough so I can't masturbate."



These days, Pryor is confined to a wheelchair and must be watched around the clock by two caregivers. But his wit remains healthy. Recently, after being observed staring thoughtfully out the window, one of his attendants asked what he was pondering. His response was vintage Pryor: "I'm thinking about how much money I pay you motherfuckers."

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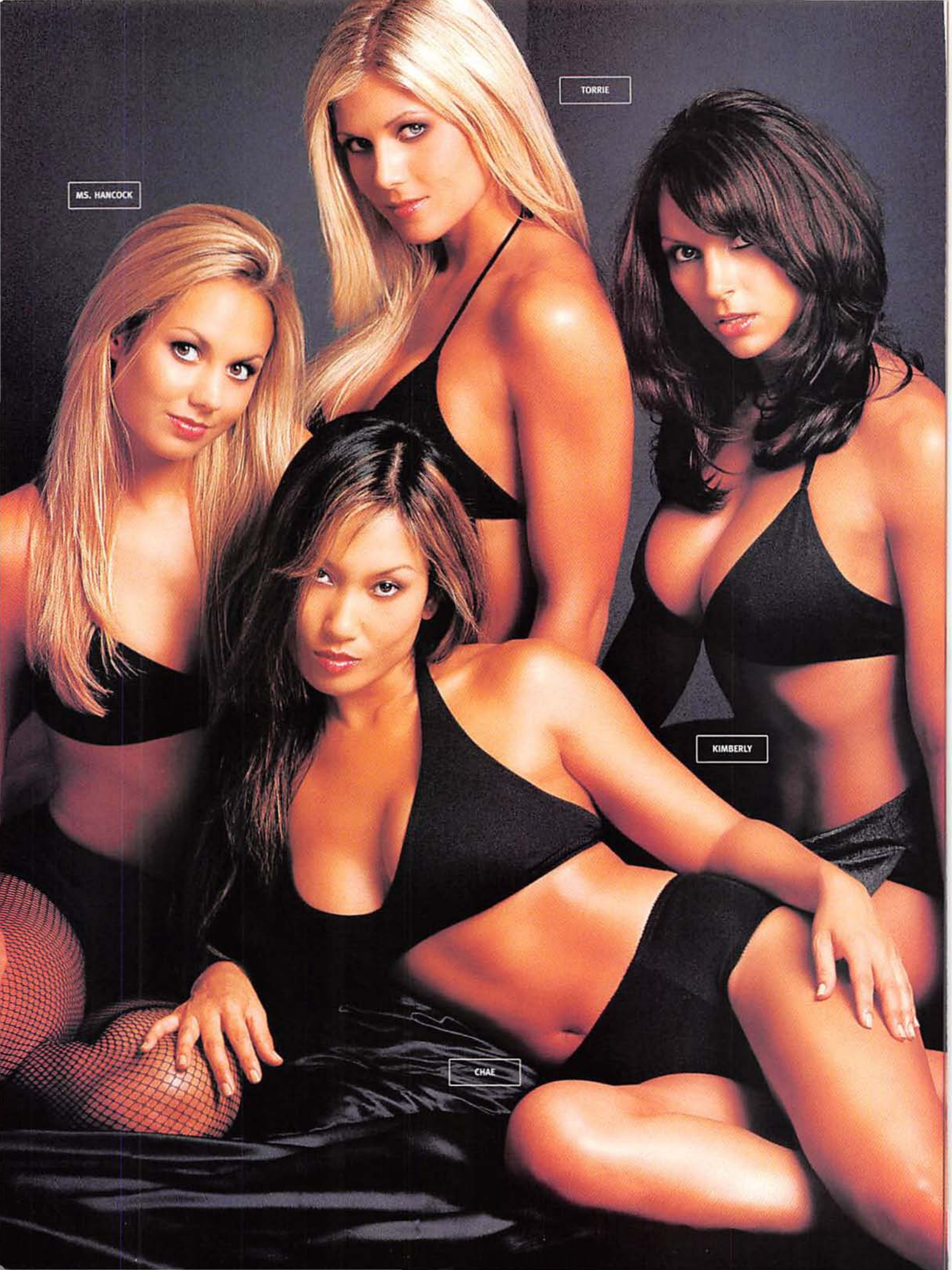

TORRIE
MS. HANCOCK
KIMBERLY
CHAE

The Powder Room

NitroNookie

Stuff's sexologist, Dawn Yanek, gets on the mat with four of the WCW's wildest women, who dish on everything from doing it in the ring to covering their bodies with chocolate and beer. Get ready to feel the bang.

Dawn: Do you ever fantasize about doing it in the ring?
Stacy (aka Ms. Hancock): Of course I've thought about it. But unfortunately, I've never carried through with it. Then again, I'm only 20—I haven't reached my sexual peak yet.
Chae: Maybe me and my man having sex on the canvas could be the main event for the next pay-per-view show—you know, with two handheld cameras circling us. That's a nice fantasy. But if I ever did get down and dirty in the ring for real, I'd put some satin sheets on it first.
Torrie: I've thought about it, too, but not with 20,000 people watching. Just doing my thing at a Nitro event is definitely a turn-on—until some drunk guy starts yelling, "Show us your tits!" That totally kills my mood.
Kimberly: Have you seen that mat? It's gross. Any hot action on there and you'd probably get an infection. But I'll tell you a secret. There's a common fantasy that I've actually fulfilled: I did it in an airplane bathroom with my husband (Diamond Dallas Page). And I have a warning for all potential mile-high clubbers out there: Stewardesses can set off smoke detectors at will. We were in there for a few minutes, and the alarm went crazy. Then there was loud knocking at the door and, "Excuse me. Let me in—you're not allowed to smoke in there." We fumbled to get our clothes back on, and he yelled, "Just one second!" Finally, we both stepped out, and I said, "OK, you can go in now. And no, we haven't been smoking."

Dawn: What puts you in the mood for love?
Torrie: When I work out, I swear to God, I cannot keep my hands off of my boyfriend. I'm like, "I want to rip your clothes off. Are you going to take me somewhere or what? C'mon."
Chae: Yeah, after exercising, your heartbeat is racing, you're sweaty and you've been watching men flex and lift heavy things. And I love that musky scent guys get after they've worked out. It's so sexy. I smell it and feel like screaming, "All right, just take me! Now!" Out of the gym, pornos are good for jump-starting my mood sometimes. There's nothing wrong with watching them with your guy.
Stacy: A lot of girls are closet porn lovers. How can you *not* be turned on, even by the sounds of the moans and groans alone? It's just normal.
Chae: I don't mind going to strip clubs with a guy—it can be hot and fun. The naked female body is a beautiful thing, and there's something very sexy about seeing a woman move sensually to music.
Stacy: Exactly, and it doesn't mean that I'm bisexual or a lesbian. It doesn't even bother me if my boyfriend gets a lap dance if I'm there. I'm secure with myself, so what's the big deal?
Torrie: I once got a dance from a girl, and she was rubbing makeup all over my face with her boobs—it smeared everywhere! I felt a little silly, but everyone else seemed to love it.

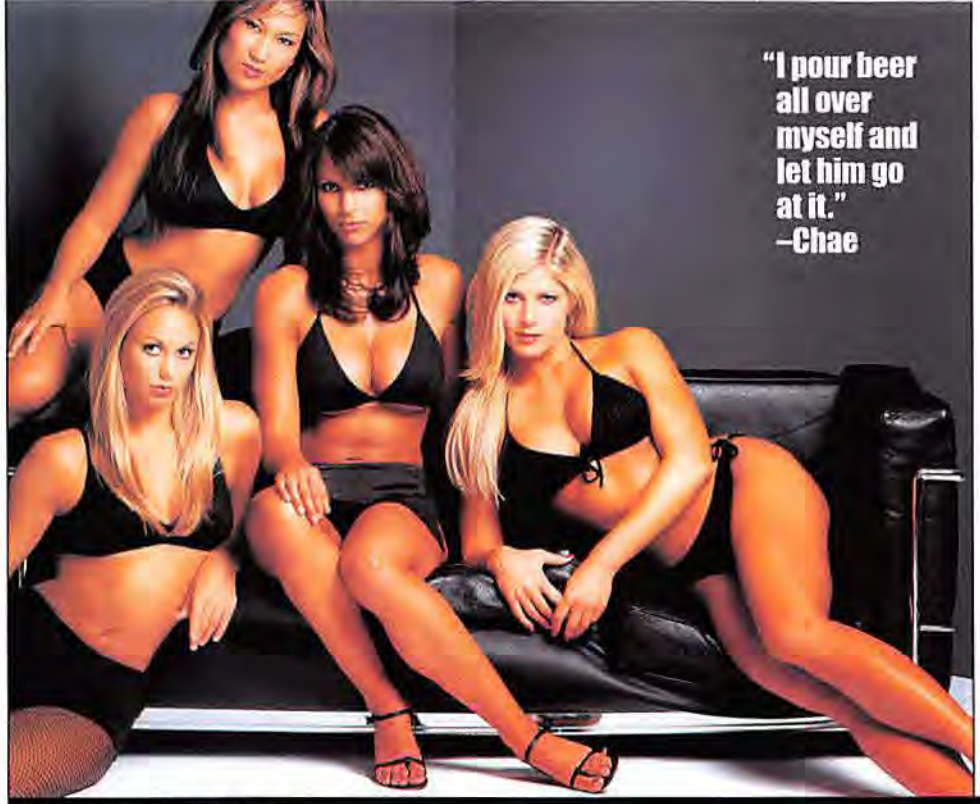
Dawn: Are you particularly attracted to big, muscular types?
Kimberly: I'm not a small girl, so I tend to like tall, big men—over 6'4". I love when a great, big guy gives me an enormous bear hug and covers me up with his muscles. They have to be really big to do that to me.
Chae: Yeah. It's no surprise that we're all dating wrestlers now. Personally, I love being manhandled—feeling vulnerable and just getting flopped around like a piece of fish.
Stacy: I don't like guys who look like they're going to bust out of their shirts like the Incredible Hulk. I don't want them too big—you can't get your arms around them.

Dawn: I'm sure you get hit on all the time. What's the worst pickup line you've ever heard?
Stacy: "How long does it take you to shave those legs? If you need any help, call me." Ugh. But you know what's sweet? When a guy says, "I'm not trying to hit on you, but I think you're beautiful," and walks away. Then I'm curious and am like, "Why is he leaving? Wait—come back!"
Kimberly: My all-time worst was when a guy walked up to me at ▷▷▷

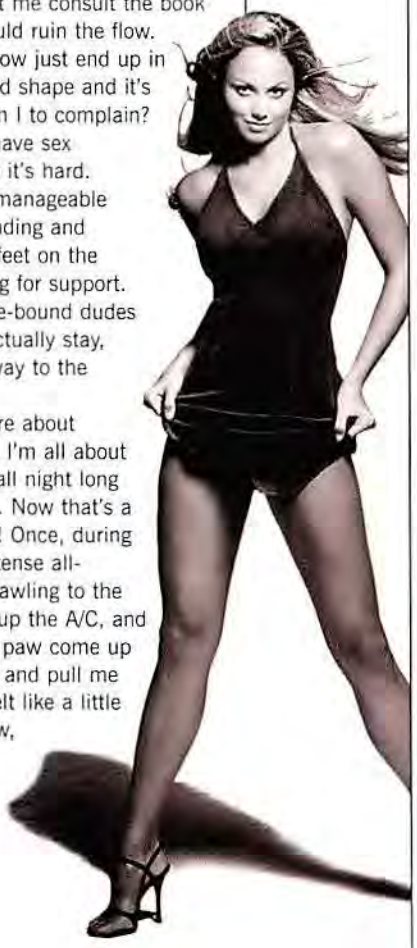
Photography: Noel Spiegel; Styling: Eric Gilbert for Sarah and Marlo; NYC Hair: Andrea Arvye Arts; Salon: NYC; Makeup: Bryn Stroud for Clibi Manager/Artist.

the beach and said, "Can I be your oil boy?" I don't even think he dreamed I might say yes—he was just putting on a show for his buddies. So sad.
Chae: If I can sense the guy wanting my number even before he asks for it, it's too late. It's the tease and no-cheese factor that turns me on. Golden rule: Always leave a girl smiling and wanting more.

Dawn: You ladies are superfit. Tell me the most athletic sexual position you've ever twisted your body into.
Kimberly: I've done just about everything in every way you can think of, in any place you can think of—like on top of the car behind a supermarket. And that session in the airplane bathroom took some acrobatic maneuvering. But I've been doing a lot of yoga lately, and I'll tell you...whoa. I practice it with my husband, and we both get into this really cool, focused mental place—and these insane positions—then somehow, just sort of switch into that *Kama Sutra* thing in the bedroom.
Stacy: I don't think I've ever gone into a situation and said, "OK, put your leg here, and I'll put my leg there. And hold on—let me consult the book again." That would ruin the flow. But if we somehow just end up in a crazy, contorted shape and it's working, who am I to complain?
Torrie: I like to have sex standing up, but it's hard. I think it's only manageable if the guy is standing and the girl has her feet on the bed or something for support. Even big, muscle-bound dudes find it hard to actually stay, um, up all the way to the final whistle.
Chae: I don't care about freaky positions. I'm all about marathon sex—all night long till the sun rises. Now that's a freakin' workout! Once, during a particularly intense all-nighter, I was crawling to the window to turn up the A/C, and I felt this big ol' paw come up from behind me and pull me back to bed. I felt like a little zebra—you know, minding my own business, and then the next thing I knew, *whoosh!* He grabbed me, and we were at it again.



The Powder Room



Dawn: Apart from a 12-hour hot rod, what makes a guy a great lover?
Stacy: The biggest thing is that they care about what I want in bed. They should also be excited about trying different stuff or changing their techniques, especially when a girl gives them pointers. Don't think, "Oh, I know how to do it already." If a girl gives you advice on sex, take it. You should be glad that some hot woman is willing to hone your in-the-sack skills in the first place!
Torrie: I totally agree. Once I dated a guy who didn't care whether I came or not. When he was done, he was done. And my feeling is: Make me come first! I didn't stick around with this guy long enough to try and correct the problem; I just moved on.
Chae: One guy I dated would take my hand and just slap it on his thing whenever he was in the mood. I was like, "Uh, OK—am I supposed to be aroused now?" But my current boyfriend pays so much attention to my body and occasionally takes me off-guard with something new. Most recently, he's been lightly blowing during oral sex. It's hot one second and cold the next. Let me tell you, it's absolutely amazing!

Dawn: For the sake of womankind, is there one move that you wish you could teach the million guys out there who are buying *Stuff*?
Kimberly: When I have to go on a trip, my husband hides Post-it notes with funny messages in my things—like in my shoe and on the lining of my bra. They put a big smile on my face.
Stacy: One time, my boyfriend said, "You have something in your eye," and then leaned in and kissed my eyelid. It was incredibly sweet. Unfortunately, I was such a spaz that I started rubbing my eye and saying, "Where is it? Is it out?"
Torrie: I love when I'm woken up by kisses in the middle of the night and I feel like I'm in a dream. And then, I'm like, *Whoa—this is real!* Oh, and you know what a guy did to me once? We were about to go out, but we started having sex—and then all of a sudden, he just stopped and said, "OK, let's go." It was amazing. The whole night, all I was thinking about was how much I wanted him. That's a good tactic...but only once in a while, guys.
Chae: All right. My tip is to get in the bathtub together. I think of the tub as the pot and my man as what I'm cooking. I pour beer all over myself and let him go at it. You know how women like to lick whipped cream and chocolate off guys? Well, guys prefer to lick guy stuff—like beer. The beer's cold, but the water's hot, and it's great. And you're in the bathtub, so it's all clean in the end! You have gotta try that...

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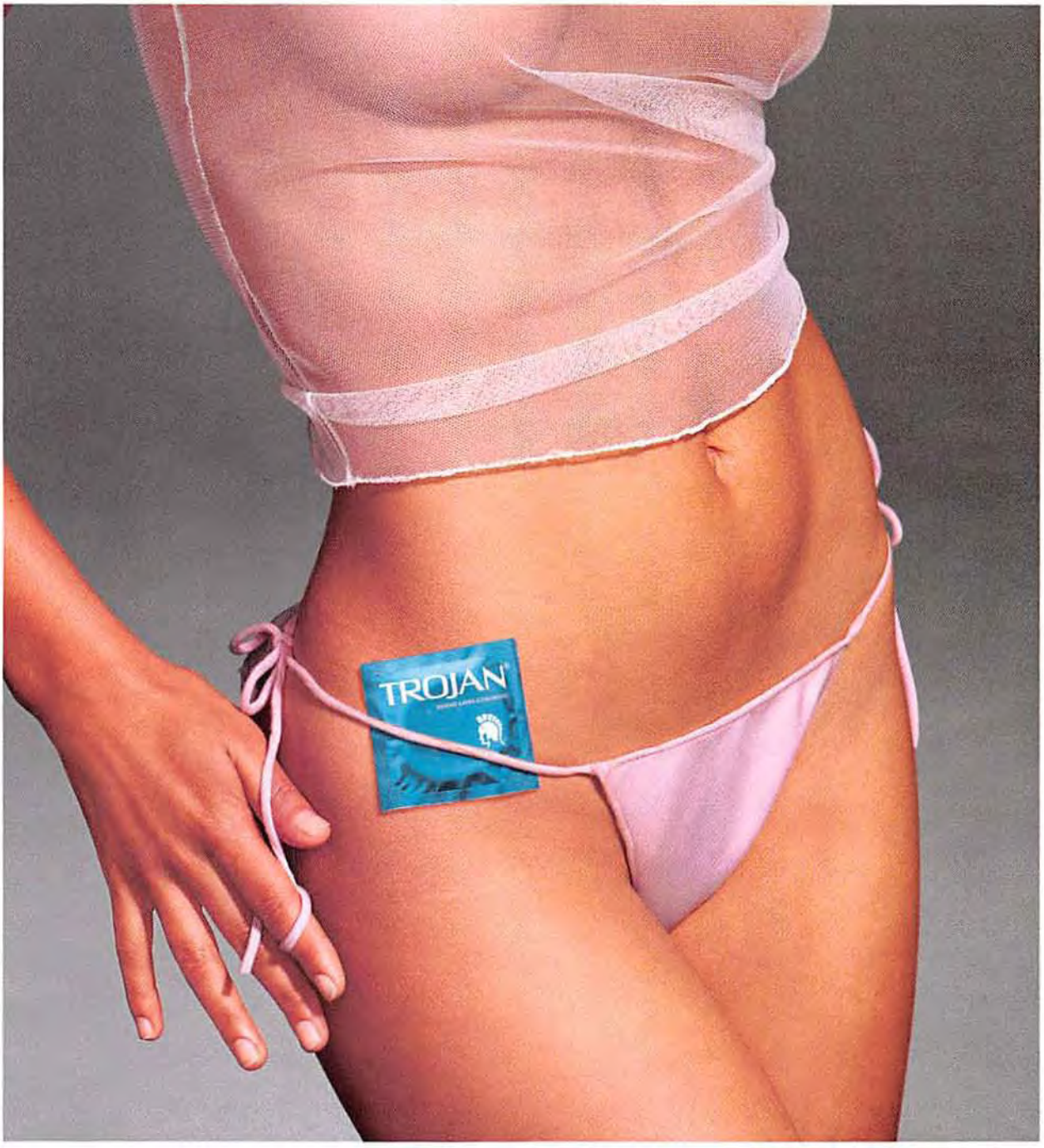

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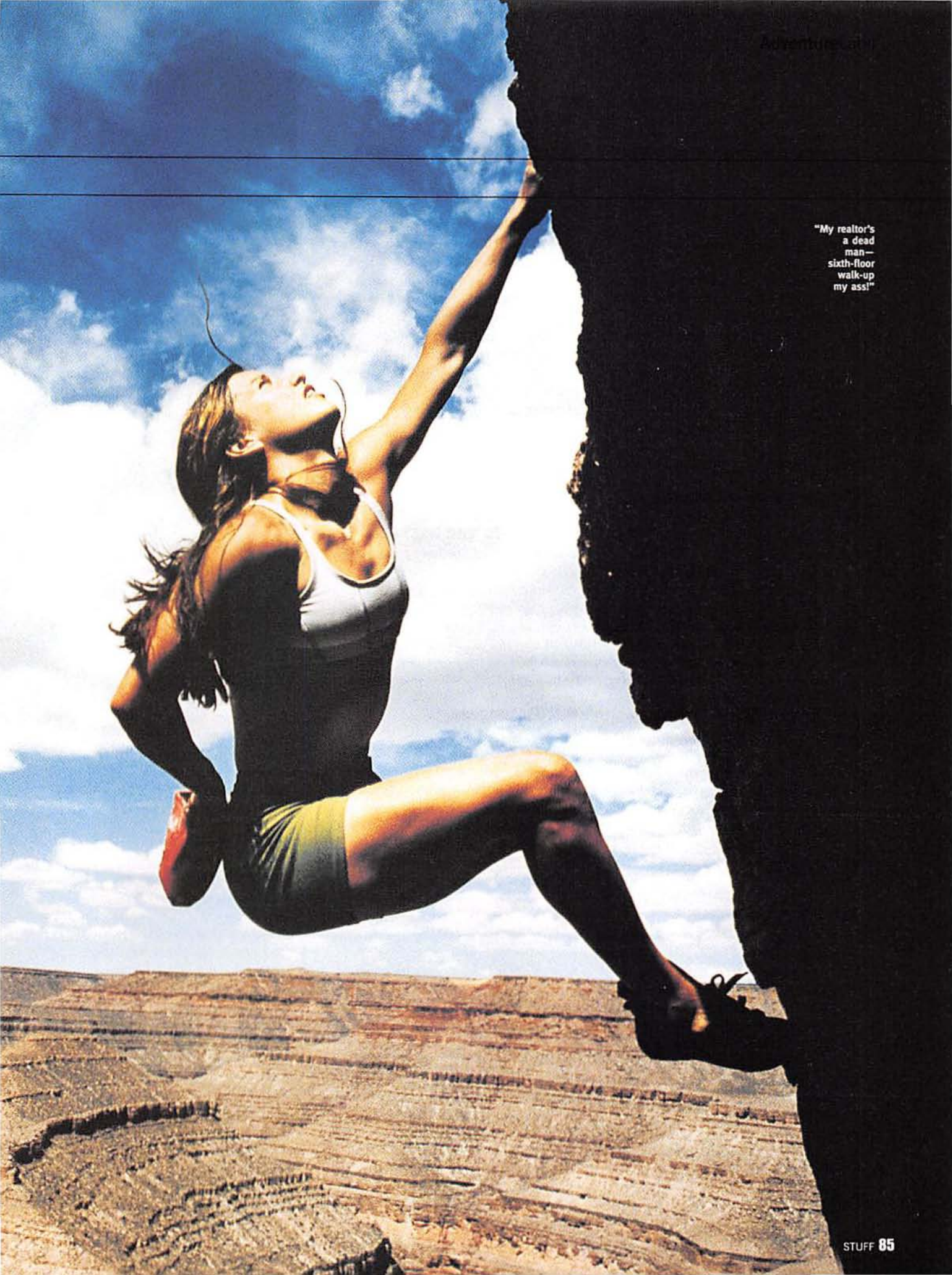


"My realtor's a dead man—sixth-floor walk-up my ass!"

PLAY ON THE WORLD'S BIGGEST MOUNTAINS

Nepal has seven of the world's ten highest peaks—and you don't have to be Spider-Man to scale them. KE Adventure Travel offers two- to three-week biking, rafting and climbing trips that bring you within spitting distance of the summits. Trek through the Annapurna Circuit (which peaks at 17,000 feet) or to the 16,000-foot Everest base camp; then jump over icefalls on a zip line, wrap your eyes around remote villages and discover your center at ancient Buddhist monasteries.

DETAILS The best time to go is March through April or September through December. Bring your thermal undies. www.keadventure.com

GET EATEN BY A VOLCANO

If exploring a dormant lava lamp doesn't sound so hot to you, you haven't scaled down the near-vertical 8.4-mile slope into Maui's Haleakala Crater. The world's largest inactive volcano is deep enough to swallow all of Manhattan—with enough room for a Staten Island chaser. If you're not up for hauling your butt over once-hot rocks, you can paraglide from the mountain's 10,000-foot peak—over ocean views and thick forests. Or, if you're in a rush, take a 38-mile, three-hour, high-wire bike ride straight down the mountainside.

DETAILS Once there, you can chill out in cheap cabins along the base of the volcano, but first you have to register two months in advance. For more info, call Haleakala National Park: 808-572-4400. For paragliding, call ProFlyght: 808-874-5433. For biking, check out Maui Mountain Cruisers: www.mauicruisers.com.

CLIFF DIVE IN NEGRIL

Stand atop one of the 40-foot Negril cliffs (the Caribbean home of the head rush) and plunge into the sea, or just sit on a four-foot bar stool at Rick's Café and watch other suckers belly flop. Island Expeditions offers adventure-tour packages in which you can rub noses with tropical fish in the rainbow-colored coral reef off the island's famous Seven Mile Beach. Cap off your jam-packed days with a different kind of adventure at Hedonism II—the racy resort famous for nudity and nookie.

DETAILS The best time to go is April 15 through December 15, when prices drop because it's the off-season. www.island-tour.com

BE THE ULTIMATE IRON MAN

Known as the "toughest race on earth," Raid Gauloises challenges competitors to ride, run, swim and hyperventilate through the world's longest and most extreme multisport endurance test. The race spans two weeks and is held in a different gnarly location each year. Previous sites have included Costa Rica, New Zealand, South Africa—and this past May, even the freakin' Himalayas. Participants have biked through jungles, scaled 20,000-foot cliffs, orienteered through rain forests, kayaked over rapids and slept, on average, two hours a night in a race that covers about 500 miles. Divas need not apply.

DETAILS Form your own five-person team and start training now: The 2001 race starts in September. www.raid-gauloises.com

DRIVE OVER THE ROCKIES

Leave your Pinto in the parking lot and take a Hummer through the Colorado Rockies. Extreme Wilderness Safari offers day trips and weeklong camp-outs, in which you'll scale heights of 4,000 feet over brutal terrain that would turn ordinary Jeeps into junk.

DETAILS Tours can be customized for you and 10 fearless friends. www.hummerextreme.com

CAMEL HOP THE GOBI DESERT

Contrary to legend, Mongolia's Gobi Desert isn't exactly Death Valley. It's a weird, wild and magical world of trippy sights and low-impact adventures. Samar Magic Tours offers a 12-day package in which you play camel jockey through the sand and grasslands, then camp out in one of the world's largest sand dunes (62 miles long and 12 miles wide). You'll chill in desert oases, visit dinosaur fossil sites and hump four kilometers through the 100-degree heat of the Yolym Am Canyon.

DETAILS Go in the spring, when temperatures are in the 70s. www.samarmagictours.com

SHRED THE SURF IN HAWAII

The 54,000-acre Molokai Ranch is the Pacific's prime destination for extreme self-indulgence. The 15- to 25-foot breakers off this resort host the annual Professional Surfing Tour of America. Even if you ain't no Moondoggie, there are lots of other rad activities: Fly across a ravine at 40 mph on a zip line, or go hand-to-fin with mahimahi and other nasty-ass seafood while deep-sea fishing. If you're looking for a wheel challenge, the ranch's 25-mile mountain-bike course will test your pedal mettle.

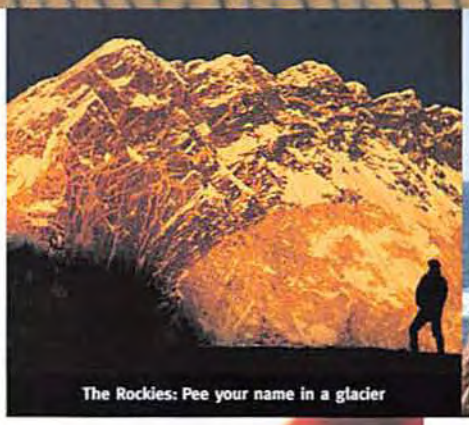
DETAILS To save on airfare, go off-peak—January through March or September through November. www.molokai-ranch.com

Gobi Desert: "But it's a *dry* 135 degrees..."

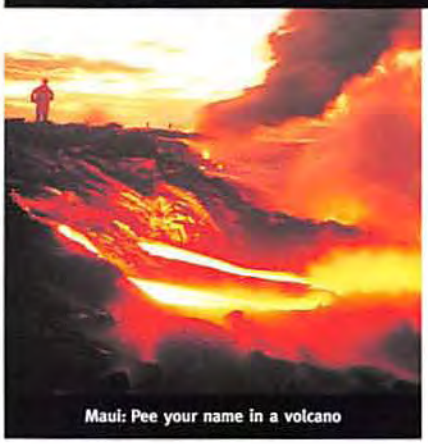
EXPLORE THE AMAZON

Be Tarzan and bring a Jane for a guaranteed high-on-adrenaline rush. Explorama maps out a five-day itinerary, dedicated to hauling your butt up the darkest parts of the Amazon. Once you land riverside in Iquitos, Peru, guides will escort you to a riverboat and lead you through a 250,000-acre rain forest preserve. Activities include piranha fishing, shooting the shit with shamans and strolling the world's longest treetop canopy walkway, suspended 115 feet aboveground. Don't touch the amphibians—they're called poison dart frogs for a reason.

DETAILS Look into a yellow fever vaccination and antimalarial medication—unless you're into oil-spill diarrhea and nuclear fever. www.explorama.com



The Rockies: Pee your name in a glacier



Maui: Pee your name in a volcano

CLAMBER UP THE ROCKIES

Strap on your crampons and promenade up a sheer wall of frozen water in Yamnuska's seven-day ice-climbing course in the Canadian Rockies of Canmore, Alberta. Learn basic ice-ax technique by practicing on small ice walls, and get safety instruction from certified mountain guides/yeti in the field. Your final challenge? A mind-blowing, grueling, multiroped ascent of a 700-foot frozen waterfall. Pay attention to your tutors—knowing the difference between weight-bearing ice and brittle crystal is all that keeps you from becoming the syrupy topping on a two-ton snow cone.

DETAILS Courses run from December through early March, and all equipment, except the boots, is provided. www.yamnuska.com

EXPLORE UPRIVER IN LAOS

Experience your own *Apocalypse Now* in Laos (the friendly little democratic republic that borders China, Thailand and Vietnam). With ancient Buddhist temples, limestone cliffs and tribal villages, the onetime battlepalooza site is a hidden paradise. Take a 16-day journey across the country, biking over tough ▷▷▷

A textbook example of an illegal lane change

"I'VE JUST BEEN SHOT! GOD, I FEEL GREAT!"

Why a little dose of adrenaline can make you embrace pain as if it were the lovely Alyssa Milano.

The next time you find yourself dangling from a cliff by your bloody fingernails, thank your lucky 'nads that your body can produce the Popeye juice to give you the strength to pull yourself back up. We're talking about adrenaline, the "fight or flight" hormone that's released by the adrenal glands on top of your kidneys. When your brain gives the *Oh, shit!* signal, the glands secrete adrenaline into your bloodstream like pure amphetamine. It kicks your pulse into high gear, increases blood flow to the muscles, raises alertness and makes your head feel as if it's about to explode.

There's a reason this sounds like the feeling that junkies spend meal money for: Adrenaline helps the brain create endorphins, which create a morphine-like high. And now, you can purchase this totally legal rush. "You can buy adrenaline, also called epinephrine, as a prescription drug," says Richard A. Dickey, M.D., former president of the American Association of Clinical Endocrinologists. "It's available for patients with allergies or conditions that may cause their blood vessels to constrict or their heart to stop." But look out: Adrenaline can not only save your life—it can also end it. Too much of the good stuff could lead to a stroke or heart attack from the increased blood pressure it induces. It can also cause seizures and damage to heart tissue.

Normally, the body has no need for Patriot Missile–size bursts of energy. Instead, when faced with stress, the brain overrides the rush and turns it into nervous energy, which manifests itself in Rain Man–like behavior such as nail-biting and fidgeting. So if you're bobbing and weaving behind your desk like Mike Tyson, do your friends a favor and take up BASE jumping.

mountain trails and through tropical forests, or floating up the Mekong River on a plantation-style houseboat—all without signing on for a hitch in a flak jacket.
DETAILS To avoid the hot, rainy season, go between October and February. Abercrombie & Kent: 800-323-7308

4 2 1

PRANCE OVER GLACIERS

Begin your eight-day trek over the nearly pristine Tsirku glacier (it's only been possible since 1994) with a 4x4 Jeep tour to the trailhead in the upper Chilkat Valley of southeastern Alaska, near Juneau. The descent down the glacier requires mountaineering skills, hiking stamina and a fine appreciation of frostbite. On the final day, you rendezvous with rafts—which are dropped by choppers to the valley bottom—paddle down the frigid Tsirku River through the Chilkat Bald Eagle Preserve and get back to central heating.
DETAILS AMG offers this trip from April through September and takes all skill levels. They provide the climbing equipment, tents and grub. www.alaskamountainguides.com

2 3 2

BURN RUBBER IN BAJA

Your Wide Open Baja custom racing car has a Porsche two-liter, off-road, prepped motor, rear coil-over shock absorbers and a custom rack and pinion steering with RAM assist. What does that mean? We're not sure, but we'll guess that sucker hugs the dirt better than your mom's Taurus. During this seven-day salute to off-road mayhem, pro racers and mechanics will lend a little guidance, and you'll blaze your own trail from Ensenada to La Paz, stopping off for kayaking in Mulegé and fishing for blue marlin in Loreto.
DETAILS Price includes transportation by van to and from San Diego International Airport, as well as all meals and accommodations along the route (www.wideopenbaja.com). You can also do Baja by motorcycle; check out www.bajacycle.com.

5 3 2

HIKE THE DEATH RIDGE

Looking for a relaxing vacation? Stay the hell away from the Utah desert. It's 105 degrees in the shade, and there's no food, no water and no candy machine. Twice a year, Colorado's Boulder Outdoor Survival School holds a 28-day, 140-mile trek through the aptly named Death Ridge. Under the watch of a purposefully unhelpful guide, participants have to find their own water, stalk their own food and try not to evaporate (you can shed up to 20 pounds via fluid loss). Come with friends; leave with emotional scars.
DETAILS The next monthlong course starts July 23, but BOSS has shorter adventures that run throughout the year. www.boss-inc.com

3 5 5

IRRITATE SHARKS IN AFRICA

The boys at White Shark Ecoventures in Cape Town, South Africa, specialize in putting people eye-to-eye with great whites. Guides pick you up from your hotel and transport you by deep-sea cabin cruiser to the channel known as Shark Alley. Once the water has been chummed with blood, you strap on a scuba tank, get dropped beneath the surface in a baited steel cage and serve as a human fishing lure. Twenty-footers are not uncommon, so if you want to remain ambulatory, keep your legs in the cage.
DETAILS April to July is prime shark time. You'll need scuba certification. www.sharkdive.co.za

1 3 4

GO POLAR WITH PINKOS

Somewhere in the world it's a sizzling August, and bikini-clad honeys are sizzling in suntan oil. That's nice, but you're heading to the north pole, taking advantage of the small window in the weather that allows Yamal, a Soviet nuclear-powered icebreaker, to reach the top point on the compass. After leaving Longyearbyen on the island of Spitsbergen (near Greenland), you'll cruise through the ice sheet, using an onboard helicopter to check out seals and polar bears. At the pole, the Russian crew will break out the vodka.
DETAILS The weather is relatively good (hardly ever reaching negative double digits), and in the trip's 10-year history, it has never been canceled. www.quark-expeditions.com

5 2 2

RIDE A TIDAL WAVE

Hop on a 400-horsepower, jet-driven inflatable boat, take a deep breath and pray: You are about to be swimming in adrenaline. The Bitches is a wild stretch of water off the southwestern tip of Wales, where two heavy tides meet to create a standing offshore wave that regularly rises from six to ten feet. Your transport hits the

"Yo, Jacques! Show's over here!"

wall of water head-on—and it's like standing in front of the world's tallest fire hydrant. Luckily for you, the boats can take on two tons of H_2O and drain it off in two seconds. Never seen your girlfriend wet with naked terror? Climb aboard.

DETAILS Go May through September. Thousand Island Expeditions: 011-44-143-772-1686

CATCH FISH UNDER ICE

Ice fishing: adventure travel for the La-Z-Boy set. Head to Devils Lake in North Dakota, drill a hole in the frozen surface, drop your fishing line and wait for a frosty perch, walleye or northern breed to bite. Woodland Resort will provide equipment, heated fishing cabins (little houses that sit over the hole) and accommodations; you supply the brewskies.

DETAILS Trips last three days. Woodland Resort: 701-662-5996

DESCEND INTO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH ON A STRING

Stepping off a bar into thin air, with nothing but a rope to save you from plummeting 328 feet, takes a leap of faith...and about $140. Rappelling down one of the world's highest and most dramatic drops into a bottomless gash in the limestone hills of New Zealand's North Island is likely to cause cardiac arrest.

Leroy had the gear, but no kayak; stone-cold chillin' (right)

Once in the lost world of exotic plants, glowworms and massive caves, you'll spend seven hours swimming in underground rivers and waterfalls and climbing through cathedral-size vaults.

DETAILS Just bring your own swimwear, a towel and your cojones. www.waitomo.co.nz

FIGHT RAPIDS AND GRIZZLIES

Heart-stopping plunges through bone-chilling rapids aren't the only adrenaline rushes on the seven-day Klinaklini rafting trip—you also have to keep your eye out for one of British Columbia's 12,000 killer grizzlies. The river, which kicks off from a lake 70 miles from the Pacific, flows past 13,177-foot Mount Waddington, millions of fir trees, glaciers and a stack of Class V rapids that are a white-water wet dream. Before the river drops into Knight Inlet—a 70-mile fjord—you'll have taken an awesome chopper ride over Klinaklini Canyon and seen enough wolves and cougars to stock a fur farm.

DETAILS Packages include food and accommodations. Outdoor Adventure River Specialists: www.oars.com

CANOE DOWN HIPPO ALLEY

Ah, Africa. The sunsets, the wilderness, the, er, hippos. Paddle down the Zambezi and Okavango rivers in south-central Africa and we guarantee that you'll become fixated on the two-ton critters. These dopey-lookin' dinosaurs might look as menacing as ▷▷▷

Ross from *Friends*, but hippos are responsible for more deaths in Africa than any other animal. If you can take your mind off the fact that they might flip your canoe and use you for dental floss, you'll admire the staggering scenery and soil yourself over the close proximity you'll achieve to the wildlife.
DETAILS Ker & Downey offers trips from May through November. www.kerdowney.com

SURF SNAKE RIVER

Rivers might not be known for their tasty waves, but Snake River in Jackson, Wyoming, is giving the Pacific Ocean a run for its money. In May and June, the river forms waves that are perfect for surfing. Although the breakers only reach a height of four feet apiece, the duration of each ride is an average of five minutes—that's 20 rides on ocean waves.
DETAILS Rendezvous River Sports: 307-733-2471

CAMP OUT IN A TREE

If you've always fantasized about having a groovy pad in a tree like the Swiss Family Robinson, then your luck is in, my friend. Tree Climbers International will teach you how to scale a 300-foot redwood, using tree-surgeon saddles, ropes and modified rock-climbing equipment. Once you work your way up the green monster, you can hang a hammock and take a well-deserved nap. A word of warning: Your dreams will be trippy way up there, since the intensely high levels of oxygen created by the trees can screw with your brain.
DETAILS You can do it any time of year. Tree Climbers International: www.treeclimbing.com

HANG WITH APES

You haven't really lived until you've come face-to-face with a silverback gorilla. Africa Overland Club offers a 14-day rafting and trekking expedition along the Nile through Kenya and Uganda. A team of guides will lead you through the rain forest to scout the largest of the great apes. The beasts share 97 percent of our genes, so don't be surprised if that hairy creature you're staring in the eye looks like yo momma.
DETAILS Tours run from May through December. A guide will pick you up at the airport. Africa Overland: www.gorilla-bus.com

DO A SUBMARINE SAFARI

Plunge 600 feet into the ocean off of Hornby Island, British Columbia, in the Dual DeepWorker submersible. Described as an "underwater sports car," the maneuverable submarine offers a 360-degree view of marine life, including the prehistoric, 25-foot-long six-gill shark, giant Pacific octopus and king crab. The sub's vision dome (the bubble window you see out of) seemingly disappears when submerged, so you feel like you're actually swimmin' with da fishes.
DETAILS Expeditions run June through August. Zegrahm DeepSea Voyages: 800-628-8747

HUNT A TASMANIAN TIGER

Spotting a Tasmanian tiger in Australia is like finding a pair of chopsticks in a pizza parlor. (Not likely.) But that doesn't mean it isn't as cool as hell to look for one. Plenty of locals claim to have either seen the mysterious animal—or at least spotted its tracks. With noted Tasmanian biologist Nigel Forteath as your guide, trek wetlands and hike misty mountains, both probable hiding places for the tiger. But be careful what you wish for...
DETAILS Outer Edge Expeditions will help you design a 16-day tour of remote areas in Tasmania. www.outer-edge.com

DIVE TO A SHIPWRECK

Diving around the Melanesian Islands is like being on an episode of *National Geographic Explorer*, complete with exotic women, harrowing WWII stories and, um, did we mention exotic women? With Zegrahm DeepSea Voyages, you and your friends get to spend 18 days island-hopping in the South Seas, where the women wear nothing but grass skirts. But the real draw is getting to explore the sunken *USS President Coolidge*, a 22,000-ton WWII troop ship.
DETAILS Trips are only available in October. Zegrahm DeepSea Voyages: 800-628-8747

TEAR THROUGH INDIA ON AN UNHOLY HOG

Play two-wheel chicken with an Indian truck driver who's dying to see what his next incarnation is going to be. If that doesn't scare you, join a group motorcycle tour that roars through the Himalayas and the deserts of Rajasthan on bitchin' 500cc Enfield Bullets.

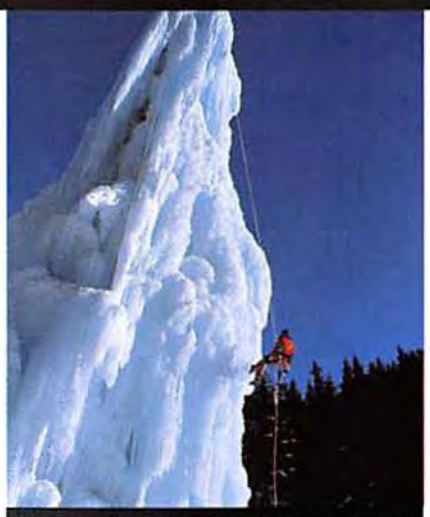
Caver makes perilous descent into gorilla nostril

It's a hell of a lot more fun than cramming into a creaky bus with a peck of poultry.
DETAILS Himalayan Roadrunners offers 15-day group tours from New Delhi. They'll take you over the highest drivable pass in the world at 18,000 feet and through the Himalayan region of Ladakh. www.ridehigh.com

TUBE THROUGH MAYAN RUINS

The next time some office moron brags about his booze-soaked weekend rafting in a lame local stream, float this by him: a tubin' trip through ancient Indian caves. Fly to Belize and be whisked by limo from the airport to a remote jungle estate near the ruins of an ancient Mayan civilization. This will be home

The giant snub-nose rock monkey (right) was about to enjoy lunch...



"I told him that thing needed defrosting *weeks* ago."

base for the next 12 days as you hike, canoe and kayak in and around the caves. On one excursion, you'll paddle on an inner tube along the Caves Branch River, where you'll be guided by the light of your headlamp through ceremonial centers left untouched for 2,000 years. Relax and watch history float by. **DETAILS** BikeHike Adventures will set you up in groups of up to 12 people. www.bikehike.com

3 2 1

DIVE BELIZE'S BLUE HOLE

Go nose-to-nose with hammerhead sharks and manta rays. The waters off the coast of Belize, a tiny country in Central America, are crystal clear, with visibility directly to the ocean floor—until you reach the edge of the Blue Hole. This abyss is a perfectly round chasm, 300 feet across and 480 feet deep. Put on your scuba gear and take the plunge, passing caves where sharks lurk in shadows. It was one of Jacques Cousteau's favorite dives. **DETAILS** In good weather, it's a three-hour, 50-mile boat ride from Belize City to the Blue Hole. Or you can dive as part of a seven-day package from the nearby Lighthouse Reef Resort. The Hole ain't for beginners. www.scubabelize.com

3 4 3

BUNGEE OVER VICTORIA FALLS

Where can you demonstrate your total lack of sanity in only 4.7 seconds? Suicidal thrill seekers from around the world gather at ▷▷▷

TRUST-FUND ROAD TRIPS

You've got a bunch of cash from Daddy and a year to kill. Go see the world, Thurston.

BIKE THE GLOBE Bike from L.A. to L.A., pedaling 77 miles a day and hitting every continent but Antarctica. Bike, food, lodging and transportation included. The next trip is in 2003—all of 2003. www.odyssey2000.com

SKI CANADA Ski 14 days and 150 miles over glaciers and frozen lakes in May. Trek from Ellesmere Island in Canada's northwest territories to remote Pim Island. Clothing, sled, gear and frostbite included. www.canadianarcticholidays.ca

BUS TO CENTRAL AMERICA Have a monthlong acid flashback on a 2,000-mile bus ride and camping trip from San Francisco to Guatemala on the Green Tortoise bus. www.greentortoise.com

STYLE THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA Cover 23,000 miles in 23 weeks in a Mercedes truck. Take off from Ecuador and make a loop of adventure stops (rafting in Peru, hiking over Bolivian salt flats, etc.) on the way back to Quito. www.gap.ca

TAKE A TRUCK TO SINGAPORE Hop in a truck in London for a six-month swing through Europe and Asia to Singapore. Stops include Turkey, Pakistan, China, Thailand and Malaysia. www.gap.ca

MOTORBIKE ACROSS THE OUTBACK Bike 30 days from Sydney to Cairns, Australia, and back. Scuba dive the Great Barrier Reef, and sun at some of the world's best beaches. www.bikescape.com.au

CLIMB EVEREST Scrape the sky in a 65-day expedition from March to May. You'll need high-altitude experience. Important note: One in five Everest climbers dies. www.aruntrekexpedition.com

In a bull market, invest in horn-proof underwear

"Kibbles...and...bits...kibbles...oh, screw it."

Vic Falls in Zimbabwe for the highest commercial bungee jump on earth. You've got less than five seconds to enjoy the 366-foot free fall from the bridge across the falls before your head slaps into the Zambezi River. When you're not nose-down over the raging rapids, you can also try your hand at white-water rafting in the gorges below the falls, and find out firsthand why they call it *Mosi-oa-Tunya* (Smoke That Thunders).

DETAILS Log on to www.adventurecenter.com for group tour information.

HIKE WITH INCAN GHOSTS

Getting to the Lost City of Machu Picchu (above) is half the adventure. You're warmed up for the hike by a head-rattling raft trip that'd make them purty-mouthed city boys from *Deliverance* squeal like piggies. Your guide then takes you on a 13,000-foot ascent, over creaky rope bridges and thick underbrush, to a once-secret mountaintop citadel that invading conquistadors couldn't even find to destroy. The site was finally discovered in 1911, and the surrounding forest is so dense that new ruins are *still* being stumbled upon.

DETAILS The 11-day trek includes six nights in a nice hotel and four nights in a tent. www.southwindadventures.com

LEAD A CATTLE DRIVE

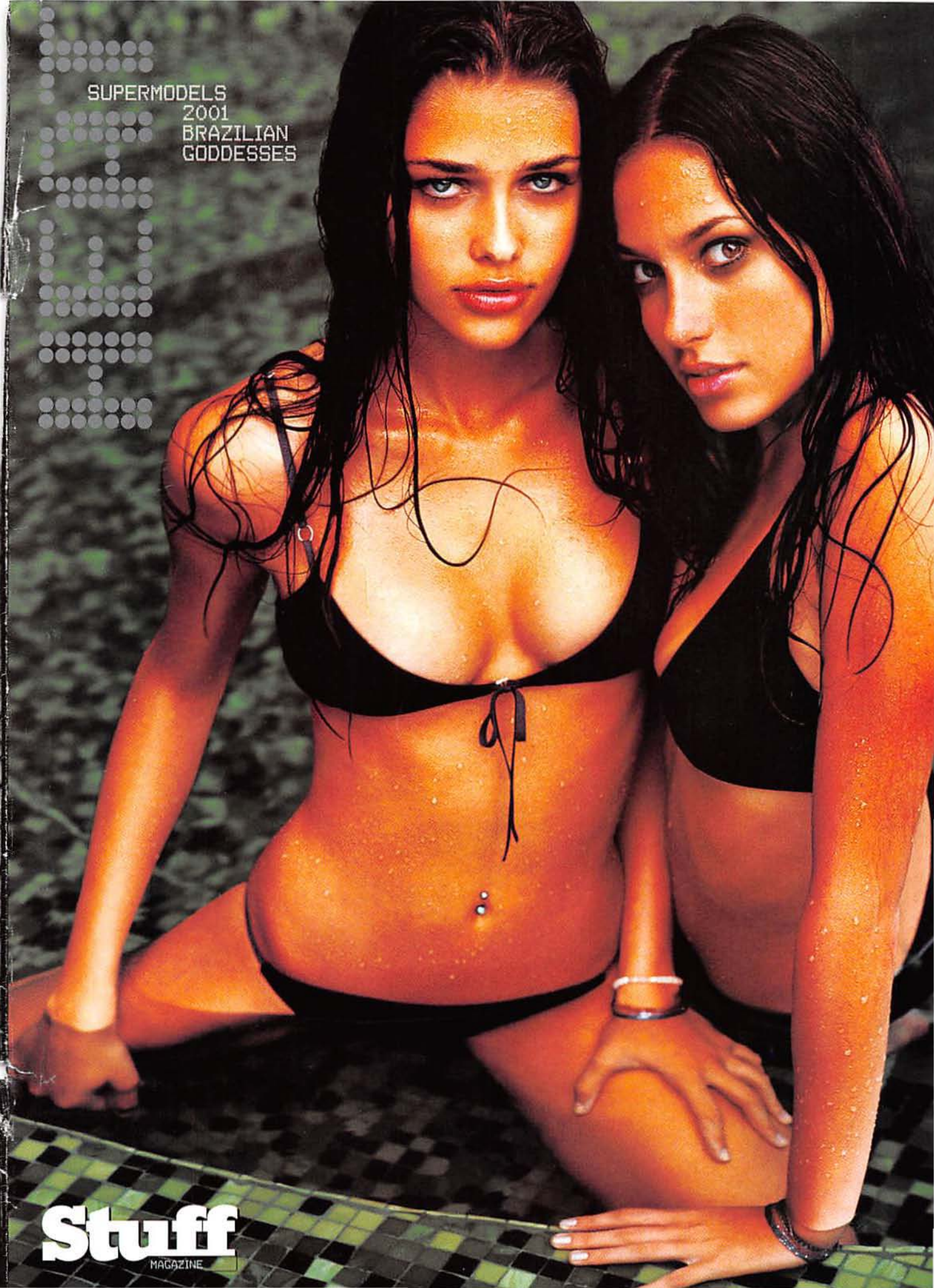
If the last time you were head-to-head with a 600-pound beast was during a high school wrestling match, you need to lock horns with more than 400 head of steer on a four-day cattle drive. On the high plains of the San Juan National Forest in Colorado, city slickers can rope and brand cattle—but please don't go to "find your smile." You'll chow down on hearty grub from the chuck wagon and camp out at 9,000 feet. Now you have a legitimate excuse to pull those chaps out of the closet.

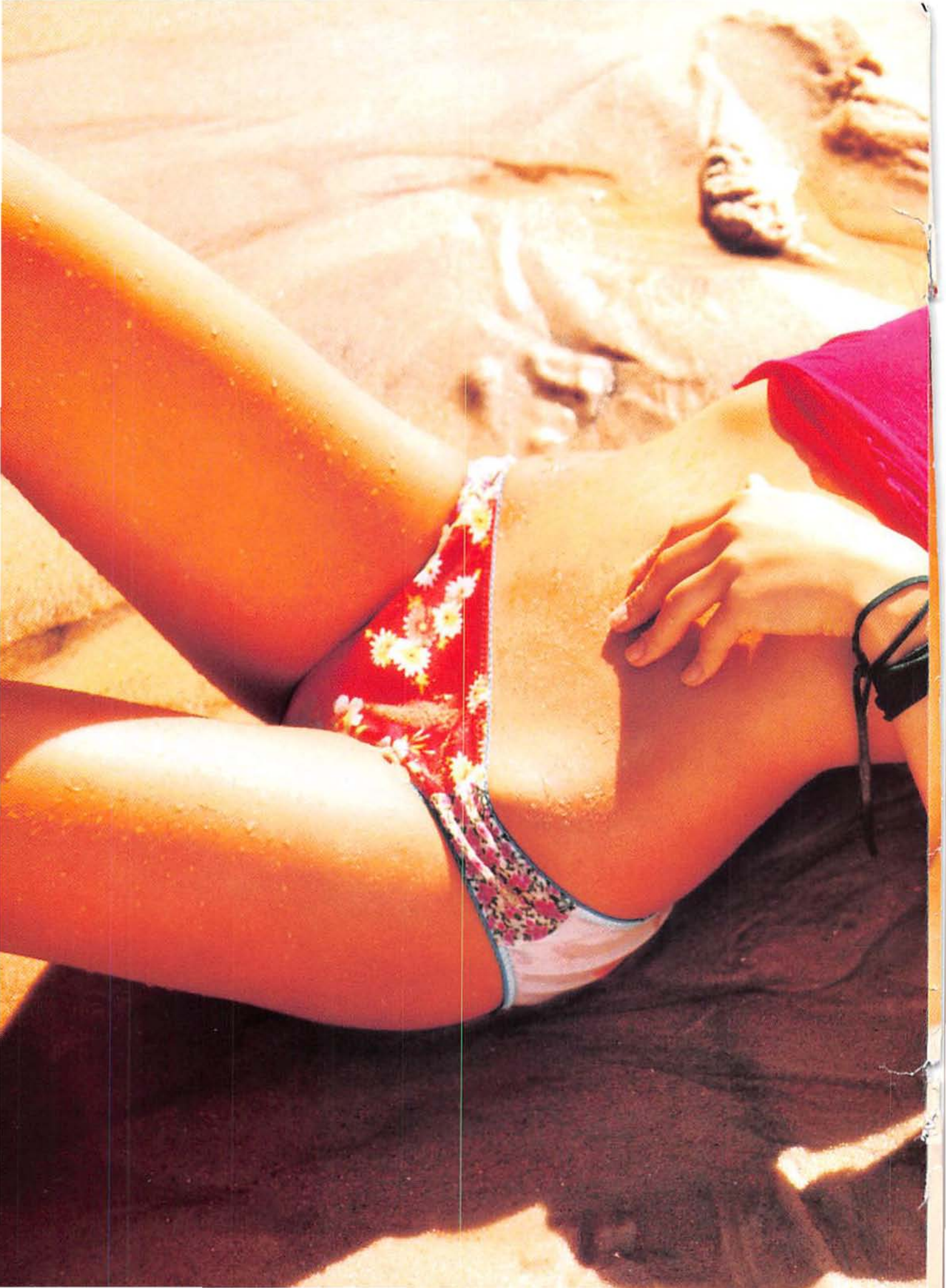
DETAILS Southfork Outfitters sets you up with gear and accommodations. 877-440-GORP

MUSH THROUGH RUSSIA

Skiing is for weenies; try spending eight days mushing huskies from Finland to the remote Russian towns of Kostamus and Vuokkiniemi (bet your girlfriend hasn't gotten a postcard from there). Guides steer you across a wilderness terrain of snowy forests and frozen lakes. You can also try your hand at snowmobiling and ice fishing. At the end of the subzero days, the guest houses and small hotels along the way will serve up some vodka to thaw you out.

DETAILS Check out Campfire Adventures at www.campfire.co.uk.


SUPERMODELS
2001
BRAZILIAN
GODDESSES
Stuff
MAGAZINE



The Rio World

Deep in the steaming jungles of South America, there's a magical land of bird-eating spiders, carnivorous goldfish and snakes the size of school buses. A land pulsing with rhythm and danger, where the men don't hate to dance—no, really—because the dancing is essentially just sex with loincloths. It's Brazil, and no country sweats more or parties harder. Something about the combination of blazing beaches, tongue-torching spicy food, disappearing thongs and maddening, heart-thumping Latin beats turns ordinary women into insatiable animals. True, McDonald's and Starbucks will eventually come in and bulldoze it all down, but for now, Brazil is just about the most fun you can have in this hemisphere—and perhaps the only place where clothes are absolutely optional. We took the incomparable photographer Paulo Netto down to record some indigenous life-forms—otherwise known as Ana, Amanda, Jennifer and Sylvia—before their pastoral way of life disappears forever. These ladies are set for modeling superstardom.

—The Editors of Stuff

Photographs by Paulo Netto

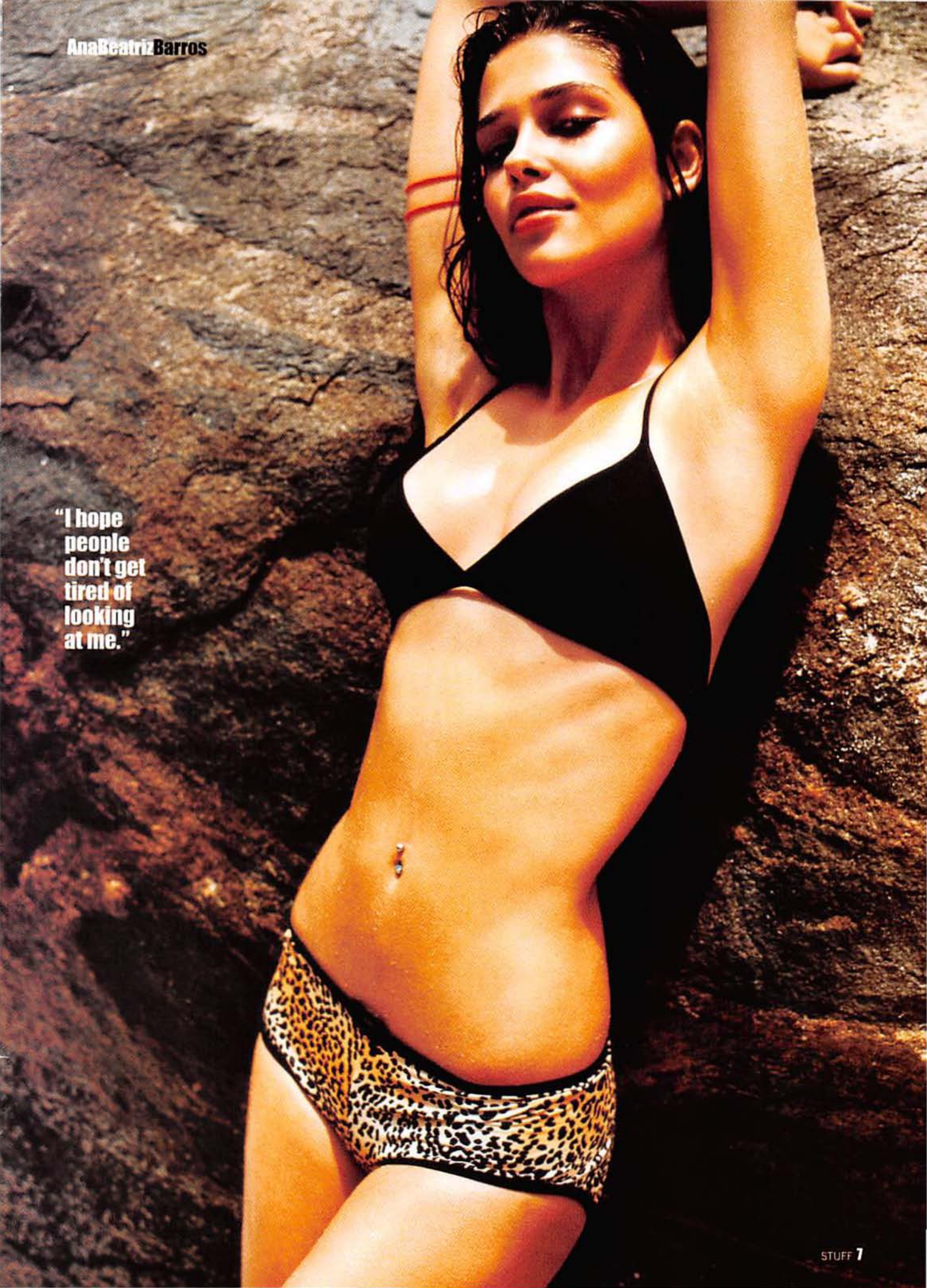
AnaBeatrizBarros

Her name is not Rio, but she *does* enjoy dancing on the sand. The sands of São Paulo, to be exact. Self-professed beach junkie Ana Beatriz Barros (loosely translated as "superhot babe") has already been in your boudoir—on the pages of your favorite magazines. Since winning the Elite Model Look Contest four years ago at the age of 14, Ana has been in a pile of print ads and billboards, and she has recently become the latest, greatest Guess? girl. How does she feel about all the exposure? "I hope people don't get tired of looking at me," she says. We'd get tired of breathing first.

Life as a supermodel has been very good to Ana. She's dined in Paris, frolicked in the surf of Hawaii and learned how to say "Don't touch me" in Italian (*Non mi tocchi*, if you were wondering). Why can't the world get enough Brazilian beauty? "It is a sexy country," she explains. "We are very free with our bodies." Viva freedom!

Though she's young, Ana has a mature head on her shoulders. She doesn't drink or do drugs—or even date much. (For those of you groaning: a) You didn't have a chance anyway, and b) you didn't have a chance anyway.) "When I go out, I like to go to the movies or to the beach," she explains. If you've never been to Brazil, the women there require more generous helpings of sunscreen, as large portions of their anatomy remain unclothed. "Everybody sunbathes topless here. Americans are shy about the body. I have to remember that when I go there." It'd be a shame if she forgets.

What are her plans for the future? "I want to go back to Brazil, get married, have lots of kids and just be a couch tomato." Tomato? "Maybe I'll work on my English a little more, too."



"I hope people don't get tired of looking at me."

Amanda Salvato

PLACE OF ORIGIN São Paulo

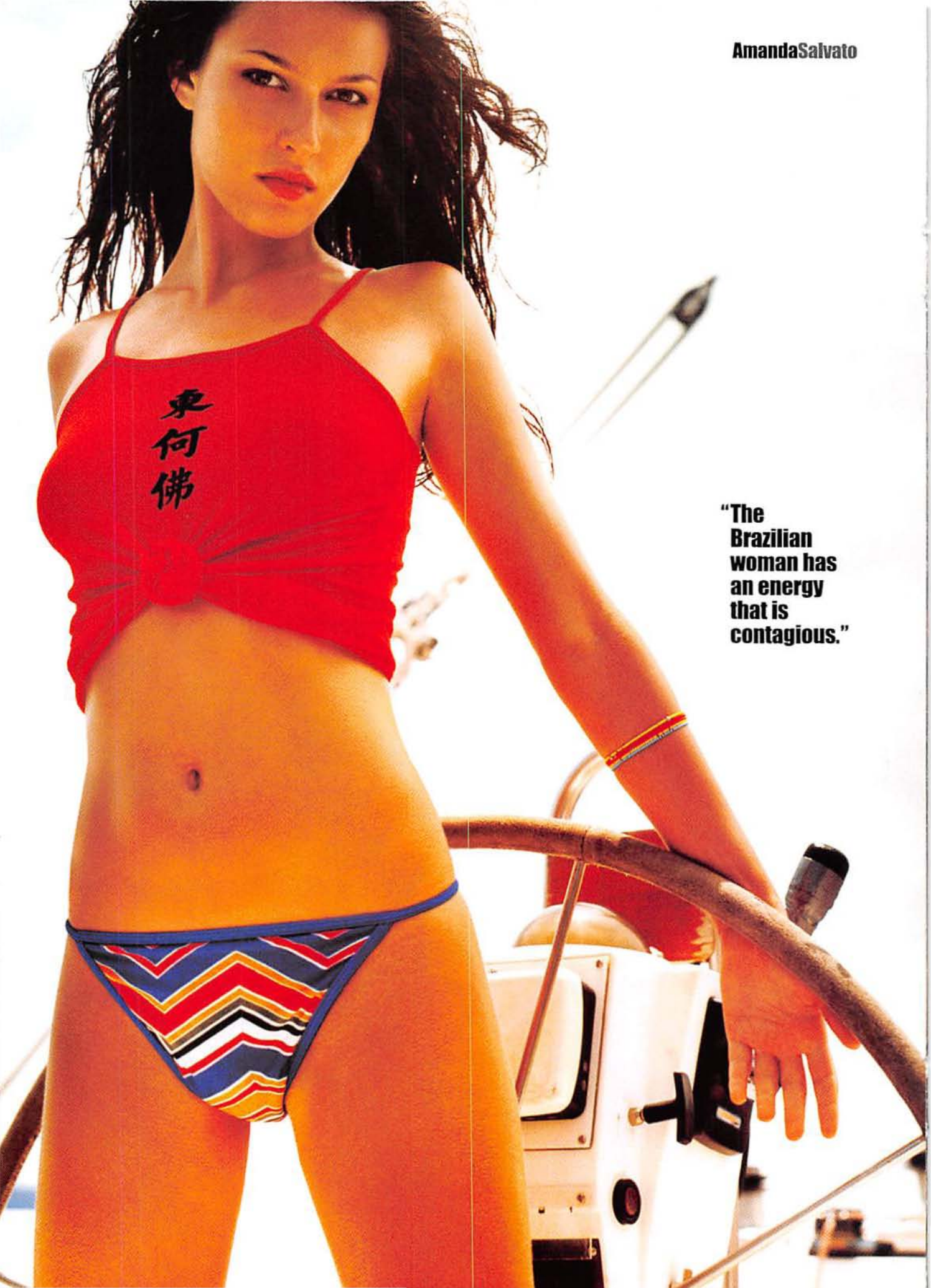
WHY BRAZILIAN MODELS DO IT BETTER "The Brazilian woman has an energy that you get caught up in and is contagious, no?"

HER IDEAL GUY "He would have to understand my profession and be someone I could lean on, rely on and who would always be with me, helping me. I don't worry so much about beauty. It's for me—secondary."

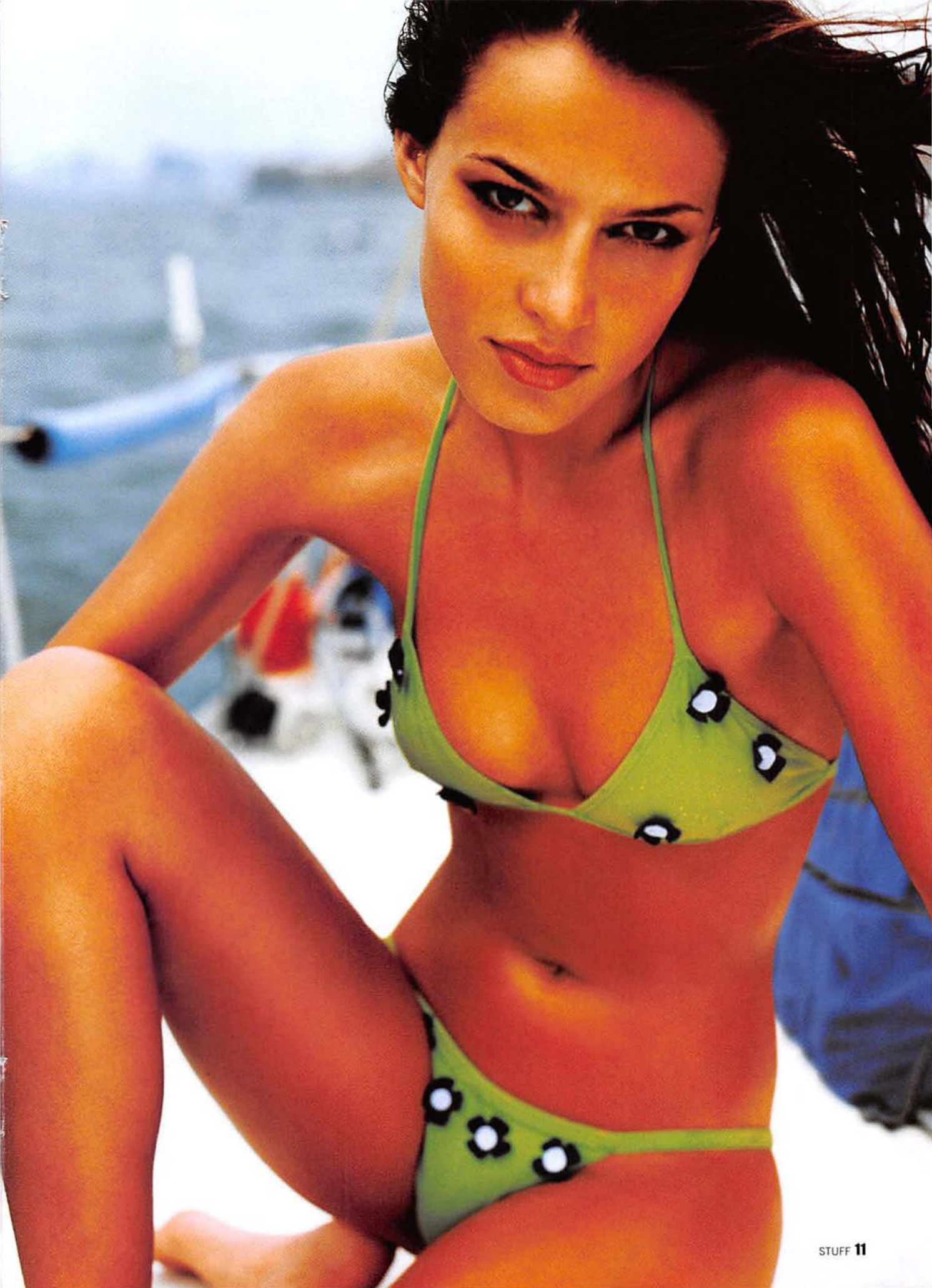
HER MISSION "When I see myself in a picture, I'm just trying to make people happy."

HER STRANGEST MODELING GIG "I have never crossed that mountain so far in my work."

TELL US SOMETHING NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT YOU "I don't have a thing to tell nobody. My life is an open book."



"The Brazilian woman has an energy that is contagious."



Jennifer Vaz

PLACE OF ORIGIN São Paulo

WHY BRAZILIAN MODELS DO IT BETTER "The girls are prettier. I think that must be it."

AMERICAN DREAMIN' "When I move to America, I want everything to be cool. Just like I see in the movies."

HER STRANGEST MODELING GIG "I did a catalog for nurses' uniforms in Japan. With little nurses' hats, shoes and everything else. [*Laughs*] The things you do in Japan are very strange."

HER IDEAL GUY "A dentist is fine for me! Or Lenny Kravitz. He is a Mafia man—hot and gorgeous. [*Laughs*] He is everything in life!"

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN DOES NOT A POET MAKE "I am a Gemini. I am everything at the same time...and nothing all the time. It is quite confusing."

SylviaMissagia

PLACE OF ORIGIN Rio de Janeiro

WHY BRAZILIAN MODELS DO IT BETTER "It's the water here. I don't know. I think it is a wide mixture of different races. I think it is a totally different kind of beauty."

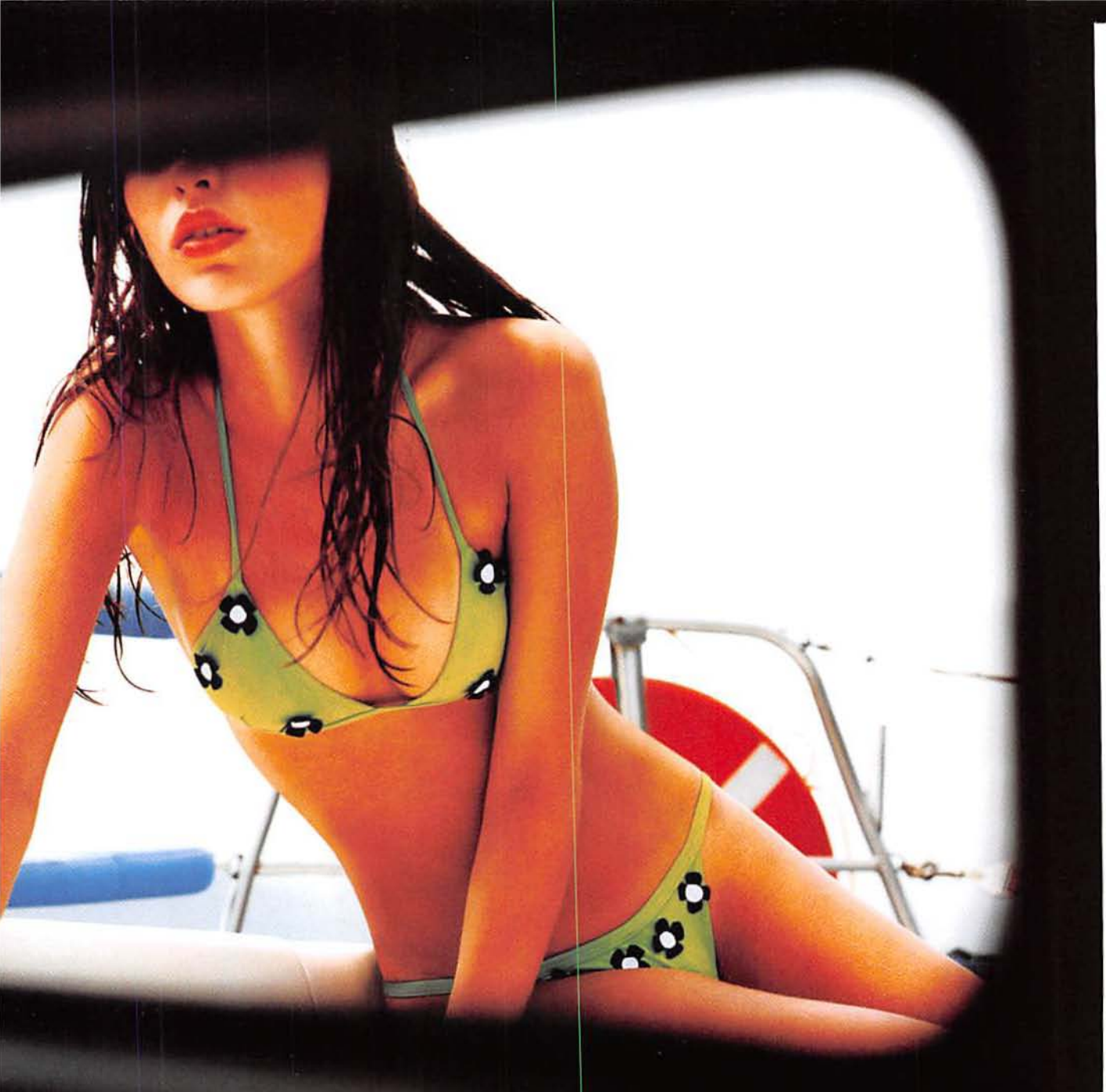
ON PARTYING HARD "Carnival is too crazy! This year, I danced in the spotlight. I kept my clothes on, though. To be naked, you have to be famous. Don't you think so?"

WHEN WE TOLD HER THAT THE U.S. WOMEN'S SOCCER TEAM KICKED BRAZIL'S ASS IN THE 1998 WORLD CUP "Say what? You gave us a beating? At women's soccer? Who cares. How would I know? Men play soccer. And Brazilian men are the best."

ON SLEAZY PHOTOGRAPHERS WHO'VE TRIED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HER "It always happens. Once, when I went to work in Milan, the photographer tried to seduce me. I told him, 'There is nothing going on here. I am the model, and you are the photographer. And that's it.'"

SYLVIA'S DARK SIDE "I can be very jealous. I don't like to show it because the person might feel too important. That's not cool."

STYLING: (ANA, AMANDA) TAMARA DONAGHY; (JENNIFER, SYLVIA) KELLY RAE. HAIR & MAKEUP: (ANA, AMANDA) LUIS GUILLERMO FOR JOHN FRIEDA FRIZZ-EASE; (JENNIFER, SYLVIA) AMANDA PRATT.



Stuff MAGAZINE

A SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT TO THE SUMMER ISSUE OF STUFF MAGAZINE

What weighs less than 13 oz. but can carry you thousands of feet across any terrain?

With up to 80 times power Z-80 Superzoom Binoculars are the most powerful compact binoculars on the market.

You're in the wilds of Montana, surrounded by the looming, snowy-white peaks of Glacier Park, dwarfed by an awe-inspiring view, when something stirs in the treetops. You look up quickly and vaguely see the outline of a hawk or red heron lift-off...you can't distinguish the breed of bird. Frantically, you clutch your backpack and rummage for your binoculars, only to remember you left them in your RV because they were too bulky to carry in your backpack. If only you'd had your friend's featherweight, compact Superzoom Z-80's—the only binoculars built for power and easy transport on the trail or anywhere. Next time you'll borrow them, for sure, or better yet, get a pair for yourself.

Carson's new, ultralight Superzoom Z-80 compact binoculars have a higher zoom capacity than any other pair of compact binoculars on the market. They allow you to view at 20x magnification and then zoom in for pinpoint accuracy to 80 power, without ever losing sight of your object. Complete with case, neck strap, lens cap and tripod adapter, the dynamic Superzoom Z-80 sports high performance prisms and super, fully-coated lenses that provide exceptionally sharp, high-contrast images. Plus, these state-of-the art binoculars weigh less than 13 ounces and are small and durable enough for long-lasting use anywhere.

Take Control. The Superzoom Z-80's easy-to-use manual zoom lever puts you in control, letting you zoom in or out with the slightest touch of your finger. The superb specifications, utilizing BAK4 prisms, along with the precision and craftsmanship of the Superzoom Z-80, will ensure excellent performance under the most demanding conditions. If handled with care, the Superzoom Z-80 will provide years of trouble free-service.

Seeing Eye to Eye. The binoculars' ultra compact zoom is fitted with rubber eye cups designed to exclude extraneous external light. If you wear glasses, simply roll down the eye cups to bring your eyes closer to the binoculars' lens for improved field of vision.

Up to 20x to 80x magnification sets the Superzoom Z-80 apart in a league of its own compared to other compact binoculars. With an objective 25mm lens and a field of view (m/1000m) of 30m to 13m, these powerful binoculars are a "best buy" worth more than their price.

Be there...up close and yet far away. Don't miss out on this great offer. Superzoom Z-80 comes with a one-year manufacturer's limited warranty and TechnoScout's exclusive risk-free home trial. If you are not satisfied for any reason, simply return it within 30 days for a full "No Questions Asked" refund.

High performance prisms and super fully coated lenses provide exceptionally sharp, high contrast images.

Magnification	20x to 80x
Objective Lens	25mm
Field of View (m/100m)	30m-13m
Minimum Focusing Distance	4m at 20x
Prism	BAK-4 porro
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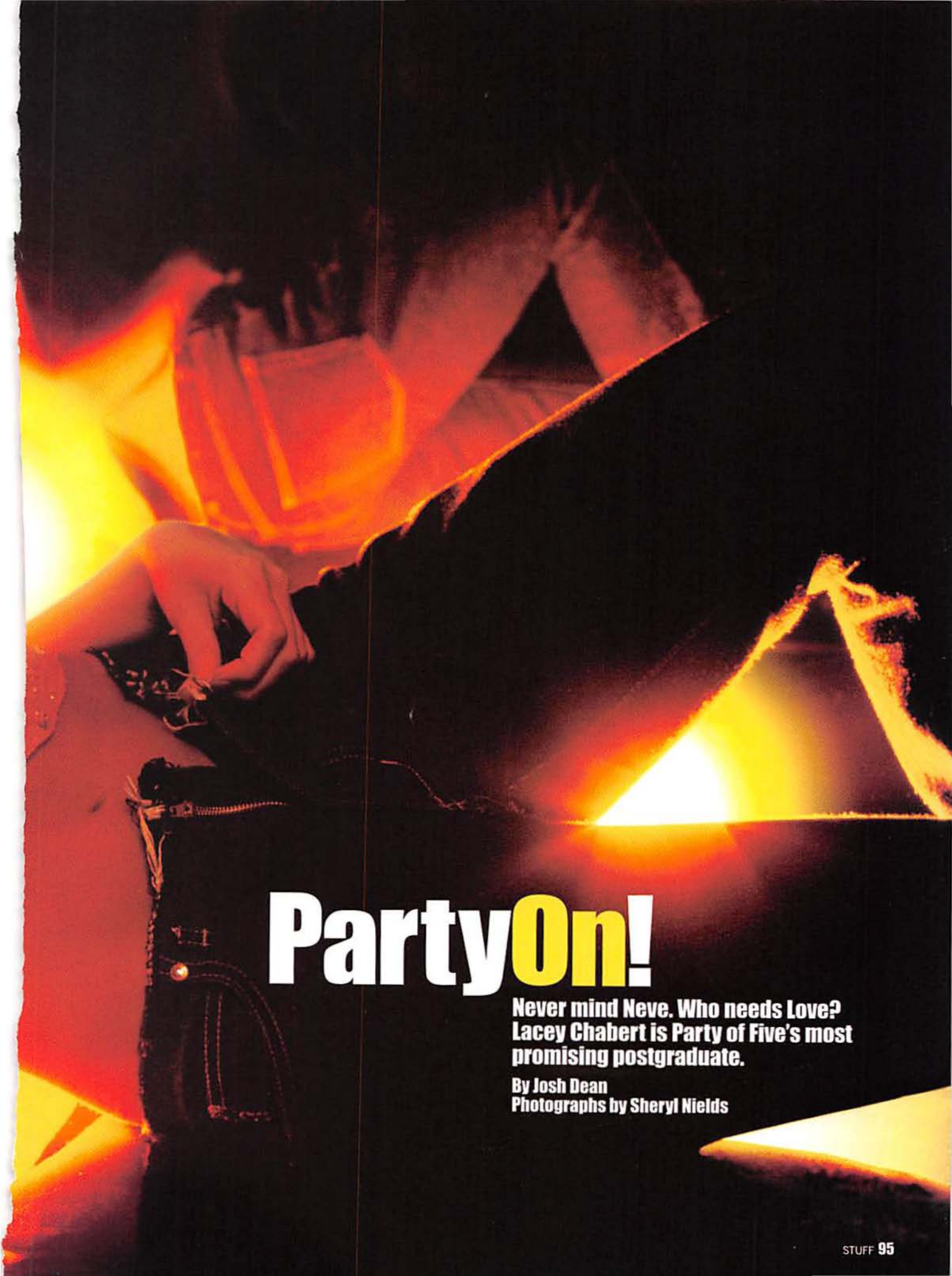


PartyOn!

Never mind Neve. Who needs Love? Lacey Chabert is Party of Five's most promising postgraduate.

By Josh Dean
Photographs by Sheryl Nields

First things first. This isn't the girl you remember. This isn't even a girl. It's a woman. *She's* a woman. A petite, stunning brunette who's shed the thin skin of adolescence for a fuller, curvier adult model that she isn't shy about taking out for a spin. Dead is *Party of Five's* whiny, goody-goody Claudia, the Salinger girl who looked and acted like a nun-in-training and was just about as fun. Long live Lacey Chabert, who buried that wet blanket in April after Fox euthanized the once-interesting, then-nauseating series. This woman is heading for the movies.

Lacey and I are gonna play golf because it beats "talking over salad in some too-trendy Hollywood hot spot," and hell, why not! It's a workday, and banging a bucket of balls with a beautiful budding superstar beats dumping toner into the copy machine.

We meet on her turf, at Chez Chabert, a modest house in Thousand Oaks, a valley town of subdivisions, strip malls and the Ronald Reagan Presidential Library. The ex-prez lives just a three-wood away, but Bonzo is yesterday's news. Today I'm here for a swingin' party of two, and Lacey's waiting for me out front. She's all smiles and sunglasses, clutching a single club—a driver with a fuzzy Sylvester the Cat head cover.

Despite the kitty on the club, Lacey's got game. Maybe her ball doesn't have Tiger's distance or Ernie's lift, but it's straighter than a laser. Born into a den of duffers (her dad's an addict, and her little bro, T.J., hopes to play pro), she has impressive form. Between swings, I overhear her giving a friend some lessons. "And then this arm stays straight, and keep this one loose," she says, while demonstrating like the pro from Dover. "Then just turn your hips and swing through." Perhaps it's good that we're not gonna hit the links: Play dollar-a-stroke with this innocent-looking young lady and I'd be *walking* back to New York. I tell her she's better than the scouting report. "Thank you," she beams. "I feel like one of the guys over here at the range. I'm actually surprising myself a little bit." Unfortunately, that's when she nails me with a shot that careens off the shed and into my knee. She doubles over laughing. "Oh, I think I almost just killed you....Sorry."

Lacey's first post-*Party* role is in *Tart*, a movie about bad girls at boarding school, costarring Dominique Swain, Brad Renfro and Bijou Phillips. But before you jump into a cold shower, be aware that Lacey plays the good egg, the innocent who makes a girl's Catholic school uniform a religious experience. Off the set, it was life imitating art. "The whole cast was young, and most of them were drunk every night, running around the hotel high on something," she says. "I really hadn't been exposed to that on *Party of Five*, and I don't hang out with people my age in Hollywood. It kinda made me feel like a complete loser, but I have no interest in that stuff."

Moving into movies has meant crazy life lessons—like being too juicy for a sweet part. "They're doing a miniseries of Judy Garland's life, and I auditioned," Lacey says. "The part was awesome. They called me this morning, and they were like, 'We were blown away, dear, but Judy Garland was ugly. You're too attractive, and you're not fat enough.'" Listen closely and you can hear gay America cringing.

It could be argued that this kind of rejection is a good thing, that hopping into a TV biopic is a tad too close to a path forged by the other *Party* girls—who've also been in more slice-and-dice classics than Freddy Krueger. This line of questioning makes our girl nervous. "I can't say that any two people want the same career," she says with a sigh. "I don't want to be a 'teen star' because so many people don't ever grow out of that."

Lacey would rather be like Natalie Portman or Leelee Sobieski—a discerning, respected actress who focuses on demanding roles with few slices of cheese. "I'm so choosy about my next move," she says. "I've had probably 10 offers since the show ended for either teenybopper television or MTV movies, but most of the scripts I've read are just crap, you know? You have to lower your IQ to keep up with them."

If you don't know Lacey from *Party of Five*, you may be one of the few who found her in *Lost in Space*, a film that was about as ill-fated as Darva Conger's honeymoon. Despite its current residence in the black hole of bad movies, it was her first big-screen role, it made astronomical bucks and it put her star on the map. As precocious Penny Robinson, she squeezed into a latex bodysuit and stole scenes from such thespians as William Hurt and Gary Oldman. Her recollections of Hurt sound like a scene from *GoodFellas*. "The first time I met him, I said, 'Hi, how are you?' And he replied, 'What do you mean? How am I? How am I *here*? How am I *being*?' This went on and on for, you know, a good couple of minutes. I was like, 'Dude, I just wanted to know how you were feeling.'"

Unlike many a young Hollywood starlet, Lacey is not about to end up in rehab. She is her parents' dream, an anti-Dana Plato—a Girl Scout cookie not likely to crumble under a Hollywood haze of designer drugs, sleazy posses, nude layouts and terminal cosmetic surgery. Cancel that appearance on *E!'s True Hollywood Story*. I mention that Claudia got drunk a couple of ▷▷▷

"Guys have always told me that it's sexier to leave a little to the imagination."

times on the show and inquire as to whether Lacey has ever been tempted into a tipple. "No," she says emphatically. Never? "Well, I've had wine. And, yuck! I don't even like the smell of alcohol. I'm pretty straight."

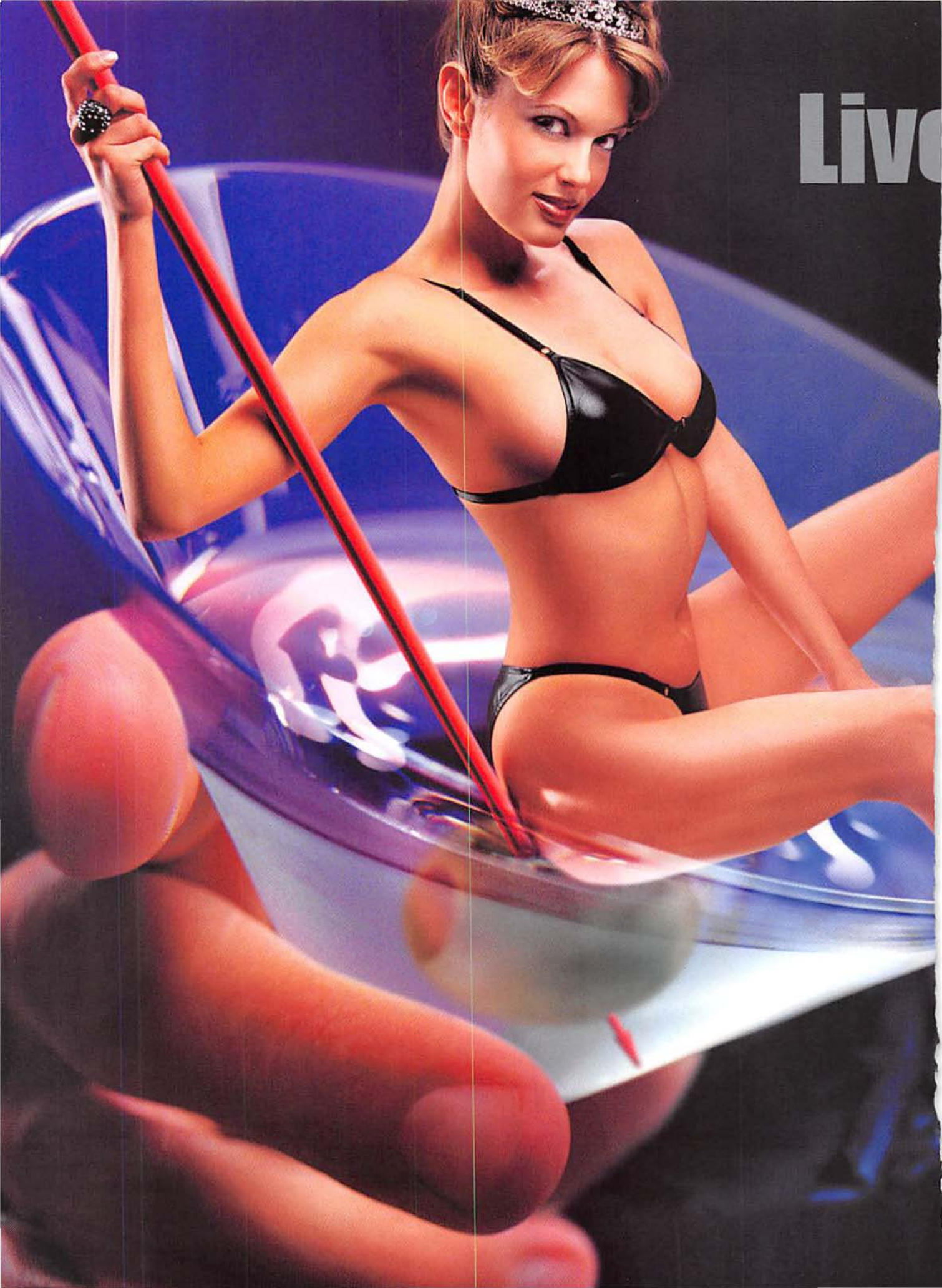
Lacey *does* dig the growing power of her own sexuality. "I don't think there's anything wrong with being sexy," she explains. "I mean, here I am doing *Stuff*. There's a difference in doing that and in just being trashy and exploitive with your body. Guys have always told me that it's sexier to leave a little to the imagination." Still, sex appeal has the side effect of attracting trouble. Read: comb-over-wearin' costars, producers and casting agents who circle around budding actresses like an assault charge looking for Bobby Brown. "I went to a party a couple of weeks ago, and I had some 40-year-old guy hitting on me, saying gross stuff. It just makes me feel sick. I want to go, '*Hello!* I'm half your age.' Then, 'Excuse me, your hairpiece is falling off.'"

Actually, the lion's share of predators in Lacey's life exist not at drug-fueled orgies in the Hills, but in her own backyard—a landscaped wild West frontier where resident outlaws include roving bands of tarantulas, scorpions, rattlesnakes and coyotes.

Having drained our buckets, we head back to her personal ecosystem. That's where we find the local game warden: her Cajun-born daddy. Friendly to a fault, he welcomes his guest with stories of killing another recent visitor—a canyon coyote who had dined on the family dog. "We knew it was a coyote because the heart was eaten. The damn thing chewed right through the rib cage and ate his heart," he says, explaining the horror as Marlon Brando might have in *Apocalypse Now*. "It was almost surgical." In the end, Mr. Chabert had his revenge. He later blew the intruder all over the backyard with a shotgun blast. I stay away from their pets.

There are dogs everywhere—a bulldog named Claudia, a Miniature Pinscher and two Chihuahuas. "A rattlesnake almost killed my dog last year," Lacey says of another imperiled pet. "We heard the dog barking and ran immediately to the vet. They had antivenin there and saved his life." The snake, however, is on borrowed time.

Hair: Keiko Hamaguchi for Celestine LA; Makeup: Elan Bongiorno for Celestine LA.


Live

Large&InCharge

Sure, if salaries were countries, yours would be Liechtenstein, but who cares? That's no excuse not to live way beyond your means. Follow these simple rules and we guarantee you'll look like you're living the playboy life—even though you're just living a big, fat lie.

By David Blend Photographs by Donald Miller

LARGE LAW NO. 1

Drive a Hot Car

To ooze money, power, respect and a raw sexual energy seldom seen outside of female coleslaw-wrestling competitions, you've got to have a hot ride. But that's sorta tricky when you can't afford the down payment on a Yugo. Or is it? Fear not—the tired, the poor, even the huddled masses can appear to rise above their meager existence by taking out badass cars for test drives. Unfortunately, if a salesman suspects that you have neither the ways nor the means to make a purchase, he can refuse you access, or worse, insist on coming with. Here are a few tips to ensure a solo NASCAR moment.

> **ANNOUNCE YOUR ARRIVAL** Or better yet, fake a British accent and pretend that your personal assistant is calling ahead to ensure that you are given the VIP treatment at the dealership. Always have said assistant specify which model car you are looking for (the most expensive imaginable) and tell them that you are "very sensitive to people making direct eye contact." Watch with glee as salesmen scurry around to help you, desperately trying to avert your gaze.

> **DRESS LIKE AN INTERNET ZILLIONAIRE** Show up to the Lamborghini shop in a pair of flat-front khakis, an untucked Ralph Lauren shirt and Nike cross-trainers. Don't make the mistake of wearing a Brooks Brothers suit (no one trusts Wall Street anymore), and avoid denim cutoffs with an industrial key chain. If you have a tattoo—say, of the rock group Anal Cunt—hide it.

> **SCAM THE SALESMAN** Let 'em know that you're serious by engaging him in a potential buyer's discussion. Good conversation topics include warranty information, interior space volume, color combinations and maintenance schedules. Some possible questions: "Will my golf clubs fit in the trunk?" and "How will the paint hold up to the salt air in Kennebunkport?" Do *not* ask him for a "marijuana stash compartment" in case the police pull you over.

> **IF ALL ELSE FAILS...** You can always just rent your own personal phatmobile and say that it's yours. The best rates are usually found through nationwide companies such as Budget, Avis and Hertz Rental Car. Budget offers a three-day rental of an exquisite Jaguar XK8 convertible for $120 per day or $599 per week; you get 700 miles free on the week rental.

"Sure I didn't lose those keys in your bra?"

LARGE LAW NO. 2

Skip the Velvet Rope

Novice club crashers will generally lie and say they're friends with the owner, or they'll call and say they're bringing five beautiful women (when they're actually coming with 10 quantum physicists and a ferret named Sylvan, King of the Elves). *So* 1985. One prominent New York City events promoter relayed several more effective tricks.

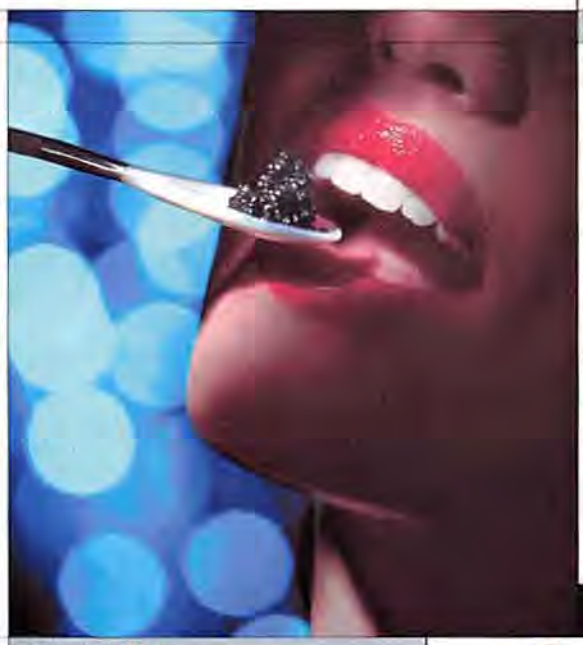
> Send a prepaid check to the establishment, covering the price of admission. Attach a note requesting that the bouncer act like you're getting in for free. (You could even tell him that you'll be identifying yourself by screaming, "Waaazzuuuuup!" when you step out of your limo.)

> If you're going to be crude enough to bribe the bouncer, please don't be cheap. Your best bet is to use eye-catching currency—a few $20 bills are much better than spare change or, God forbid, a money order.

> Back- or side-door bouncers are more likely to take bribes. Don't, however, try to pay your way into the VIP room—the bouncers there have more to lose by letting chumps past the rope, and even if they can be bought, you don't have that kind of money anyway.

> Design fake business cards from cool magazines, talent agencies and publicity firms (you can get a set of 500 for about $60 at Kinko's). It doesn't really matter what you call your firm—just be sure to follow it with the words *and Associates, Inc.* or *LLP*.

> Go out and get a job with a cool magazine, talent agency or publicity firm (it's really not that friggin' hard).



LARGE LAW NO. 4

Live Like a Dot-com Millionaire

Just because you live in a dump doesn't mean you can't transform it into a Web whiz kid's bachelor pad.

PLAN #1 Dot-com types are always thinking expansion. Choose a wall in your apartment, and using construction tape, place an X over it. Tell the ladies you're knocking it down and taking over the adjoining apartment. To up the ante, get a drafting desk and blueprints. Explain that after your start-up went public, you taught yourself architecture.
PLAN #2 Another hobby of rich people is the study of Eastern philosophy. Use this to your advantage: First, sell off all your furniture (or just never go about buying any in the first place). Replace your worldly possessions with exotic-scented candles, a conspicuously placed copy of the *Kama Sutra* and a single wicker mat. When your date expresses disappointment with your Spartan quarters, explain to her that shortly after your IPO, you went through an "extremely materialistic phase that threatened to undermine your spiritual well-being." At this point, she will notice your copy of the *Kama Sutra*. Wink knowingly.

LARGE LAW NO. 3

Eat Like a Lord

So, Mr. Marquis of Salisbury—your shameless bravado has landed you a table for two at Chez Stadium, New York's most prestigious French eatery. Don't let your trailer-park roots give you away. Study this list—and watch how impressed Lady Gravy Train will be.

> **OYSTERS** Order them during the fall and winter months because they spawn over the summer and become soft and fatty. (Be sure to share this fact with your lady friend or bank manager.) Size matters: The smaller the oyster is, the younger and more tender it will be.

> **LOBSTER** Don't rip it to shreds like that man-handed date of Seinfeld's. First, twist the lobster's claws from its body. Use a nutcracker to open each claw, removing the meat with a lobster fork. Next, break the tail away from the body, take off the little flaps and push through to get the meat out in one piece. Finally, twist off the legs with your hands and suck out the meat like you would soda through a crazy straw.

> **HORSE** Eat it whenever you see it on the menu. It tastes just like dog.

> **WINE** One fact to casually drop when looking at the wine list: California's whites and zinfandels that are just hitting the market ('97 and '98) are appalling, due to overcropping and a poor growing season. Order only '98 pinot noirs instead, whether you like them or not (it was a great year for wine and shouldn't cost you more than 25 bucks).

THE PHAT'TEST MEN IN HISTORY

They came, they spent and they conquered. These are your role models.

GAIUS "CALIGULA" OF ROME
(12–41)
CREDENTIALS Commissioned a temple in his own honor, complete with a golden statue of himself. Enjoyed having sex, prolonging executions, bedecking his horse in jewelry and committing incest.
HOW TO BE LIKE HIM Look up the word *debauch* in the dictionary. Then debauch everything in sight.

"MAD" IBRAHIM I OF TURKEY
(1616–1648)
CREDENTIALS Became sultan at age 23. Handed over the government to his mother, who, in return, provided him with exotic furs, virgins and fat women. Created golden statues of the private parts of a young cow and sent them all over the empire in the hopes of finding a woman with similar features. Strangled in a coup led by the Grand Mufti.
HOW TO BE LIKE HIM Pick up fat women. Amass an extensive collection of exotic furs. Then find a Grand Mufti and have him strangle you.

"Don't caaall meee Al..."

AL CAPONE (1899–1947)
CREDENTIALS Headquartered in five suites at Chicago's Metropole Hotel ($1,500 a day). Impeccable dresser. Patron of the arts. Mowed enemies down while retaining public sympathy.
HOW TO BE LIKE HIM It's hard to build a decent crime empire these days and maintain the goodwill of the people. Americans loved bootleggers during Prohibition, but now hate, say, crack dealers. Push ecstasy instead. Everybody loves an ecstasy dealer.

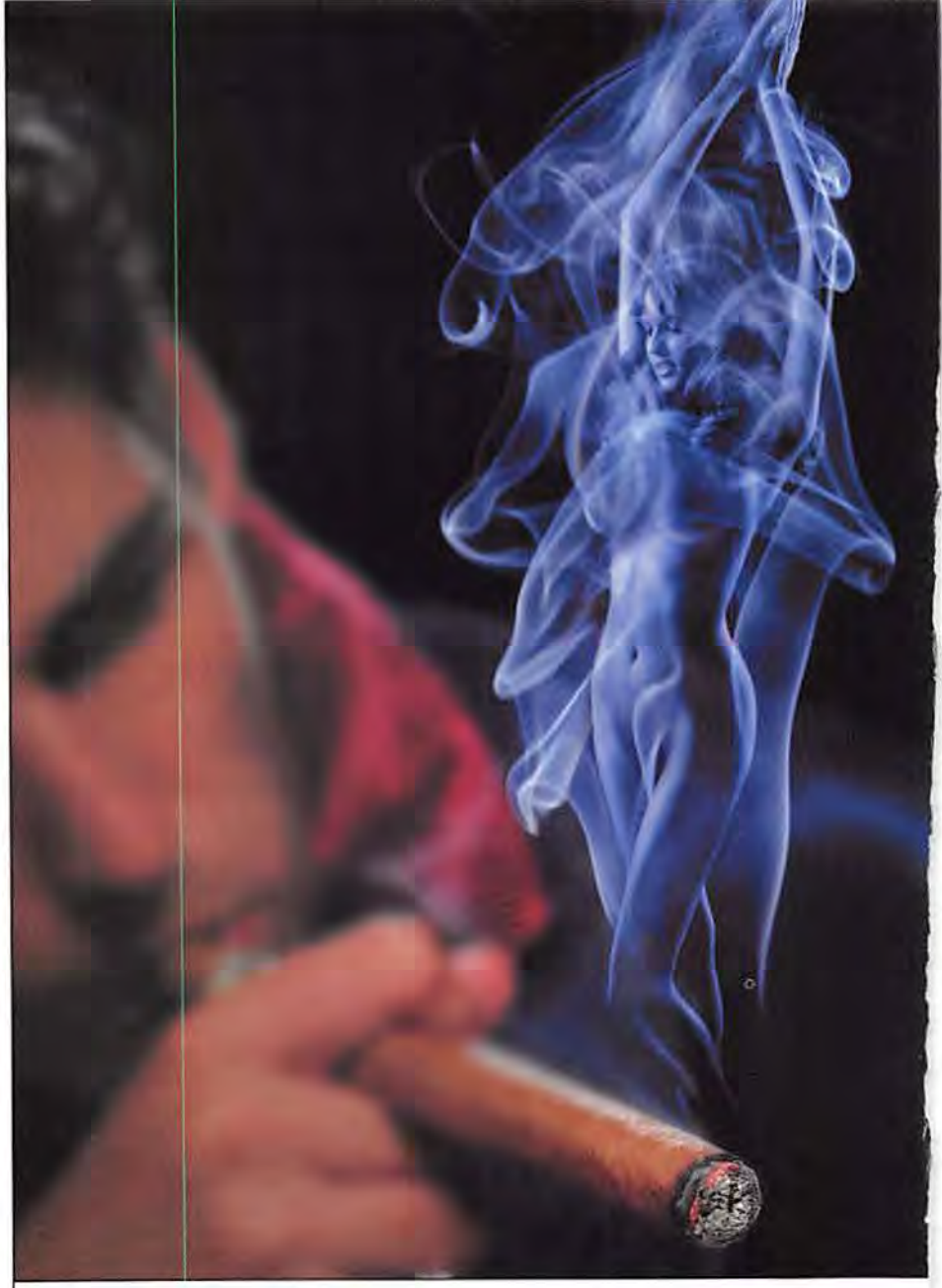
NOTORIOUS B.I.G. (1973–1997)
CREDENTIALS Stood 6'3" and weighed 280 pounds. Parlayed an intimate knowledge of the streets with a golden voice that sold millions of records. Assassinated in 1997. Buried in a double-breasted white suit and matching hat.
HOW TO BE LIKE HIM Using the soul-transference techniques of the aliens from Vector Nebula, occupy the body of a 6'3", 280-pound man (unless, of course, you already are one). Always have white suit cleaned and pressed.

RICHIE RICH (1953–present)
CREDENTIALS Never had to work a day in his life. Had access to planes, helicopters and the magnificent brain of Professor Keenbean.
HOW TO BE LIKE HIM Drug and beat Keenbean until he tells you the secrets of Rich Industries. Next, drain Rich Industries of all its assets. ▷▷▷

HOW TO LIE LARGE

Can't be bothered to work at living large? The only thing standing between you and a life of sheer splendor is the truth.

- Affect a Boston Brahman accent. People will think that your grandfather was an industrialist, your father was a senator and you were Harvard educated.
- **Ask a bartender to turn the television to CNBC. When the financial report comes on, loudly scream, "Damn it!" Then, in a mischievous voice, say, "Wait a second. That's good...very good."**
- Buy a "crystal" decanter. Fill it with cheap scotch. Give the decanter to a bartender. Make up an exotic name for your scotch, like Bullatzi. Order your scotch from the bar. Instruct the bartender to say, "Is Sir *sure* he wants the Bullatzi?" Nod patiently.
- **When discussing your father, throw out the phrase, "Goddamn it—he's always trying to control me with his money!"**
- Complain that your trust-fund manager never lets you have any fun.
- **Keep names and numbers of other rich people in your address book. Leave open to G: Gates, Getty, Gatsby, etc.**
- Pick up a girl at a trendy club. When you walk her out, pass by someone else's limousine. Begin to open the door, but then pause and say to the chauffeur (to whom you've already slipped a twenty on the way in), "You know, Biggins, it's such a nice night, I think we'll walk."
- **Find a conversation in which people are discussing a celebrity who died after crashing his private plane. After a respectful pause, shake your head and say, "Thank God I sold my Cessna."**
- Take a date on an afternoon walk. Stroll past a children's playground. Smile bashfully as the children (to whom you have previously given a ton of Pokémon cards) surround and hug you and call you Papa Big Bucks.
- **Engrave a plaque with the words *This exhibit made possible by the generous donation of*...(you). Pay off a zookeeper to place it in front of the tiger cage.**
- Hide a computer disk under a floorboard. Then make your apartment look as if the FBI has just ransacked it. Invite a hot chick over for a nightcap. When you and she come upon the wreckage, exclaim, "Oh, no—the disk!" and run over to the loose floorboard. Retrieve the disk. Smile and say, "Those fools couldn't stop me from jaywalking."



LARGE LAW NO. 5

Rent a Bodyguard

Acquiring a bodyguard isn't as difficult as you might think. Actually, it's a lot easier than it should be. Protective agents (as they like to be called) can be found in the Yellow Pages under headings such as Guard and Patrol Services. Pricing varies according to whom you've pissed off—Usama bin Laden, expensive; Gary Coleman, cheap—but it generally runs between $75 and $125 an hour. Most bodyguards require you to hire them for at least six hours, which covers you for cocktails, dinner and a club—and gets you a lookout while you do the hokey-pokey in the business district of the limo. That means you can rent a loyal instrument of death for a mere $450. Although, instead of hiring one muscular man, you should really hire two: Otherwise you are in danger of: 1) looking cheap and 2) looking very gay.

For quality control, run a background check on your potential guardian angel, see that he's attended whatever training courses he says he's attended (hopefully not the Princess Diana Paparazzi-Dodging School of Driving) and check his references. If he carries a gun, make sure he's got a "conceal and carry" license.

The aura of danger surrounding you will make women drool. Doormen will lift any velvet rope without even glancing at the guest list. Men eyeing your lady will cower when they see the "I could break your kneecaps with my earlobe" scowl on your thing's face. Just don't overdo it, Cinderella: Annoy too many people and they'll wait until your six hours are up and then pop a cap in your pompous ass. The agency we use is West Coast Detectives: 818-487-8620.

OLD-SCHOOL LARGE

Back in the day, rich people really knew how to live. Here are some antiquated affectations you can pick up.

WALK WITH A CANE

There are three distinct styles to try.

1 **THE GENE KELLY** Wield the cane like a tap dancer—twirl it, thrust it up in the air and to the side, always keeping a smile on your face. This will show that you are: A) happy-go-lucky and B) rich enough to pay the medical bills after a drunken redneck kicks your ass.

2 **THE MR. PEANUT** Walk slowly and deliberately, putting minimal pressure on the cane. Nod "good day" at passersby.

3 **THE SCROOGE** Hold the cane at its midpoint. When angry, shake it at rapscallion youth. When happy, do a little leprechaun dance. In either case, don't be afraid to use the cane as a bludgeon.

SMOKE A CIGAR

Michael Jessee of *Smoke* magazine serves up these tips.

1 Cut the cigar cleanly—spilling tobacco is amateurish.

2 If the cigar is pricey, leave the band on. If it's cheap, cut the band off and say it's Cuban. Greet anti-Castro remarks with a bored groan. For the truly rich, foreign policy is merely a tool for depriving the unsophisticated of pleasure.

3 Don't inhale. This could result in bloodshot eyes, nausea and an inability to obtain amenable company.

4 Hold the cigar like a pool cue: Rest your thumb against your third finger. Take your index finger and curl it up so that it rests on your thumb. Try not to scratch.

5 Blow smoke rings: To pull it off, first hold the smoke in your mouth. Then make a large O, using your throat, cheeks and tongue to push the smoke straight out and up. Lift your tongue as you puff. As an alternative, you could have your lips surgically reshaped to resemble a dollar sign. Women will be so impressed, they won't mind helping you chew your food.

OTHER PRACTICES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS

Carrying a snuff box, keeping a 12-year-old Greek boy as a personal valet, running over the poor in your carriage, primogeniture, mummification, getting buried with all your possessions and harem acquisition.

Ivanka: The Donald's most stunning project

LARGE LAW NO. 6

Snag a Sugar Mama

Why slave away trying to earn cash when you can just marry it? *Stuff* talked to Ginie Sayles, author of *How to Meet the Rich*, to get a few tips on landing a minted bride.

The first step is to meet her. Sayles suggests combing wealthy neighborhoods for Starbucks' and smoothie places. While the rich aren't much for grocery shopping, they do step out to fetch their own snacks (so long as they're of Frappuccino quality).

There are also lots of odd jobs that offer the chance to rub elbows with the rich and require zero experience: Gym attendant, celebrity mover and pet sitter come to mind.

Once you meet your heiress, what the hell do you say to her? Says Sayles, rich people like talking about mundane things with strangers—it's the language of the commoner. Don't *ever* mention money. An inappropriate line: "Is your butt huge, or is that the fattest wallet that I've ever seen?"

LARGE LAW NO. 7

Join the British Aristocracy

"Release the hounds..."

"Table for two, please. My name? Viscount Clampett of Brigglybottom." Perfect. There's nothing like a fancy title to guarantee you a table at a ritzy restaurant, an upgrade to first class, a bank loan or a sexfest with a beautiful gold digger of a woman. And you don't have to muster a small army, march a lot or overthrow a regime to anoint yourself king these days. Oh, no. You can just *buy* yourself in. There are numerous English firms that sell perfectly legitimate, if impotent, titles to anyone who's willing to shell out the cash. For $300, these firms will help you officially change your name from Mister to Marquis faster than you can say, "We'll take our tea in the library, Harris." (Some available titles: Baron, Count, Viscount, Lord and the always useful Sir). Just log on to a Web site such as Aristocratic Titles, and sign yourself up. According to these title-peddling companies, you will be treated like a VIP at fancy restaurants, hotels and banks. Businessmen will take you more seriously. Your self-esteem will skyrocket.

For an additional $8,000 to $12,000, you can become a member of the Landed Gentry Society and bag a title like Lord of the Manor of Bidford-on-Avon. The upside: Any woman you marry instantly becomes Lady of the Manor. The catch? You don't actually *receive* any land with these titles, only the right to use the name of the land. Still, if you think about it, that's a good thing—you wouldn't want to be responsible for the health and well-being of a bunch of potato-gleaning Limey peasants anyway. If you're interested (and who wouldn't be?), check out www.elitetitles.co.uk or www.aristocratic-titles.co.uk.

REALITY BITES

High-Seas

A Coast Guard rookie's first rescue mission was a joy ride—until Neptune began to toss his lifeboat like a toy.

By Ben Wingo, as told to John Parrish

"Rock! Starboard bow! Ten feet!"

I screamed into the teeth of the punishing wind and stinging rain. But it was too late. Over the howling storm, I heard a terrible screeching sound as the rock tore into our steel-hulled lifeboat.

Time stood still, as my three crewmates and I registered what had happened. Then one of the guys yelled, "WAVE!" I turned to see a wall of white water 25 feet high about to slam into our boat. *Holy shit!* I thought. Then it crashed down on us with awesome power, flipping the lifeboat completely over.

Now I was underwater beneath the capsized boat, twisting on the end of my safety line like a fish on a hook. Strangely, beneath the waves, everything seemed eerily peaceful, compared with the raging storm I had just battled through on the surface.

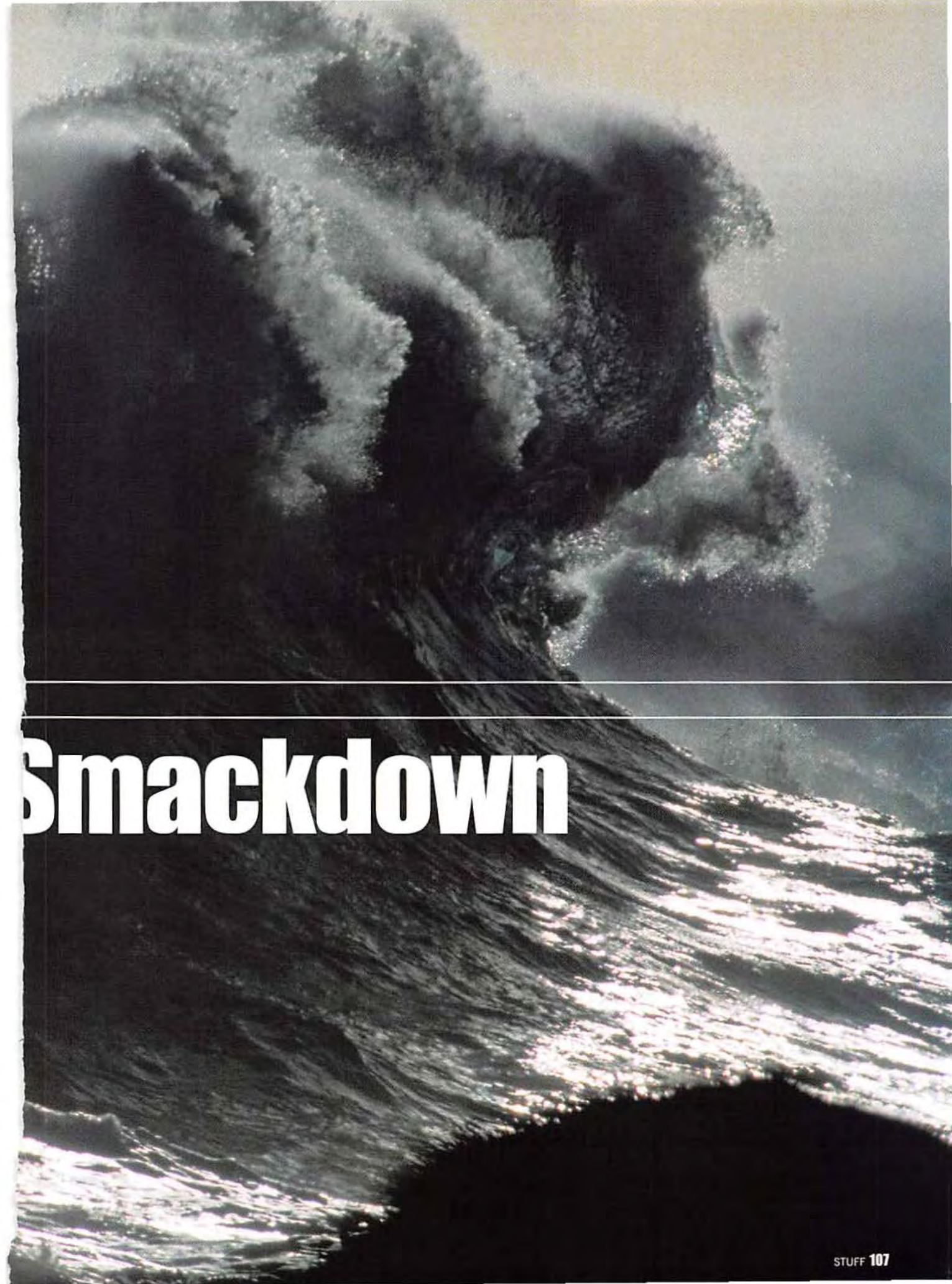
Bam! I smashed my face into something hard. My nose shattered with the impact. I gagged on blood mingled with salt water. I didn't have a chance to realize that my situation could get worse—then it did. Somehow I got tangled in a tarp. As I struggled to free myself, I wondered if I was going to die. Endless seconds ticked by. *Shit! How much longer can I hold my breath?*

And to think that I had joined the Coast Guard because of my mother. A few years earlier, I had hit upon the novel idea of serving some military time so I could go to school on the G.I. Bill. My mom, being a typical mom, said, "Join the Coast Guard; those guys don't get shot at."

I was posted at La Push, an isolated camp by Washington State's Quillayute River. I reported for duty the day after Thanksgiving, 1996. For the first month, my nickname was Fucking Wingo, as in "Fucking Wingo got it wrong again." I got my act together, though, and was eventually assigned to potentially deadly rescue duty.

On February 12, 1997, I got my chance. At 12:26 A.M. the alarm in my barracks went nuts: A sailboat was in danger, caught in a torrential storm. The people on the boat had reported their position as a mile west of James Island, which was near the mouth of the river. That would have put them about two miles from the Coast Guard station. It doesn't seem far, but in a storm of this magnitude, the rescue might as well have been an ocean away. I ran to the boathouse with my roommate, Clint Miniken, a great guy who'd shown me the ropes. He'd only been in for eight months, but he'd picked up enough experience to be Ahab compared with me. We put on our Mustang survival suits—orange and black outfits equipped with flares, strobe lights and floats. We met up with David Bosley, a coxswain and driver, and Matthew Schlimme, an engineer.

We cast off, heading down the Quillayute River toward the sea aboard a 44-foot lifeboat with virtually everything on deck open to the elements. Miniken handed out surf belts, which have three-foot-long, finger-thick nylon safety lines that ▷▷▷



Smackdown

extend from each hip and hook onto the boat to prevent your being washed away if it rolls. *What about the helmets?* I thought. We were supposed to wear them. I should have said something—but I was the new guy, so I kept my mouth shut.

As we pitched downriver, the rain—flung by 75 mph winds—serrated my skin. The hammering downpour and the spray from six-foot waves crashing into the boat were so relentless that the other guys could be standing just a yard away and I couldn't see them. The sea and sky were as black as ink. We had to shout at the top of our lungs to be heard.

The Quillayute opens up into the Pacific Ocean just south of a big, horseshoe-shaped rock called James Island. We had to cross a sandbar to get there. I was working the searchlight, while the other guys watched for rocks. The waves reared up with 20-foot faces. We'd get lifted on a crest and I'd silently count, *One one-thousand, two one-thousand, three one-thousand*, before we hurtled into the trough. I bent my knees as we dropped because I thought they'd shatter from impact if I didn't. To tell you the truth, I was having fun. Then, after the first two 20-footers, I started thinking, *Holy shit. This is horrible.*

Schlimme shouted to Bosley, "We've got to turn back—it's too dangerous!" Schlimme was usually unflappable. I knew that if he was worried, it was bad.

But Bosley said something like, "Fuck that—we're going on." There was no discussion. Bosley was the boss. I've agonized about the decision to go on ever since, but that's easy to do in hindsight. Bosley was damned if he was going to let those people die on his watch. He'd been on dangerous rescues before, and one time he'd even dived into treacherous water to save people. He did the only thing he could do. I hope that in a similar situation, I'd have the courage to make the same call.

As we fought our way around the island, there was no sign of the sailboat. The depressing realization sank in: They'd obviously radioed in the wrong position. All we could do was widen our search.

That's when I screamed those words that signaled the real beginning of this nightmare: "Rock! Starboard bow!" Then someone shouted, "Wave!" and I turned to see the 25-foot swell just as it walloped us. It happened so suddenly that all I recall is my feet leaving the deck as the wave rolled the lifeboat 180 degrees. Underwater, I felt as if I were in a huge vacuum, with an immense force tugging and sucking me one way and then another. My hat and gloves were ripped clean off.

Before and after: A boat similar to Wingo's, and the actual wreck (right)

As I struggled to free myself from the tarp tangled around my feet, I thought: *Don't panic. It's a lifeboat. It's designed to right itself when it rolls.* The boat had a weighted keel. When the boat is upside down in the water, all it needs is a wave to tilt the keel because the weight whips the boat upright. Sure enough, the boat righted. It felt as if I'd been under for minutes, but lifeboats right almost immediately, so it was probably just a few seconds.

Everyone was still on deck, although they looked as if they'd gone a few rounds with Holyfield and just wanted to get the hell out of the ring. Now it was clear that we were in a life-or-death battle. Bosley radioed in that we'd rolled and were hightailing it back to base. The others looked as relieved as I felt.

At the mouth of the Quillayute, there's a light that guides you back to safety. If we made it to that light, we'd survive. Anxiously, we all peered ahead through the downpour, and out of nowhere a wave plowed into us from behind. The monster wave flipped us stern over bow—right toward the rocks guarding James Island.

The monster wave flipped us stern over bow—right toward the rocks guarding James Island.

I must have blacked out, or maybe I've blocked it out. The next thing I can remember is shakily rising to my feet on the boat—which was now balanced precariously on rocks 20 feet above the water, near the mouth of the island's cove. It must have been one hell of a wave to heave the boat out of the water and deposit it on a ledge high above the surf.

The mast and stern had been ripped away like cardboard. The wheelhouse, where Bosley had been sitting, was obliterated, the roof torn off and the chair sheared in half. I shouted to see if anyone else was onboard. To my surprise, Schlimme replied from the opposite side of the boat. Bosley and Miniken had both been washed overboard—their safety lines had snapped.

I'd had enough. No way was I going to get dunked again or pounded into raw meat against the rocks. In a panic, I undid my surf belt and safety lines. My face must have been deathly white as I shouted back, "Come on—let's get out of here!"

"No, Wingo! We stay with the boat!" he said. "Put your belt back on, and pass

me the radio mic. We'll be OK." I did as instructed, even though I could see that the radio had been pulverized and was useless. Schlimme was just trying to distract me.

And it worked. Suddenly, I felt mellow. There I was in the middle of a brutal storm, with huge waves crashing on the rocks and threatening to throw us back into the sea at any instant, but I was perfectly at ease.

The moment was too good to last. Another 20-foot-plus wave broadsided us, picking up the boat on a moving liquid carpet and dragging it off the rocks, back down to the foaming sea. Abruptly, I was under the waves again, twisting on my safety line as the boat rolled like a seal. The peacefulness below the waves was another relief from the nightmare above.

When the boat finally righted itself, I called out for Schlimme. No response. The roll had ripped out his line. Mine had held. I was alone. I had no idea whether Bosley, Schlimme and Miniken were alive or dead, and I had no time to worry about it, because the waves were heaving the boat toward a rock wall in the cove. I prayed. None of that "save me and I'll build churches" stuff—just "God, get me out of here!"

My only chance was to jump and make for shore. I looked at my watch: It was 1:07 A.M. I fired five flares into the air to alert the Coast Guard station at La Push that I was in trouble. Then I fired two toward the rocks so I could see where I'd be going. The flares illuminated a tree on land, and I fixed my sights on that. The sea was flinging massive logs toward the shore. I'd have to swim either under or over them to reach safety.

The next wave swept the boat in and spun it around, so that the searchlight on the stern—which was still working—lit up the shore. This was my best shot. I jumped overboard as the boat surged right up to the island. The water was freezing but only waist deep. I waded to the foot of a muddy cliff. As quickly as I could, I scrambled up there, powered by pure adrenaline. I had only one thought in mind: *Get away from the sea.*

I reached a ledge maybe 30 feet up. As I sat back—exhausted—waves crashed below me, like a giant claw trying to swipe me back down. Terrified, I continued scrambling. I don't know how I got up that cliff, because I've been back since and it looked like I'd climbed straight up a concrete wall. People have said it's not possible to climb it, even with ropes. But I did. When the alternative is death, you become an expert climber—fast!

I didn't stop until I was about 50 feet up. Then I turned on my survival strobe and prayed that the other guys had made it safely to land.

I shivered like a man having an epileptic fit. An hour passed. Finally, a helicopter spotted my strobe. It flew over me a few times. Because of the murky conditions, the pilot couldn't see me—and flew off. I later found out that the crew thought I was actually just a life vest.

Around 5 A.M., as I stood up to combat the cold, the helicopter flew over again and realized that I was a person. They sent a line down and winched me up.

Back at the base, the Executive Petty Officer, a hard-ass who took shit from nobody, came up to me and gave me a hug. That told me everything I needed to know. The bodies of Bosley and Schlimme were recovered on the rocks right below where I'd been rescued. Miniken's body washed ashore after the storm died down. All of them had been killed by head injuries, their skulls crushed by the boat or rocks. I escaped with a broken nose, a torn calf muscle and a cut above one eye.

Today, I'm a crew member on a C-130 search and rescue plane. The other guys joke that if the plane crashes, I'll be the only survivor. You've got to be able to laugh and get on with life. That's not to say I don't think about the guys—I do, particularly Schlimme. I owe him my life.

I've often wondered why I made it and those guys didn't. While I was trying to survive that storm, some members of my uncle's church woke up with a feeling that the Wingos were in trouble. They began praying for the family. Maybe it helped. It's the only thing I can hold onto that explains why I'm still here.

Wingo at a memorial service with the Quileute tribe

THREE DEADLY PUNCHES

Wingo's Coast Guard lifeboat got walloped by three killer waves. Here's what hell on water looks like.

1 The first 20-foot wave smacked the port side of the boat and rolled it 180 degrees.

2 The second wave flipped the boat stern over bow and deposited it on a 20-foot cliff.

3 As the boat sat on the cliff, an enormous wave hauled it back into the hellish seas.

The Seven Deadly Psychos

Bolt the door, buy a gun and say your prayers: These are America's deadliest, most deranged killers—and they're all still on the loose.

By John Parrish

1 THE ZODIAC KILLER

DESCRIPTION: Age 60–70, 6', acne scars

SCENE OF THE CRIME: Northern California

WANTED FOR: Five to 42 murders. During the late '60s, the self-named Zodiac Killer attacked women and couples while wearing an executioner's hood. Only five murders have been officially attributed to ZK, but he claimed 37 more in letters to the media. The last murder pinned on him occurred in 1969, but his taunting letters, festooned with cryptic scribbles, continued until 1978. He could be pushing up daisies today... or he could be that wrinkled old man sitting across from you on the bus.

2 THE GREEN RIVER KILLER

DESCRIPTION: White, outdoorsy male

SCENE OF THE CRIME: Greater Seattle area

WANTED FOR: Up to 49 murders of women, mostly prostitutes, transients and hitchhikers. His spree began in 1982, and he earned his name by dumping his victims in the Green River after strangling or suffocating them. All were found naked, and most bore evidence of sexual assault and mutilation. The killer apparently stopped his grisly work in 1984—perhaps he died or was imprisoned for other crimes. But he may be linked to a subsequent string of murders in California.

3 THE "BTK" KILLER

DESCRIPTION: Unknown

SCENE OF THE CRIME: Wichita, Kansas

WANTED FOR: Seven sadistic torture murders. Between 1974 and 1977, the prairie town was home to one of America's most depraved serial killers. The murders began when a teenage boy found his parents, brother and sister bound, gagged and strangled in their home. The little girl was strung up on a pipe in the basement. The killer's name stood for what he liked to do to his victims: bind them, torture them and kill them. After this, he struck three more times. "He is still probably in this community," said a former Wichita detective in 1998.

4 THE I-45 KILLER

DESCRIPTION: White male

SCENE OF THE CRIME: A 50-mile stretch of Interstate 45 in Texas, between Houston and Galveston

WANTED FOR: The rape and murder of as many as 33 women. Since 1971, the bodies of 27 women have been found and six more have completely vanished on this stretch of road. Detectives have definitely linked four cases, proving the existence of at least one serial killer. The most recent presumed victim was 17-year-old Jessica Cain: In August 1997, after she failed to return home from an outing with a theater group, her father found her abandoned Ford pickup on the southbound shoulder of the road.

5 ERIC RUDOLPH

DESCRIPTION: Age 33, 5'11", 165–180 lbs., scar on chin

SCENE OF THE CRIME: Southeastern U.S.

WANTED FOR: Serial bombing, multiple murder. The antigovernment, antiabortion survivalist wacko is the prime suspect in the 1996 Centennial Olympic Park bombing in Atlanta, which killed a woman. Rudolph is also the alleged culprit behind a January 1998 explosion at an Alabama abortion clinic, where a policeman died, plus other bombings that injured scores of people. Since July 1998, the fugitive, who has a $1 million reward on his head, has been hiding in North Carolina's 530,000-acre Nantahala National Forest.

6 JAMES CHARLES KOPP

DESCRIPTION: Age 45, medium build with a limp, travels under aliases including Jack Crotty, Catfish and Atomic Dog

SCENE OF THE CRIME: Buffalo, New York

WANTED FOR: One murder. A devout Roman Catholic, Kopp can be as deadly as any bomb-wielding Iraqi zealot. In October 1998, he allegedly shot and killed an abortion doctor with a sniper rifle. His apparent belief: If abortion is a sin, then it's OK to kill physicians who perform abortions. (Don't waste your time looking up that one in the Good Book.) You might run into him at Mass: He supposedly attends every day. He's good for a $650,000 reward.

7 CHAKA RAYSOR

DESCRIPTION: Age 31, 5'10", 200 lbs., scar under left eye, left eye possibly glass

SCENE OF THE CRIME: Brooklyn, New York

WANTED FOR: Nine murders, drug distribution, racketeering. The warrant says nine counts of murder, but investigators suspect Raysor could have racked up as many as 40 slayings. In 1985, he and his brother, Umeme, formed a drug gang that raked in $90,000 a week and ruled the streets for a decade. Gang members were inspired with Black Panther–style rhetoric and the knowledge they'd die painfully if they crossed the brothers. Umeme is now behind bars, but Chaka, a skilled martial artist, is still on the lam.

Capture Bad Guys, Win Cash Prizes

Each of the lunatics below has at least 50,000 government bucks on his head. Are you man enough to go get it?

USAMA BIN LADEN
WHO? Terrorist mastermind behind the 1998 U.S. Embassy bombing in Kenya and lots of other really nasty stuff
REWARD $5 million

SLOBODAN MILOSEVIC
WHO? Yugoslav leader, wanted for war crimes and for being the spawn of Satan
REWARD $5 million

AUGUSTIN VASQUEZ-MENDOZA
WHO? Mexican fugitive who allegedly murdered a Drug Enforcement Agency special agent during an undercover drug deal in 1994
REWARD $2.2 million

JAMES J. BULGER
WHO? Major organized crime figure in the Boston area, wanted for extortion and racketeering, with operations including gambling, loan-sharking and drug dealing
REWARD $250,000

RAMON EDUARDO ARELLANO-FELIX
WHO? Leader of and alleged executioner for the Tijuana Cartel, a billion-dollar drug ring
REWARD $50,000

VICTOR MANUEL GERENA
WHO? Nasty guy sought in connection with the armed robbery of $7 million from a security company in Connecticut in 1983
REWARD $50,000

GLEN STEWART GODWIN
WHO? Murderer who escaped Folsom State Prison in 1987 and a Mexican jail in 1991
REWARD $50,000

DONALD EUGENE WEBB
WHO? Suspected murderer and jewel thief who holds the record for spending the most time on the FBI's Most Wanted list (19 years)
REWARD $50,000

Wow!

Australian for

Screw the Olympics. Actress Kimberley Davies is the tastiest thing to come from Down Under since a can of Foster's.

By Jonathan Small
Photographs by Willy Camden

The first thing you should know about Kimberley Davies is that her name is not Kimberley *Davis*—even if that's how it sounds (and whatever you do, do not pronounce it Dav-*eees*). "It drives me crazy," she says. "Everyone gets it wrong. I'm thinking about changing it. They even spelled it wrong in the credits of *The Next Best Thing*." Hardly seems fair, since she played a waitress who served up a tongue lashing to queen bitch Madonna in this spring's flick and managed to make the Queen of Pop look like nothing more than, well, the next best thing. If all goes as planned, name recognition won't be a problem for long. She's starring in two films this year: *Psycho Beach Party* (don't worry—it's a parody, not a schlock fest) and a comedy called *The Shrink Is In*, costarring her new *Friend*, Courteney Cox. But if you were smart, you'd have realized that you didn't have to blow 10 bucks at the multiplex to catch Ms. Davies in all her majesty, because she's been hanging around your living room. She's appeared on *Early Edition* and a very special *Ally McBeal*, in which she turned the normally lame fantasy sequence of the week into every guy's dream by revealing her extremely compelling body of evidence on the witness stand.

The truth is that Kimberley is already a guilty-pleasure star in her native Australia and in the U.K., where her TV soap *Neighbours*, on which she appeared from '93 to '96, was Australian for *Melrose Place*. It still has a cult following and is shown in reruns twice a day. Kimberley's flawless face and *Baywatch* body appear on calendars and magazine covers Down Under and in England as often as Bill Clinton appears at depositions over here. So does her relative stateside anonymity bum her out? "Not really," she says. "Here, I can do whatever I want. I don't have my character's name screamed at me like it is at home. I played a bitch on the show, so I get lots of abuse." We promise to be nice.

"Whoever I'm angry at, I just put his head on the bag and kick the crap out of it."

STUFF: The Aussies and Brits are already fanatical about you. Have you had any creepy encounters with overzealous fans?
KIMBERLEY: Well, when I give autographs, some guys want me to sign, like, every body part you can imagine. This one guy wanted me to sign his butt, but I said, "No thanks." I'm not going to sign any private parts.

Do your looks reduce people to acting like idiots around you?
I either get people who assume I'm stupid and act like smart-asses or people—mostly men, obviously—who are overly nice to me. Like at the bank, I'll see the teller be an ass to the guy before me on line, and then he sees me and he's like, "Hiiiiiiii!"

What's the worst pickup line you've ever heard?
I was as at a party in Hollywood, and someone came up next to me, looked up at the sky and said, "Aren't the stars amazing?" You can never see the stars in L.A. I mean, at least give me something I can see—something to work with.

How are Australian women different from American women?
Different sense of humor. I think that Aussie women are cruder—it cracks me up.

What's the crudest joke you know?
It's not really a joke—it's a true story: This guy I knew went to a party at a huge house, and he had diarrhea. So he's like, "Oh, my God—I have to find a bathroom." He runs upstairs and sees the edge of a bathtub and thinks, *Ahh, it's a bathroom.* He doesn't even have time to turn the light on or make it over to the toilet. He figures, *I'll poo in the bath and wash it down because it's going to be liquid.* When he's finished, he turns on the light and realizes that he's crapped all over the seafood on ice! True story, I swear.

Holy cow. How could you have known that was just the kind of classy story we were looking for? You must be psychic.
Oh, yeah. My gut feelings are usually correct, so in some ways, that's a psychic thing. Once I was driving in Australia, and I remember something telling me to look up, and there was a Channel 10 ad on the side of a skyscraper. I saw it and said out loud, "I'm going to get a role on *Neighbours*," which was on that channel. I got it a couple of months later.

Do you see dead people?
Not really, but I think my grandfather visits me at night in my dreams. He asks me how I'm doing, and we go to the park and just talk. Then he says, "I've got to go back to death," and leaves again, and I wake up.

Were you the model child or a juvenile delinquent?
I was a bit of a nightmare. You know, I went through the usual teenage thing: lying to my parents, going to nightclubs and smoking and drinking. Guys didn't take a liking to me until I was about 16, and then we began the "discovery." I was always very girlie growing up. When I was seven, I would play Barbie and make my sister be Ken. I would always have a scene where I'd say to Ken, "I'm leaving you. I don't want to be with you anymore." And he'd say, "No, Barbie—please don't!" I'd make him cry.

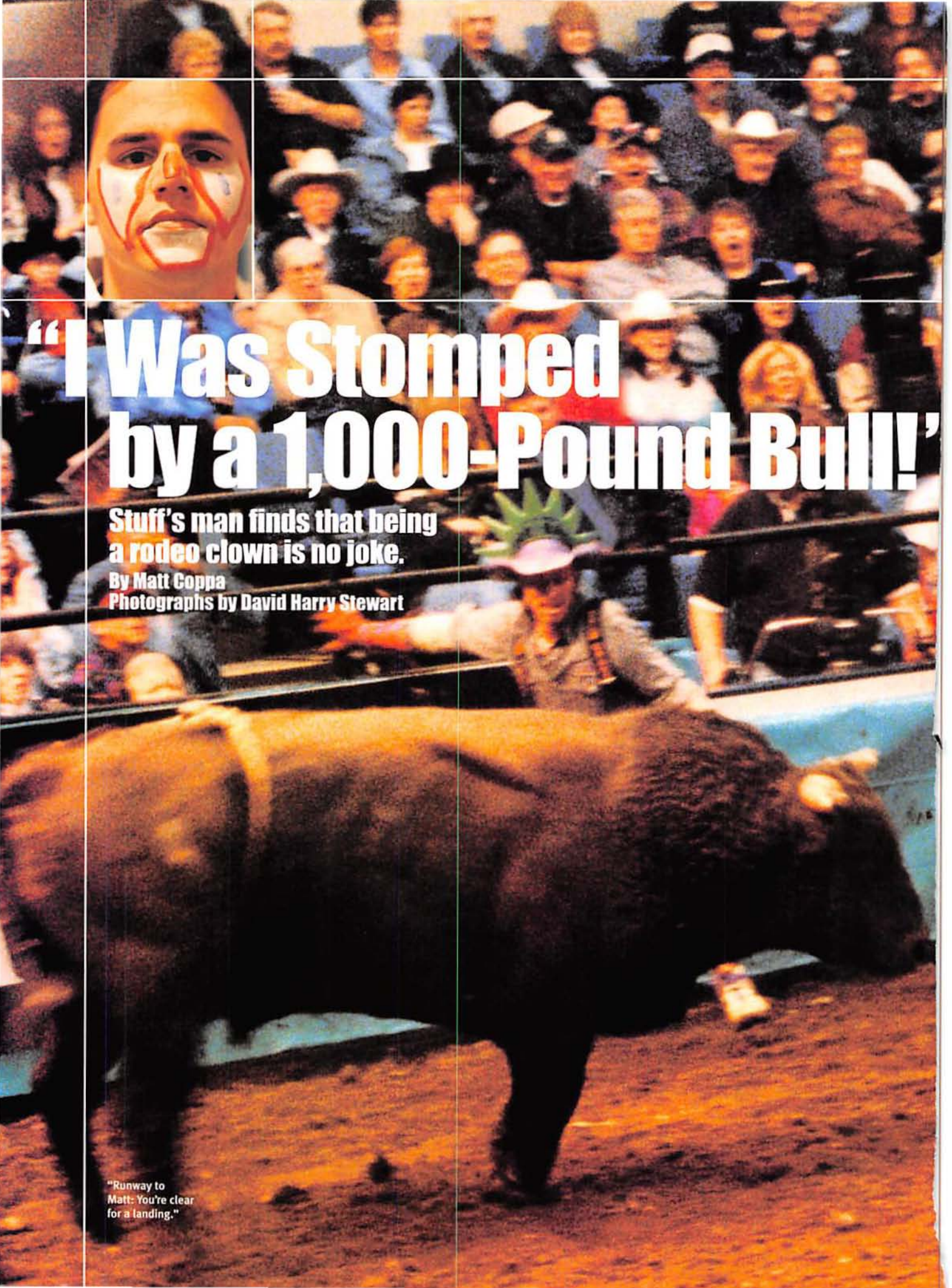
Ever bring a grown man to tears?
Yes, I have, actually. But it was completely justified. He deserved to cry.

What's the one thing that makes you violently psychotic?
Bad drivers. I always enforce my position in traffic. Like if someone tries to butt in front of me, I'll scream and yell at him. The road is one place where I'm quite psychotic. I've got to try to control myself.

What do you do in your more passive moments?
Right now, I'm really into kickboxing. Whoever I'm angry at, I just put his head on the bag and kick the crap out of it. It's great. They actually did a study on it, and it's been proven that kickboxing reduces depression in people significantly. So I just imagine who I'm mad at and put all my might into hitting the bag as hard as I can.

Um, check please...

Styling: Emma Carson; Hair & Makeup: Brett Freeman. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.

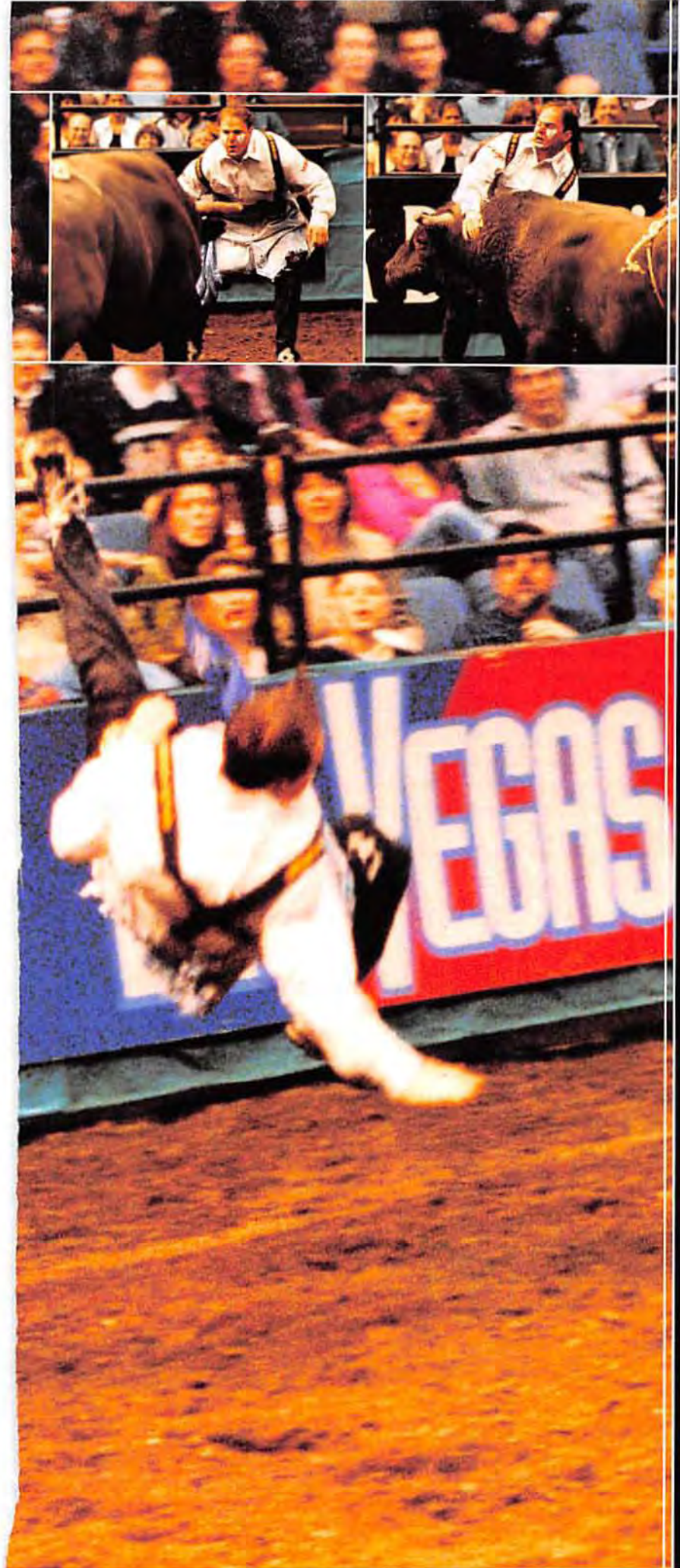


"I Was Stomped by a 1,000-Pound Bull!"

Stuff's man finds that being a rodeo clown is no joke.

By Matt Coppa
Photographs by David Harry Stewart

"Runway to Matt: You're clear for a landing."



I've never been so petrified in all my life. I couldn't spit. Hell, I could barely breathe. And the stench of bullshit in the air wasn't the only thing about to make me pass out. Walking into the bullring, I kept reminding myself what these bozos who call themselves bullfighters had told me: "What the hell you afraid of, boy? Just fake right and go left, and that dumb ol' bull won't even touch ya." Sounds simple, but why was I choking back chunks of chow as my head filled with the screams of 16,000 bloodthirsty rodeo fans waiting to see the first Coppa-kabob ever served up at Long Island's Nassau Coliseum? After last-second advice from my co-clowns, I settled into my bullfighting stance about 15 feet from the wooden gate that stood between me and a snarling, 900-pound Mexican bull. I could hear Toro bashing the gate, waiting to make me his cow. My hands shook like shrubbery in a cyclone, and my legs were about as sturdy as freshly boiled pasta. That's when the gate snapped open and the bull ripped out of there like the alien from John Hurt's stomach.

YOU CALL THIS CLOWNING?

The Professional Bull Riders (PBR) tour is the mother of all rodeo events. It features 45 top riders, who travel to 29 cities in pursuit of a $6.2 million purse. The rodeo clowns are the guys who save the riders' lives once they get tossed into the cow pies by 1,800 pounds of the toughest Grade A beef you've ever seen.

The bullfighters cover the cowboys' cabooses in many ways, but the most common technique involves throwing themselves between the bull and the human Koosh balls. They're also responsible for entertaining the crowd between rounds by playing with the bulls like pet cats, pushing their luck until they find themselves skewered, filleted and mashed. Translation: fun for the whole family.

The average bullfighter has to work two jobs because the pay is, well, bullshit. Even top clowns are lucky to get a few thousand bucks for a show. Every bozo I met had broken more than 100 bones, some had suffered broken backs and one guy had had his neck snapped. As the clowns say, "It's not a matter of *if* you get hurt—it's *when*."

Being from Brooklyn, I rarely had the opportunity to lock horns with a bull. When I got this assignment, the PR woman at The Nashville Network (TNN), which televises PBR events, was deceptively reassuring. "Oh, we've done this plenty of times," she said in a charming Southern drawl. "You'll be in the ring with the bull and three other clowns for only about 20 seconds. It's really safe, and there's nothing to worry about." I figured that a photographer would get a couple of quick shots of the bull with me 100 feet away. If he got too close, the other clowns could distract him with balloon animals or seltzer or something.

I arrived at the Coliseum and saw the home of the New York Islanders transformed into a scene from *Blazing Saddles*, complete with ▷▷▷

3 million pounds of dirt, 90,000 pounds of steel and 160,000 pounds of bull. I was introduced to rodeo clown Ron Craver. The guy looked like he'd been sleeping faceup in a desert windstorm for three years. Built like a barn, Ron had been battling bulls for more than 25 years. He offered to share some tips on how to avoid getting killed.

I followed him into the ring, babbling like Billy Crystal to Jack Palance, when he stopped about 15 feet out and pointed toward the bullpen. "OK, you're gonna be right about here when the bull charges," he said stone-faced, as if he were sentencing me to death. "You want to stand square on the balls of your dawgs."

Fifteen feet from the gate? Dawgs? What the hell was this guy talking about? "Whoa, pardner!" I said. "I thought I was going to be, you know, like at the other end of the arena. How'm I gonna run away?" Ron laughed. "A bull's got four legs, and you just got them two little ones. So how can you run away from a bull, boy? If you turn tail, he'll plow you down like a truck."

Then we ran into 27-year-old *former* clown Josh Lucia. Why didn't he bullfight anymore? "I have a kid and didn't want to leave him without a poppa," he said.

In clown school, bullfighters learn to evade the bulls by luring them to within a foot of their painted faces and then juking them out with a Barry Sanders fake-left, go-right move. "After 20 seconds, he'll just get bored with ya—then you're gonna have to go after him," Josh said. "A nice move is putting your hat on his dang head. It gets the crowd going." There was no goddamned way I'd do anything of the sort. "Pleasing the crowd" was on my agenda right below "staying alive." I imagined hearing the announcer say, "Poor Matt's been pounded into trail mix—but listen to that applause!"

Ron loaned me his flak jacket and hip pads and started painting on my mask of death. As I put on my "battle gear," Leon Coffee and Rob "Kamikaze" Smets—two of the biggest names in rodeo—each sipped a can of Bud Light. Apparently, even they needed something to take the edge off. Rob had earned his libation. He's a five-time world champion bullfighter who's had his neck broken twice—and had a bull ram his horn nearly five inches into his taint. Yeow!

"Hey, man, you may get run over," Rob said, "but sometimes that's a good thing. When you get angry at the bull, it's gonna be fun." Huh? Clearly that Bud was too light. "But you know what the best thing is?" Rob asked with a smirk. "When you feel that bull's balls bouncing off the back of your head, 'cause that's when you know he ain't on ya no more."

THE FIRST RING OF HELL

The lights dimmed. The music started blaring. Fireworks went off. There was a moment of silence for former top PBR rider Glen Keeley, who had died two weeks prior. That's right—died. That was the first I'd heard of the tragedy. I later found out that he was stomped by a bull in a competition in Albuquerque. I did *not* file this in the Minor Oversight category.

When the event began, riders got tossed from their bucking bovines like low-fat pudding from Rosie O'Donnell's lunch menu. As each pen opened, the released bull went into a spasmodic fit, leaping and spinning. Each time a guy got tossed, the clowns would get close enough to French kiss the bull to ensure the rider's safety.

I got a tap on the shoulder from a TNN production guy. He might as well have been the angel of death. "You're goin' on, Matt. Now listen: I've seen, like, six guys with no experience do this. Four of 'em didn't move 'cause they were so fuckin' scared, and they got their heads stomped. So whatever you do—get your ass out of its way."

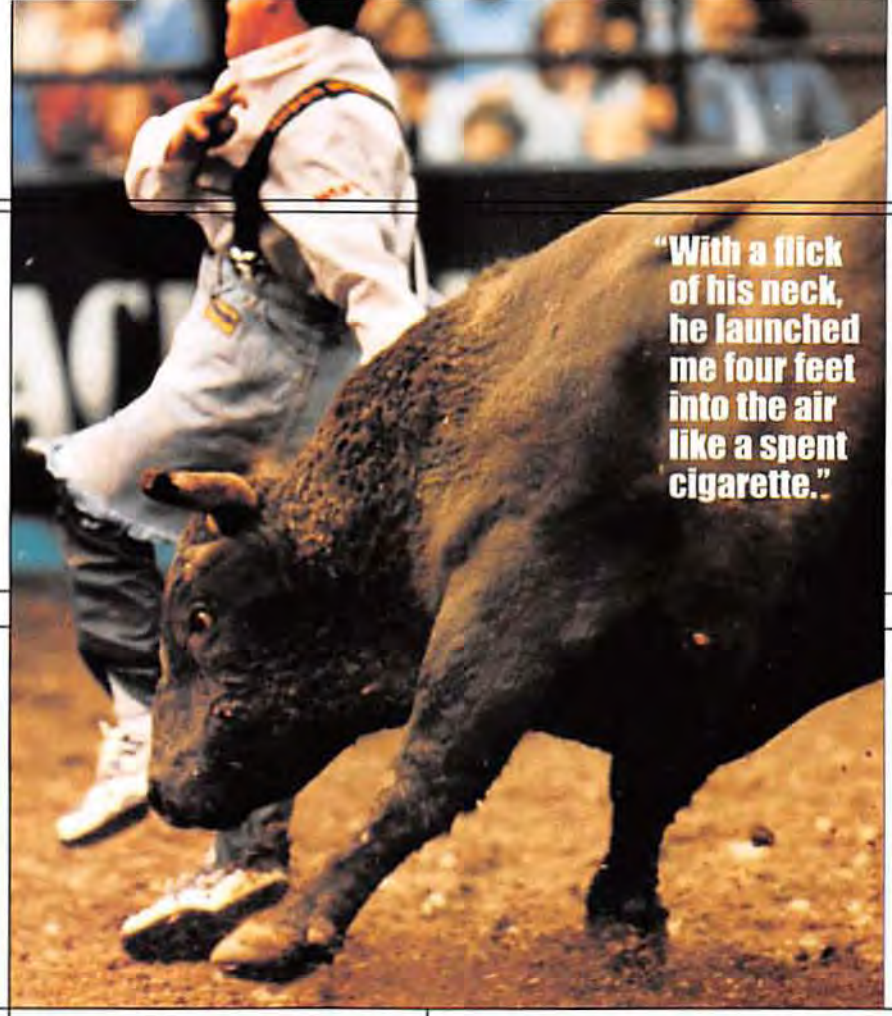
Rob walked me out onto the dirt. The veins in my neck pumped with a rush so intense that I thought blood would squirt out of my ears. A Southern drawl announced, "We have Matt Coppa from *Stuff* magazine. How's about a round of applause?" I waved at the crowd. *Yeah, cheer, ya ghouls*, I thought. *This is probably the last time I'll ever have use of my arms.*

The other clowns assured me that they'd be right there if anything happened, and I just kept nodding. I got into my stance, with my legs shoulder-width apart and slightly bent. I was as ready as I'd ever be. I squared off to the spot where the bull would soon stand. I saw the black Mex through the slats of the gate. He was about the size of a humvee, with a ruff of wiry hair on his head and horns that curled up about 10 inches. I nodded to the guys on the gate.

SOMEBODY CALL MY MOMMY

I expected an all-out bum rush at me. Instead, the bull sauntered out a few steps. I turned to face him—mistake. He got my mug in his crosshairs and suddenly took off toward me at breakneck (mine) speed. His head seemed to double in size with each stride. I shuffled to my right, setting him up for my move left. When he got within a few feet, I gave him a fake that would make a ballerina look like Chris Farley. Somehow, I got away with it. His horn hooked my right arm as he went by, and I managed to sneak into the "safe zone" next to his right shoulder. With my hand on top of his head, I ran in a tight circle around his concrete shoulder blade as he pirouetted like my dance partner. We went around a couple of times before he got annoyed and ran about five feet away.

OK, I can do this, I thought. Then he charged again. I did my feint-right, move-left, but this time he was waiting for it.



"With a flick of his neck, he launched me four feet into the air like a spent cigarette."

Matt takes the "lie in the fetal position and weep" line of defense

Photography: (Opening spread) Jan Knapik.

He bumped my ass with his head, and before he could hook me with his horns, I turned around and faced him with my chest. With a flick of his neck, he launched me four feet into the air like a spent cigarette. I did at least two helicopter spins before touchdown. The crowd went deathly silent as my body crash-landed, face first into the dirt, right in front of the killer cow.

The guys had told me that if I got tossed, I should ball up in a fetal position. I put my hands on the back of my head and clenched. *Boom!* He did the flamenco on my back and legs, kicking me like he was trying to get shit off his hooves. At the same time, he plowed his massive head into my back and tried to gore me to death. Holy shit! I was too freaked out to even process pain, and a second later, I felt him jump off. The other clowns distracted him, luring him about 20 feet away. With my life on the line, I scrambled frantically to my feet. The crowd was quiet, and that worried me. I checked my personal inventory: Arms and legs moving. No blood. *I'm alive!* I raised my arms and screamed, "I'm OK!!!" The audience went nuts.

I have never been so pumped in all my life. I wasn't scared anymore—just stoked to nuclear-meltdown level. As I walked out of the ring, clowns, publicists and riders all patted me on the back. They were relieved that I wasn't dead. Hell, they were just impressed that I wasn't looking for long-term psychological counseling. "We should have given you a couple more pointers before you stepped into the arena," Rob said. "You would have had more of a clue."

Miraculously, I got out of there with only a few scrapes and bruises. But just a few inches higher or lower and I could have been dead or paralyzed. Knowing my editors, that wouldn't even faze them. I can just see the next assignment: Quadriplegic clown jumps Grand Canyon in rocket-powered wheelchair!

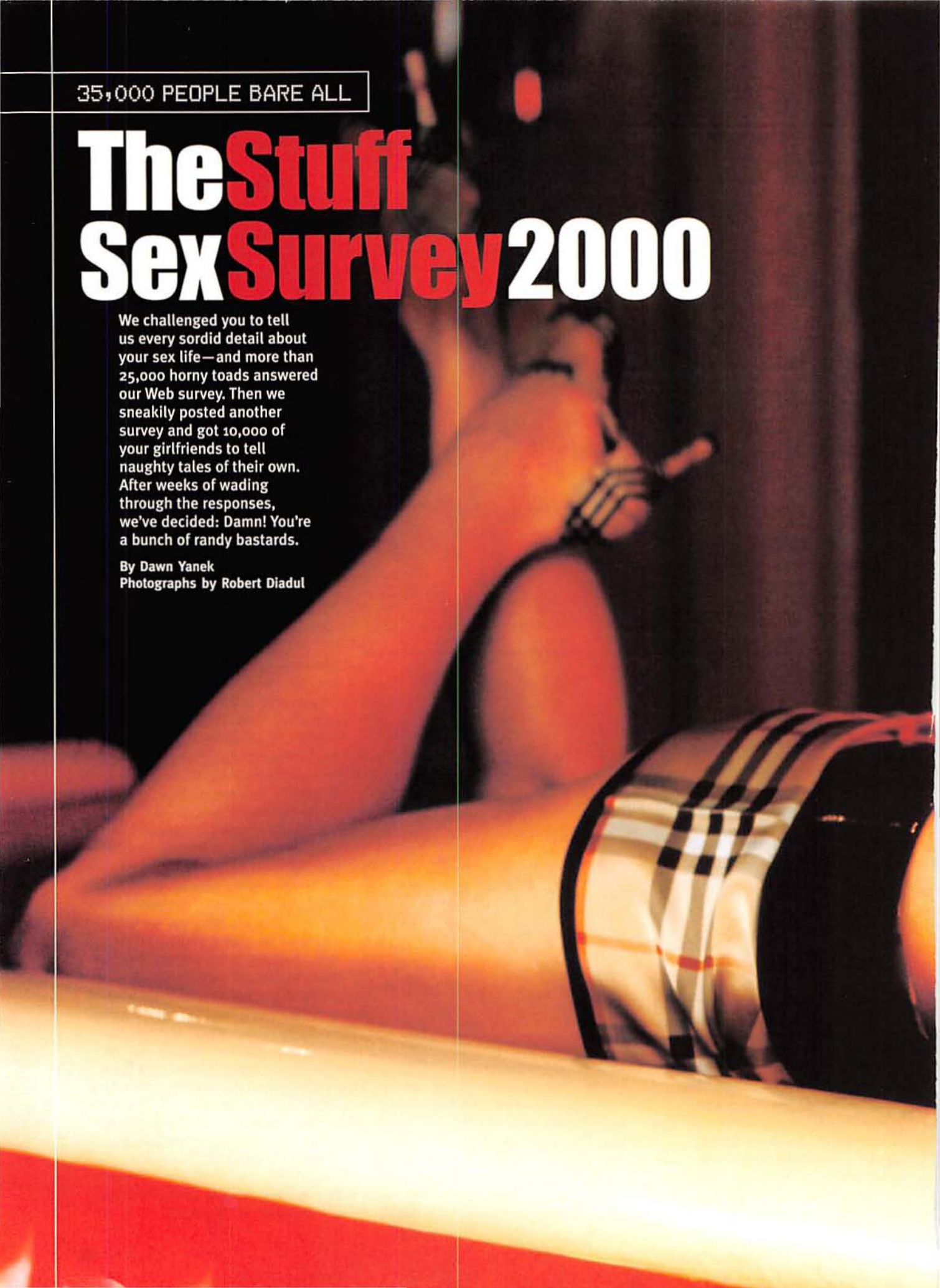
The PBR airs on TNN, Sundays at 9 P.M. and Thursdays at 10 P.M. ET.

35,000 PEOPLE BARE ALL

The Stuff Sex Survey 2000

We challenged you to tell us every sordid detail about your sex life—and more than 25,000 horny toads answered our Web survey. Then we sneakily posted another survey and got 10,000 of your girlfriends to tell naughty tales of their own. After weeks of wading through the responses, we've decided: Damn! You're a bunch of randy bastards.

By Dawn Yanek
Photographs by Robert Diadul



YOUR ROMP RÉSUMÉ

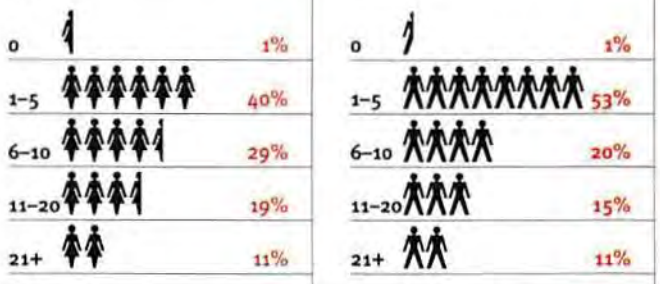
So you lost your virginity to a girl named Jenny and you've had five one-night stands since. Who *hasn't*?

1 HOW OLD WERE YOU WHEN YOU FIRST GAVE IT UP?

As you might recall from your lonely, binder-in-front-of-your-pants days, you weren't gettin' any as soon as you would've liked: **52%** of you hit 16 with your virginity intact. But it wasn't that girls your age weren't having sex (since **53%** of them lost it by then)—they just weren't having it with you.

2 HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE YOU HAD SEX WITH?

We weren't impressed with the restraint demonstrated by the **41%** of you who've gone to the hoop with five or fewer fillies. More heartening was the **41%** who couldn't recall all of their conquests' names and the **32%** who once made a fantastically juvenile list of all the ladies they've bedded.



JENNIFERS ARE EASY

We are betting men, and we will wager one dollar and our favorite Heidi Klum poster that at some point in your life you've bumped uglies with a girl named Jennifer. Why the cocksure confidence? Well, according to our survey spies, this is how many of you have bedded a...

JENNIFER	32%
MICHELLE	23%
LISA	23%
HEATHER	18%
REBECCA	17%

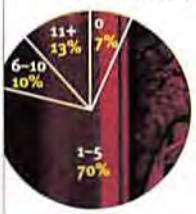
3 HOW MANY TIMES A WEEK DO YOU WISH YOU HAD SEX?

MEN		WOMEN	
0	0.5%	0	1.5%
1–3	6.5%	1–3	13.5%
4–6	19%	4–6	38%
7+	74%	7+	47%

Guys and gals do the nasty an average of 3.5 times a week, so it's no surprise that **93%** of the guys want more. But get this: **85%** of the ladies are just as horny. So put down that Bud, and stop talking the talk and start walking the walk.

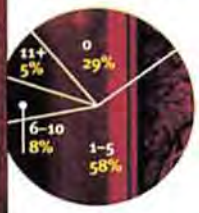
4 HOW MANY TIMES A WEEK DO YOU (AHEM) GROOM THE WOOKIEE?

Despite your in-the-sack status, an overwhelmingly honest number of you—**93%**—still rendezvous with ever-faithful Rosie Palm and her five sisters at least once a week, with 3.5 whacks being the average. (Note to the **7%** of alleged non-masturbators: yeah, right.)



AND NOW FOR THE LADIES...

We were overjoyed to see **71%** of women finally coming out of the bathtub and admitting that they have hairy palms, too. What are their methods of manual labor?



FRIENDLY FINGERS	57%
VIBRATORS	26%
SHOWERHEADS	13%

In the "other" category: vibrating eggs (adds unique flavor to her omelettes), electric toothbrushes minus the brushes, various oblong vegetables, pillows, stuffed animals, hot-tub jets and "big, juicy kumquats."

71%
OF WOMEN MASTURBATE ONCE A WEEK OR MORE

5 HOW MANY ONE-NIGHTERS HAVE YOU HAD?

MEN		WOMEN	
0	23%	0	36%
1–5	52%	1–5	51%
6–9	10%	6–9	8%
10–19	5%	10–19	3%
20+	10%	20+	2%

It's rare to *not* have had a hot, sweaty "wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am" with a virtual stranger—and, hey, we're not complaining. But the thing that baffled us: **56%** of gals and **62%** of guys sometimes or never use a condom when they do. Not to get all preachy on your ass, but are you nuts?!

85%
OF WOMEN WANT TO HAVE MORE SEX

YOUR BEST EXCUSES FOR NOT GETTIN' ANY

- There's a finite number of sperm in a man's body, and I want to save the good ones.
- The unfortunate will of God.
- Even McGwire has slumps...
- I'm holding out for a girl who shares my passion for *Sim City*.
- I was dating a nun. None today, none tomorrow.
- I'm really enjoying being by myself right now.
- Girls can be so shallow. They don't get the whole "I live with my mom in Jersey" thing. ▷▷▷

WHAT MAKES YOU HORNY

What you like, what she likes and what she'd like you to try tonight.

1 WHAT IS THE SEXIEST PART OF THE OPPOSITE SEX'S BODY?

MEN	
BREASTS	41%
BUTT	28%
FEET	22%
LEGS	5%
EYES	4%
WOMEN	
EYES	24%
SHOULDERS	18%
ABS	12%
BUTT	11%
PENIS	8%
OTHER	27%

Frankly, we're scared of the **22%** of you who cited feet as a lady's best part. But we just might buy stock in Dr. Scholls.

2 WHAT HAIR COLOR TURNS YOU ON?

	MEN	WOMEN
BLOND	45%	22%
BRUNETTE	49%	75%
REDHEAD	6%	3%

Think Jennifer Lopez, Jennifer Love Hewitt, Catherine Zeta-Jones and Salma Hayek, and then you might begin to understand why brunettes have edged out blondes by **4%**. We don't have to rack our brains to surmise why an overwhelming number of women go for dark-haired dudes. Fabio has a lot to answer for.

3 DO YOU ENJOY GOING TO TOWN DOWNTOWN?

MEN	
NO	6%
SORT OF (AS LONG AS IT MEANS SHE'LL GO DOWN ON ME)	37%
LOVE IT	57%
WOMEN	
NO	8%
SORT OF (AS LONG AS IT MEANS HE'LL GO DOWN ON ME)	39%
LOVE IT	53%

You read that right, Jack—**53%** of women actually *want* to go down on you, and an additional **39%** kinda, sorta don't mind it as long as you've had a shower. And women can no longer call fellas selfish bastards. While **31%** of women wanted more oral attention, **57%** of you are ready and willing to give it, with another Machiavellian **37%** saying you'll deliver the goods as long as you get rewarded in kind. A tongue for a tongue and all that.

4 WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE POSITION?

	MEN	WOMEN
DOGGY	42%	24%
MISSIONARY	33%	22%
COWGIRL ON TOP	19%	32%
69	3%	6%
STANDING	0%	2%

Getting busy like hounds is never a bad thing, but you like the view from the backcourt more than your lady friend: **42%** of American men love tailgating, compared with only **24%** of women. So what does she prefer? **32%** would rather take charge, hop on board and ride themselves to nirvana. Damn control freaks.

5 IS GETTING A BLOW JOB BETTER THAN HAVING SEX?

32% of American men sure as hell think so: When asked to choose between sex and head for the rest of their God-given lives, this mob voted for the humvee over the humpty-hump. Maybe it's because American women are grand masters in the art of oral sex: **45%** of our female respondents claim that their secret sexual weapon is the ability to give one bitchin' blow job. Um, sorry to burst your bubble, ladies, but our rigorous research suggests that **100%** of men agree that pretty much any blow job is a bitchin' blow job.

SIZE MATTERS

Sure, it's all about the motion of the ocean, but how's your dinghy doing?

1 HOW LONG IS YOUR JOHNSON?

4 INCHES OR LESS	7%
5 INCHES	8%
6 INCHES	35%
7 INCHES	33%
8+ INCHES	17%

Disproving 200 years of scientific research, the average *Stuff* reader packs 7.1171781 inches (every micromillimeter counts)—an entire inch more than the national average. Right, and John Rocker's engaged to Queen Latifah.

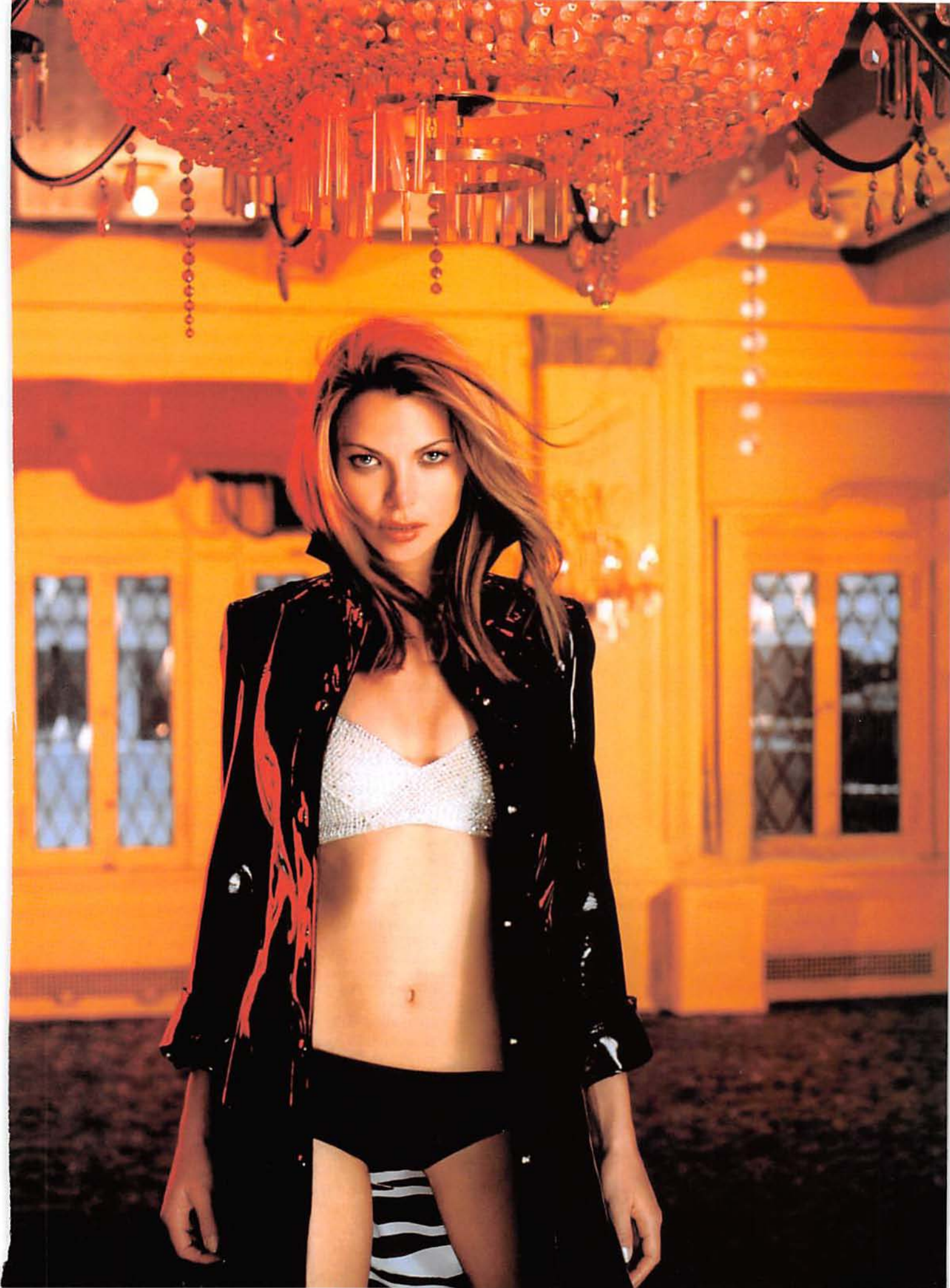
2 QUESTION FOR THE LADIES: DOES SIZE REALLY MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

Get ready for a low blow: **54%** said they're ultradisappointed by a junior johnson. But settle down, stumpy. She probably thinks you're longer than you are. **48%** said their guy's well-hung, and another **47%** said he was average. Their ideal? 6.7 inches, but be careful: **26%** will only entertain 8 or more.

RUSSELL THE LOVE MUSCLE

...and other bizarre names she has for it.

- EVIL PENEVIL
- THOR, THE LOVE WARRIOR
- VESUVIUS
- MONTY THE PYTHON
- THE CREATOR
- PEEPER DEETER
- MINI-ME
- REVEREND LOVEJOY AND HIS TWO FRIENDS, HOMER SIMPSON AND NED FLANDERS
- THE MONOLITH
- THE PELVIC PUNISHER ▷▷▷



DOING THE FREAKY-DEAKY

From nipple clamps to anal beads, these are the depraved things you do.

1 WHAT'S THE KINKIEST THING YOU'VE EVER DONE?

	MEN	WOMEN
DIRTY TALK	22%	66%
LIGHT BONDAGE	11%	33%
HANDCUFFS	8%	25%
SEX TOYS	16%	26%
SPANKING	13%	33%
BLINDFOLDS	11%	30%
REAL NASTY STUFF	4%	5%

Bad girl...talkin' 'bout the bad, bad girl. As the prophet Donna Summer once said, women are a kinkier bunch—dirty-talking **44%** more, slappin' butts **20%** more and bonding with bondage **39%** more than you. (The question is: *Who* are they doing all this debauched stuff with—and why aren't they inviting us 'round to watch?) Where did the guys excel? In the freaky category, with **3%** of you having swung your stuff at a swingers' club.

2 EVER HAD A THREE'S COMPANY THREESOME?

We weren't exactly stunned that **64%** of you wanted to get X-rated with your own Chrissy and Janet, but what's up with the **17%** who wouldn't mind trying the beef in a *Dukes of Hazzard* trio? The ladies' results are extra-promising: While only **15%** have gotten it on with more than one partner, **25%** said they fantasize about having a threesome or moresome. There is a God.

3 QUESTION FOR THE LADIES: HAVE YOU EVER GOTTEN HOT AND HEAVY WITH ANOTHER WOMAN?

Here's some fodder for your fantasies: **31%** of women have actually had sex with another gal, while **46%** have at least played tongue kung fu. What a lovely thought...

4 HAVE YOU EVER DONE THE BACKDOOR BOOGIE WITH A WOMAN?

A staggering **52%** of you have somehow convinced some gal somewhere to break that final frontier and let you play rear admiral.

25%
OF WOMEN FANTASIZE ABOUT THREESOMES

LOOK INSIDE HER DIRTY MIND

Your girlfriends tell us their favorite repeat fantasies.

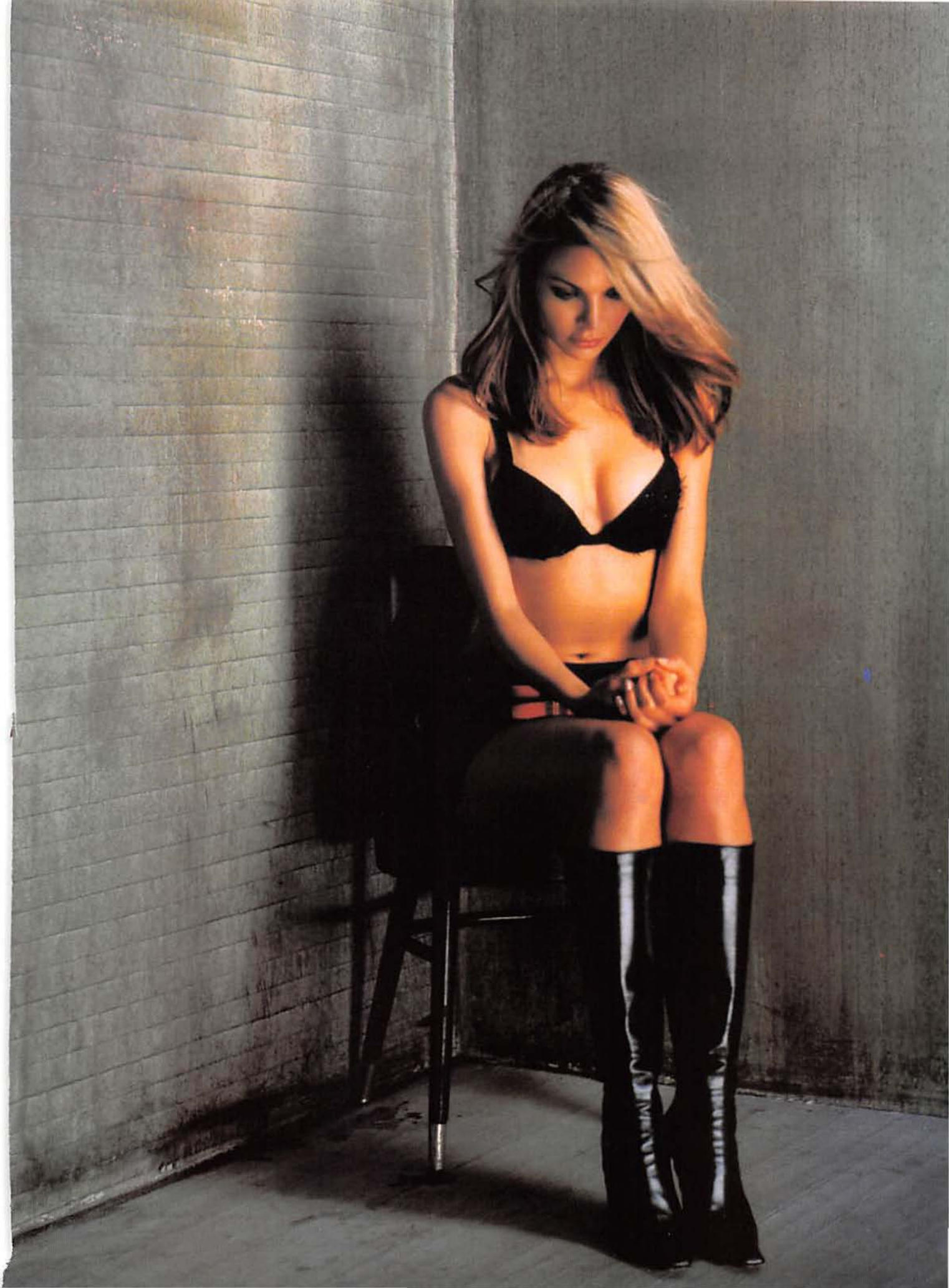
- To be pleasured all night long by two very skillful and beautiful blond women.
- Sex in the aisle of an airplane while the plane is taking off. Spectators essential.
- Log cabin. Candles. Fireplace. Bearskin rug. Champagne. Guy. We do it over and over for days and days.
- Sex in an enormous bowl of whipped cream.
- An innocent, all-girl slumber party turns erotic as we use anything within reaching distance to get off.
- Giving oral sex to an old man.
- Being tied to a huge canvas as some random guy paints my body with warm mud.
- Role-playing "Bank Teller and Customer" while wearing a name tag and thigh-highs.
- Dressed in a little, plaid Catholic school uniform and doing the nasty in the library.
- Being handcuffed by a cop who's being liberal with his billy club.

"TALK TO ME LIKE KRUSTY THE CLOWN"

The strangest sexual requests she's ever made.

- She told me to call out the names of all the other women I'd been with.
- She asked me to paint a smiley face on the head of my penis.
- "I want you to fuck me from behind...but lovingly."
- She wanted me to role-play Lex Luthor "raping" Lois Lane.
- "Can you dress up like Little Bo Peep and shave my wool?"
- She wanted me to wear a bra, shave my downstairs area and let her do a little deep-anal fishing with her magic strap-on wand.
- "Inside I am night—let your mooncock light up my darkness."
- To make love to her on top of a mountain so that her dead dad could see.
- She asked me to use mustard as a lubricant. It had to be Grey Poupon, Country Dijon. She would blow me right before I came because she said that she liked the taste of them together.
- To do her from behind while she looked out the window and howled at the moon.
- She asked me to grow a second penis so she could have one in her mouth and one in her pooty at the same time.
- To eat more peaches so that my jism would taste sweeter.
- "Do me like I'm your mommy!"
- "Don't take off my bra. I'm too drunk to put it back on, and I really don't want to go home without it."

▷▷▷



SEX IN THE USA

How do you stack up against your fellow Americans?

SOUTHEAST Good ol' boys claim to have the biggest trouser trombones on the continent (aside from the Canadians who responded, whom we don't believe anyway). **73%** of Virginians say that they wield apparatuses *averaging* 8 inches. The guys from North Carolina thrust into second, with an average of 7.8.

FLORIDA Spring Break is where the action is. Floridians took the lead in one-nighters, with **39%** of them having had more than 4. The ladies don't seem to have any complaints about this: They're apparently so satisfied with their sex lives that they masturbate less than women elsewhere in America, averaging less than 1 whack a week.

NORTHEAST Hate the cold winters and attitudes up North? Deal with it. **30%** of the ladies there have had a ménage à more (compared with the nationwide average of **15%**), **34%** play with sex toys and **54%** love giving blow jobs. Book yourself on the next flight to Jersey.

NEW YORK Damn Yanks. They get the most action in the sack: 4 sweat sessions per week. But perhaps that inflated stat is due to the fact that they also top the list when it comes to cheating, with **20%** of them having bitten into some other gal's big apple more than once.

MIDWEST More than **15%** of Michigan men believe that dating is like paying for sex. Our data did not reveal whether these Wolverines were justified or are just cheap bastards. Still, money apparently talks: Nearly **50%** of them have nailed more than 9 women.

NORTHWEST The land of the Frappuccino is also the land of the mini weenie. The guys out there have micro-wands, coming in at an average of 5.8 inches (and we all know they didn't undermeasure). No doubt this is why they only get 1 pity lay a week. But the dudes in California redeemed the region, with **25%** of them having convinced ladies to let them be backdoor conquistadors. Don't ya wish they all could be California girls...

SOUTHWEST You guys are the biggest jerk-offs in the country, taking masturbation matters into your own hands 5 times a week, on average. Either you're as revved up as rabbits, or it's just dry and dull out there. The gals, too, were overachievers in the wanking category, with **39%** of them getting real friendly with vibrators (and **21%** of that number coming from Texas).

WHAT'S THE BIGGEST LIE YOU'VE EVER TOLD TO GET A WOMAN IN THE SACK?

- My penis is naturally ribbed.
- I'm going to inherit $1 million from a long-lost uncle under one condition—if I sleep with a total stranger and take some Polaroids to confirm the scenario.
- I have a nine-inch tongue and can breathe out of my ears.
- I just want to cuddle.
- I'm going to fight in Iraq, and I'm really scared.
- Puff Daddy actually tried to shoot me once.
- I'm gay and have never done it with a woman.
- I have a terminal disease that's attacking my equipment, and the doctor says that I need to enjoy it before the "operation."
- I'm a recovering crack addict, and sex relieves my craving for drugs.
- I just got circumcised and want to try out my brand-new unsheathed saber.
- I'm heir to the Oreo empire.
- I'm an editor for *Stuff*.

PUBLIC DISPLAYS OF ERECTION

The weirdest places you've ever had sex.

- On a military range when the troops were doing live mortar exercises.
- I was the happy recipient of a BJ on Disneyland's Monorail.
- A confession booth at church. I'm going straight to hell.
- My father's funeral home. In a coffin.
- I got a blow job while ordering dinner at a HoJo.
- In an inner tube floating down the Ichetucknee River in Florida, with dozens of other people around.
- In my cop car, in the back of the police station.
- In a gun turret on the *USS North Carolina* in Wilmington.
- Three quarters of the way up a telephone pole in Cuba.
- In her parents' bed...while they were sleeping in there.
- Midnight on Friday the 13th in a graveyard. Every year.
- At all the presidential memorials in D.C. Lincoln's was the best.
- I got a hand job while standing in the crowd at a Phish concert.
- I had sex with a bag of scallops on a fishing boat.

HIGH INFIDELITY

Sure, men are pigs. But women are lying, cheating pigs.

1 HAVE YOU EVER CHEATED?

	MEN	WOMEN
I'D NEVER CHEAT	42%	25%
NO, BUT I'D LIKE TO	11%	20%
YES, BUT ONLY ONCE	41%	30%
YES, NUMEROUS TIMES	6%	25%

Baffled we are. Fellas—who have awful, unfortunate and undeserved reputations as players (can we milk this any more?)—are significantly more honest and faithful to their significant others. Women, on the other hand, are more likely to lie, cheat and generally destroy lives. The top reasons? Thoughts of true love with the new guy, revenge, comparison shopping and, uh, being horny.

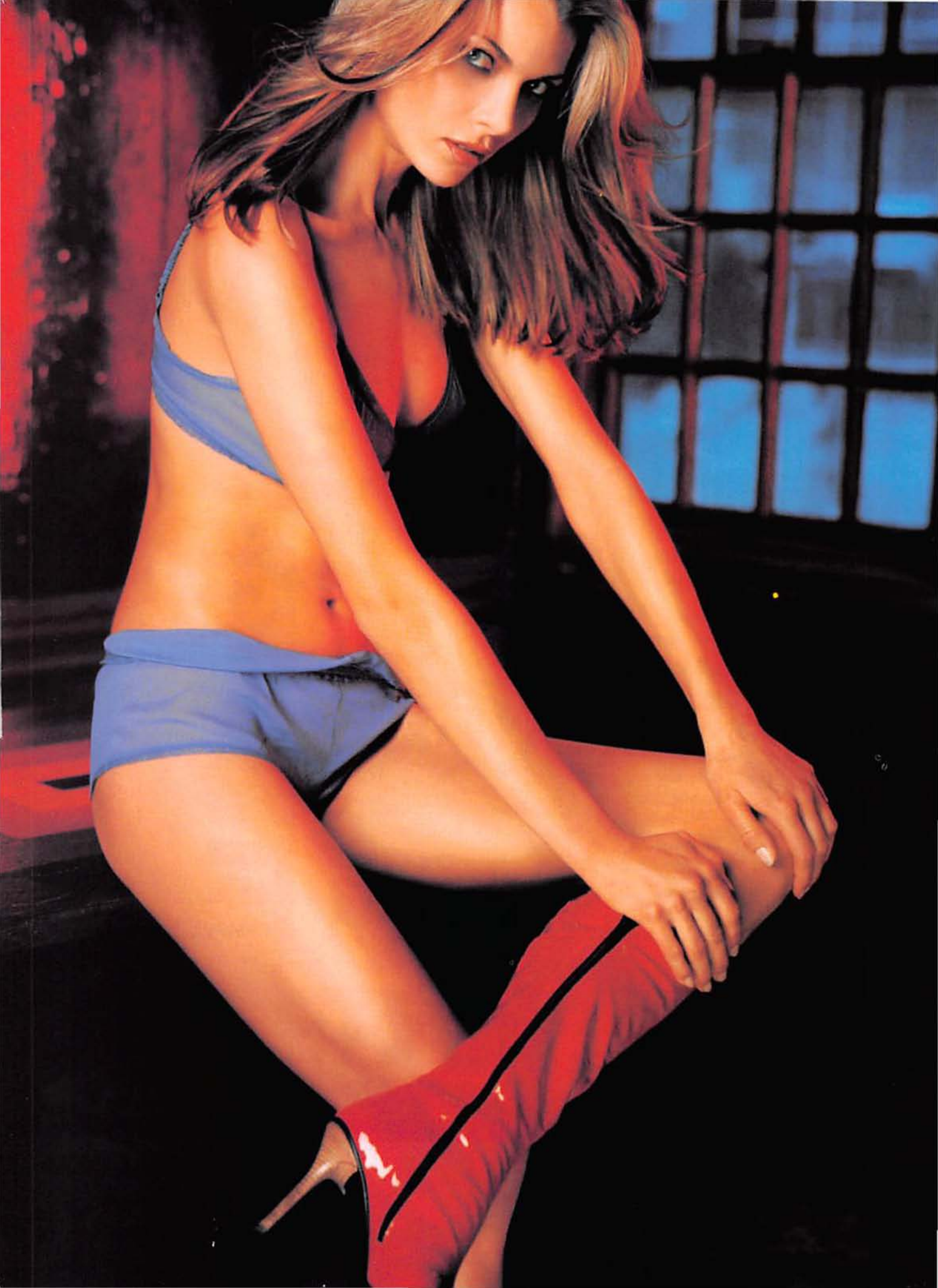
2 HAVE YOU EVER HAD SEX TWICE IN 24 HOURS—WITH DIFFERENT PARTNERS?
This just in: Our reputation as horndogs remains intact. **58%** of guys have done the rumba with different ladies in the same day.

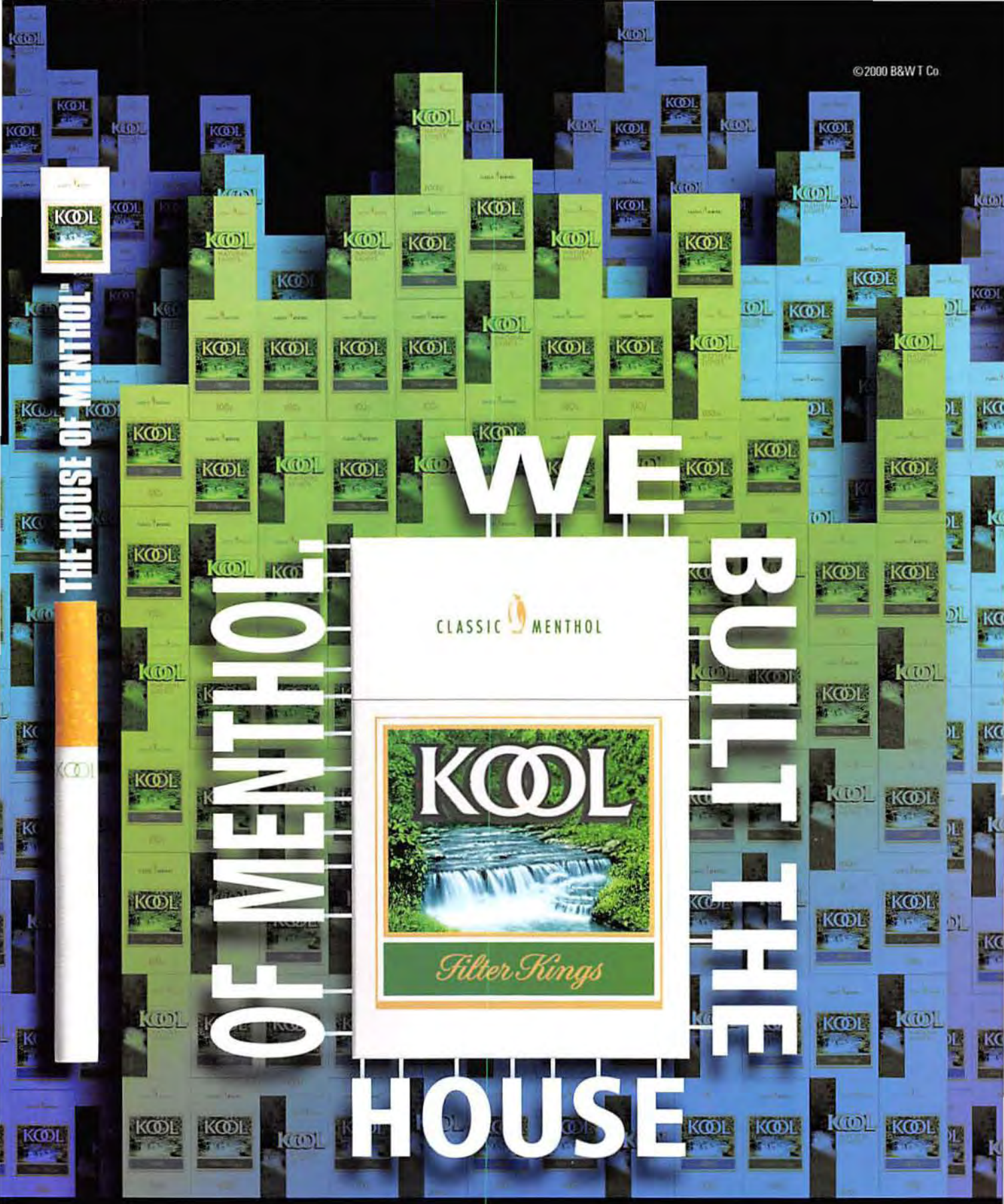
3 EVER PAID FOR SEX?
Is dating *that* bad? **38%** of you think it's like doling out dough to get some. Still, there *is* a difference—and **10%** of you have crossed that line for a hummer and **9%** for sex. Well, it *is* 20 to blow, 40 to throw...or so we've heard.

TOO HOT FOR THE MAGAZINE!

We wanted to include the gnarliest sex positions you've ever contorted your body into and other depraved, filthy stories—but our lawyers had "concerns" about it. Eh, screw 'em. To see the rest of the completely unedited, uncut details, log on to **www.stuff-mag.com.**

Styling: Sarah Gore Rowan. Hair: Luis Guillermo for John Frieda Frizz-ease. Makeup: Bryn Smoot for





Box Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Actual deliveries will vary based on how you hold and smoke your cigarette. For more product information, visit our website at **www.brownandwilliamson.com**

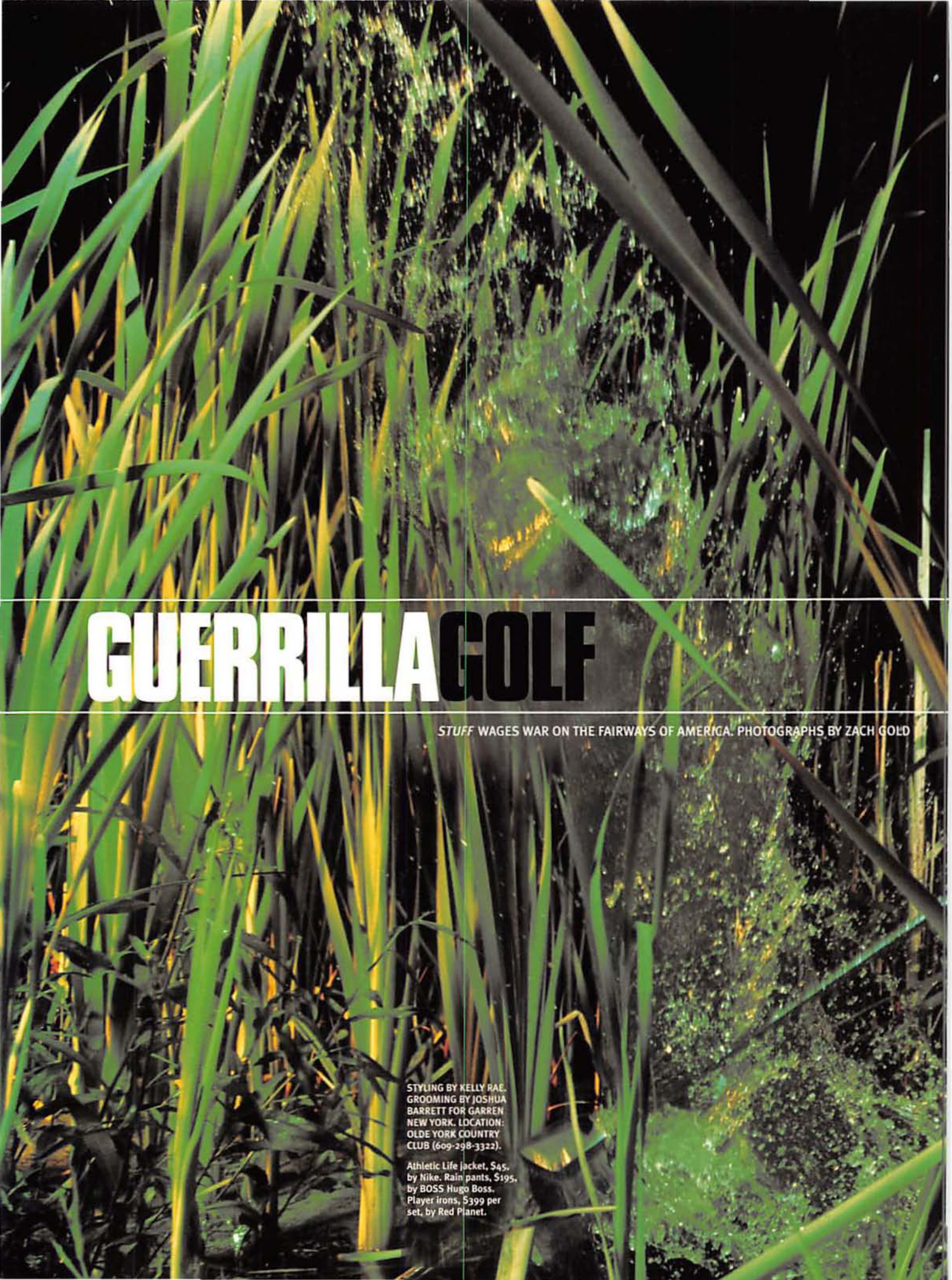
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

InstantCool

FOR THE MAN WHO HAS ALMOST EVERYTHING

NOT YOUR POP'S GOLF GEAR. Not your pop's rules either. Our man whacks one out of the sand trap with the Ultimate Driver, $250, by Alien. Sweatshirt, $29, by Golf Punk. Reversible pants, $59, by Jnco. Jazz Fade sneakers, $50, by Saucony.

Photograph by Zach Gold



GUERRILLA GOLF

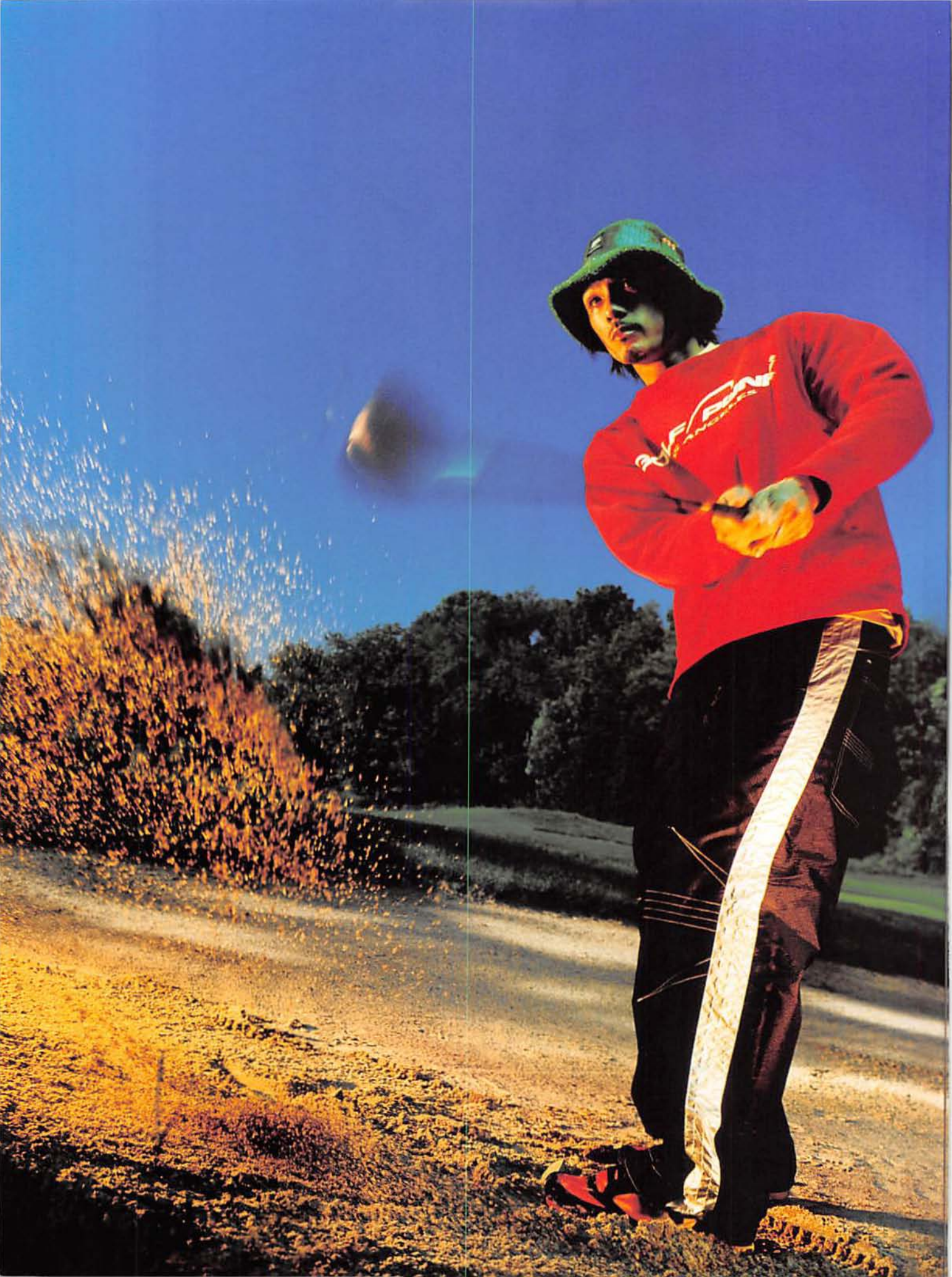
STUFF WAGES WAR ON THE FAIRWAYS OF AMERICA. PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZACH GOLD

STYLING BY KELLY RAE. GROOMING BY JOSHUA BARRETT FOR GARREN NEW YORK. LOCATION: OLDE YORK COUNTRY CLUB (609-298-3322).

Athletic Life jacket, $45, by Nike. Rain pants, $195, by BOSS Hugo Boss. Player irons, $399 per set, by Red Planet.

This page: Pirelli Inter Football shirt, $70, by Nike. Viscose pants, $228, by Emporio Armani. Street Style headphones, $40, by Sony. G-Glide watch, $120, by Casio. T-Zoid Pro II irons, $1,080 per set, by Mizuno. Ball, $35 per 12-pack, by Nike.

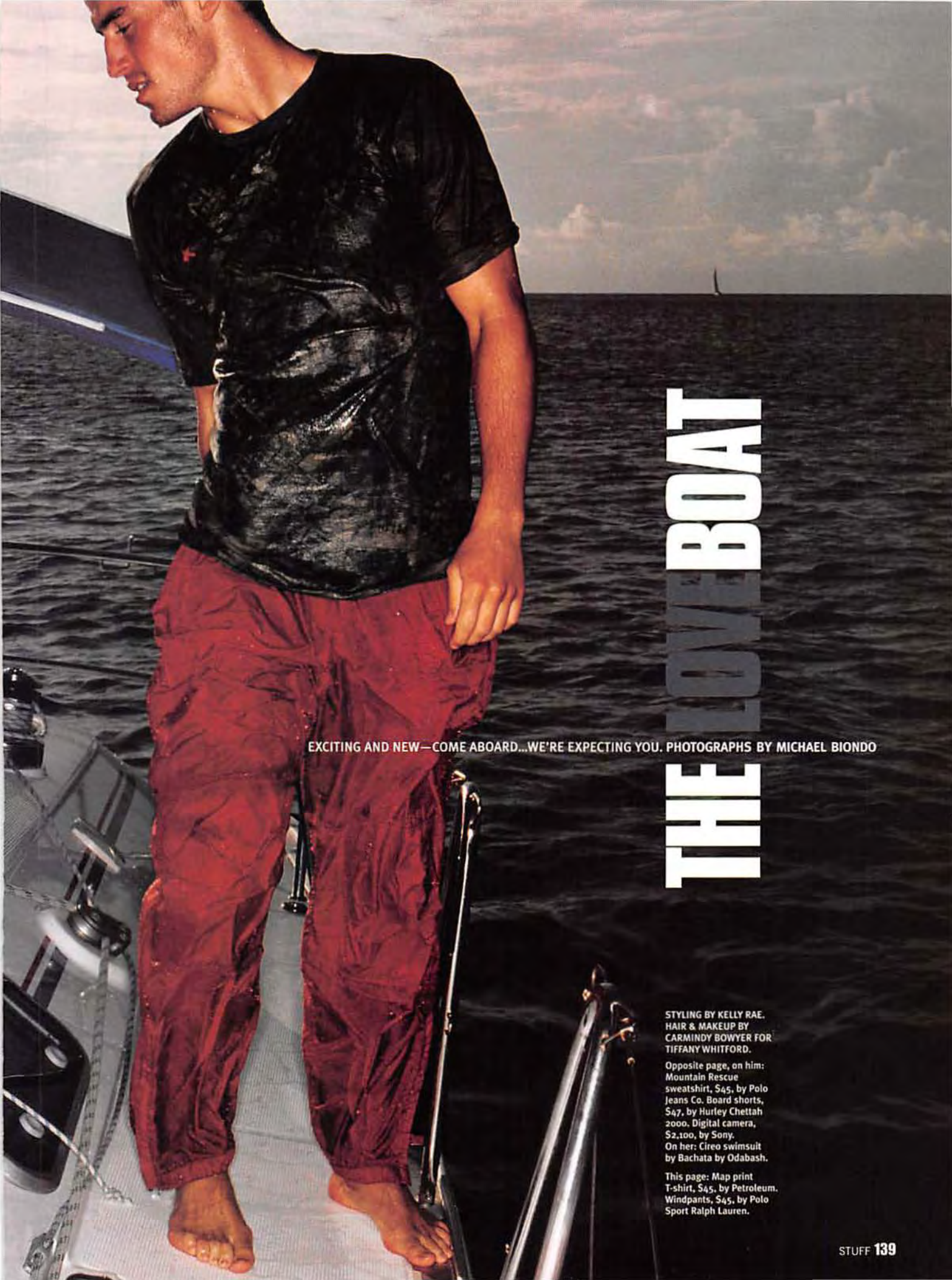
Opposite page: Sweater, $230, by D&G Dolce & Gabbana. Tutch mallet putter, $50, by Allen. Ball, $35 per 12-pack, by Nike.



Opposite page: Sweatshirt, $29, by Golf Punk. Reversible pants, $59, by Jnco. Jazz Fade sneakers, $50, by Saucony. Ultimate irons, $499 per set, by Allen.

This page: Baby lamb vest by New York Industrie by Staff Int., special order at Barney's. Tiger shirt, $85, by All Saints. Polamide pants, $345, by New York Industrie by Staff Int. Bent Grass golf shoes, $49, by Yippo. Ultimate wedge, $70, by Allen.

SONY



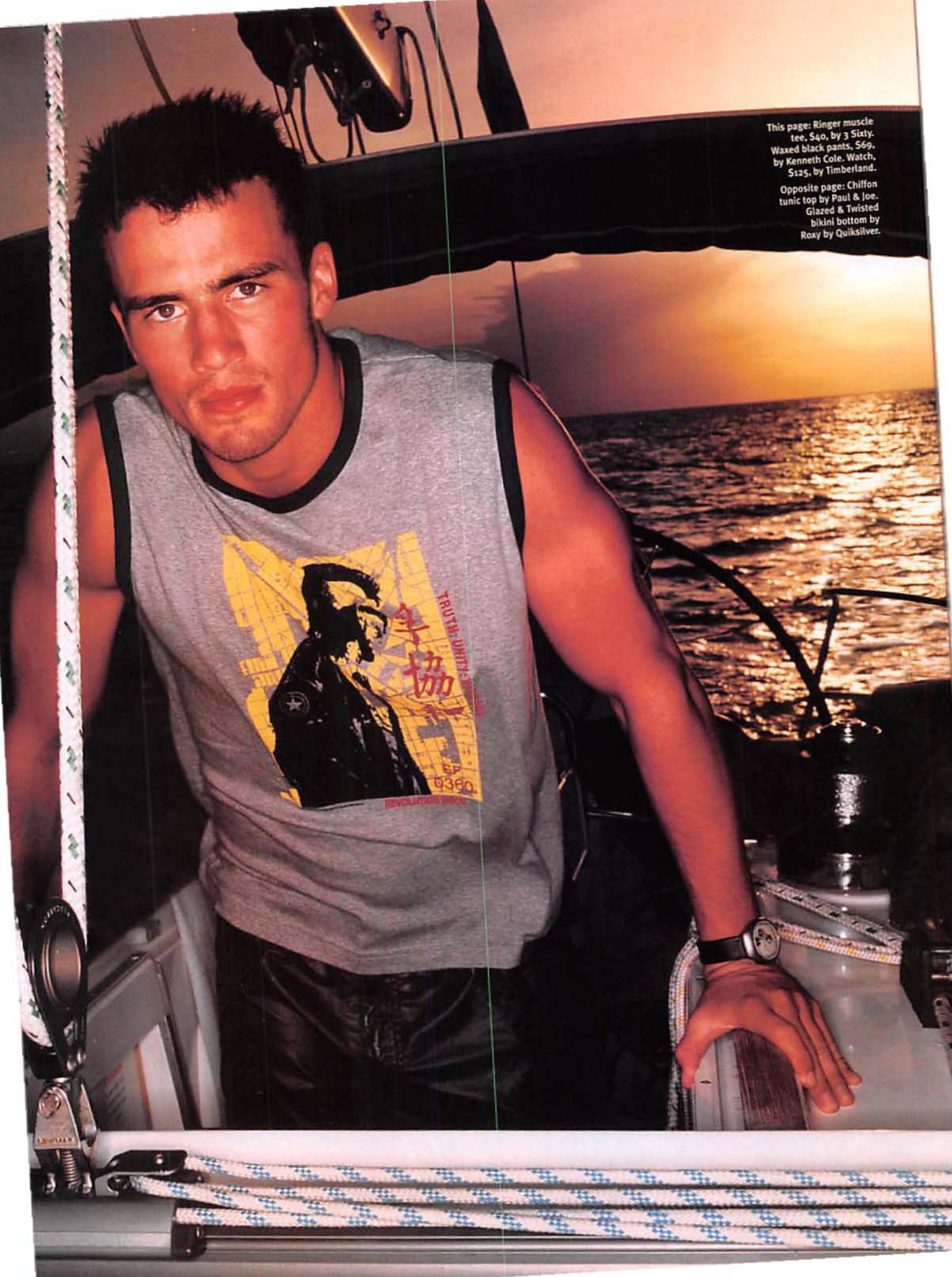
THE LOVE BOAT

EXCITING AND NEW—COME ABOARD...WE'RE EXPECTING YOU. PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL BIONDO

STYLING BY KELLY RAE. HAIR & MAKEUP BY CARMINDY BOWYER FOR TIFFANY WHITFORD.

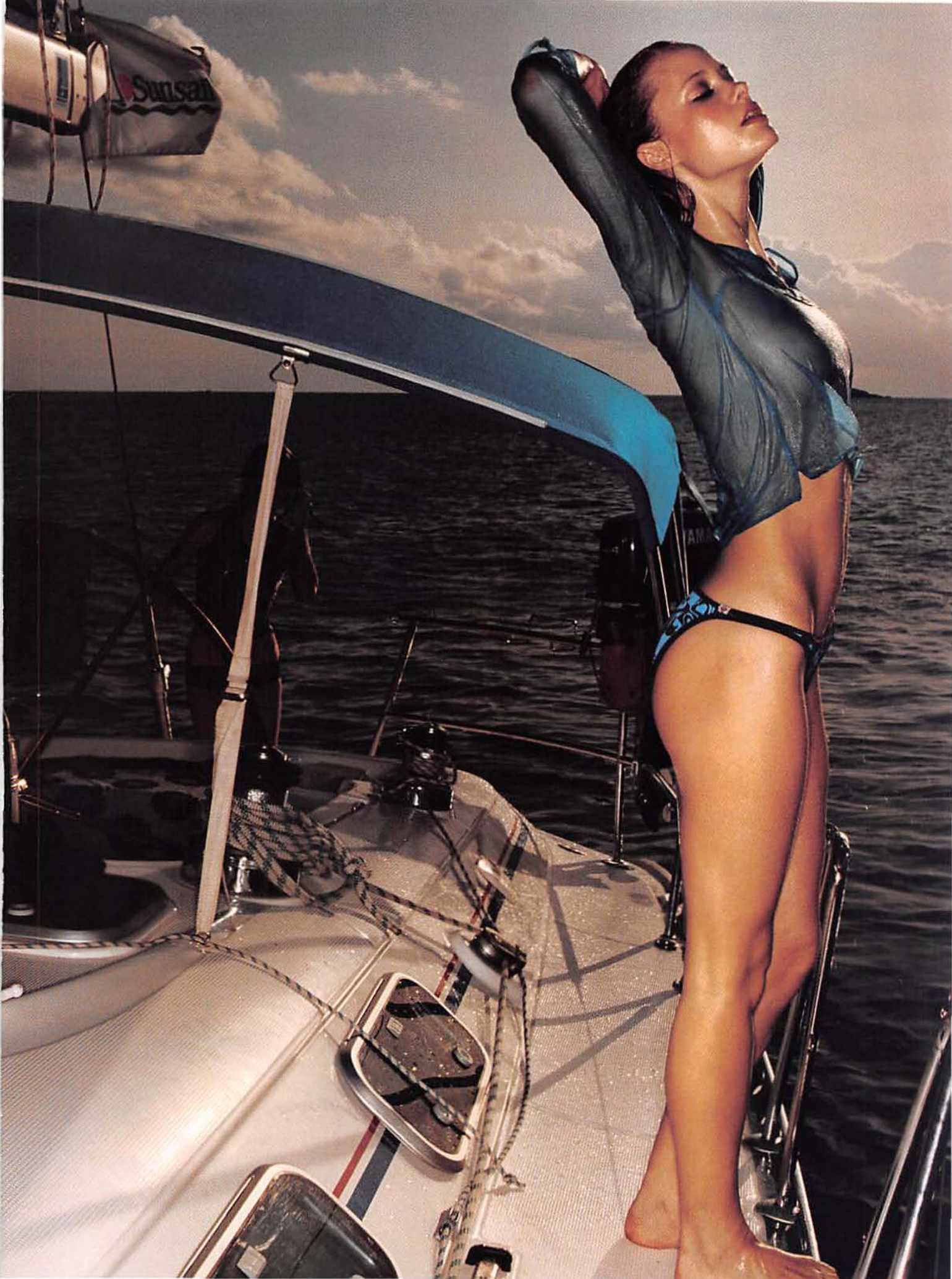
Opposite page, on him: Mountain Rescue sweatshirt, $45, by Polo Jeans Co. Board shorts, $47, by Hurley Chettah 2000. Digital camera, $2,100, by Sony. On her: Cireo swimsuit by Bachata by Odabash.

This page: Map print T-shirt, $45, by Petroleum. Windpants, $45, by Polo Sport Ralph Lauren.



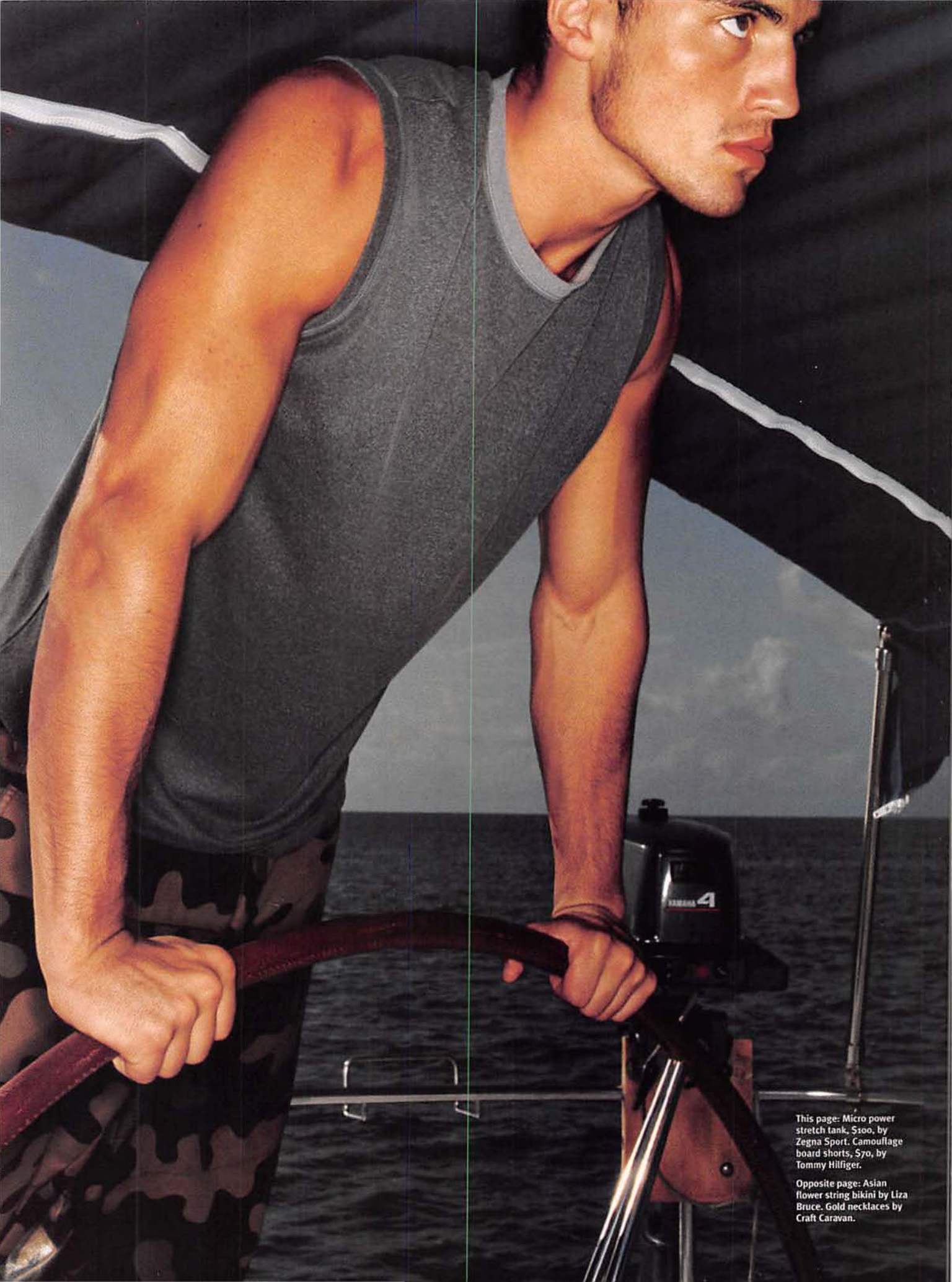
This page: Ringer muscle tee, $40, by 3 Sixty. Waxed black pants, $69, by Kenneth Cole. Watch, $125, by Timberland.

Opposite page: Chiffon tunic top by Paul & Joe. Glazed & Twisted bikini bottom by Roxy by Quiksilver.


Sunsail

This page: Chiffon leopard top by Colovos. Hot pants by Liza Bruce.

Opposite page: Nylon jacket, $195, by BOSS Hugo Boss. The Boss work pants, $60, by Stussy.



This page: Micro power stretch tank, $100, by Zegna Sport. Camouflage board shorts, $70, by Tommy Hilfiger.

Opposite page: Asian flower string bikini by Liza Bruce. Gold necklaces by Craft Caravan.

SAIL OF THE CENTURY

Don't know your starboard from your stern? Then visit the Sunsail Resort in Antigua, where they'll teach you how to make a 60-foot catamaran your bitch.

WHY SHOULD I FLY TO THE CARIBBEAN TO LEARN HOW TO SAIL, WHEN I CAN GET A LESSON FOR $20 AT THE LOCAL BEACH? Insolent bastard. In addition to learning how to sail everything from a dinghy to a Dart catamaran, there are plenty of opportunities throughout the year to *race* alongside professionals. In particular, Antigua Sailing Week in early May allows novices to enter races along with the world's top sailing teams. The regatta consists of five separate races, and by the last round, drunken pretenders are usually weeded out from the America's Cup hopefuls. Check out the regatta's Web site, www.sailingweek.com, for entry forms and more information.

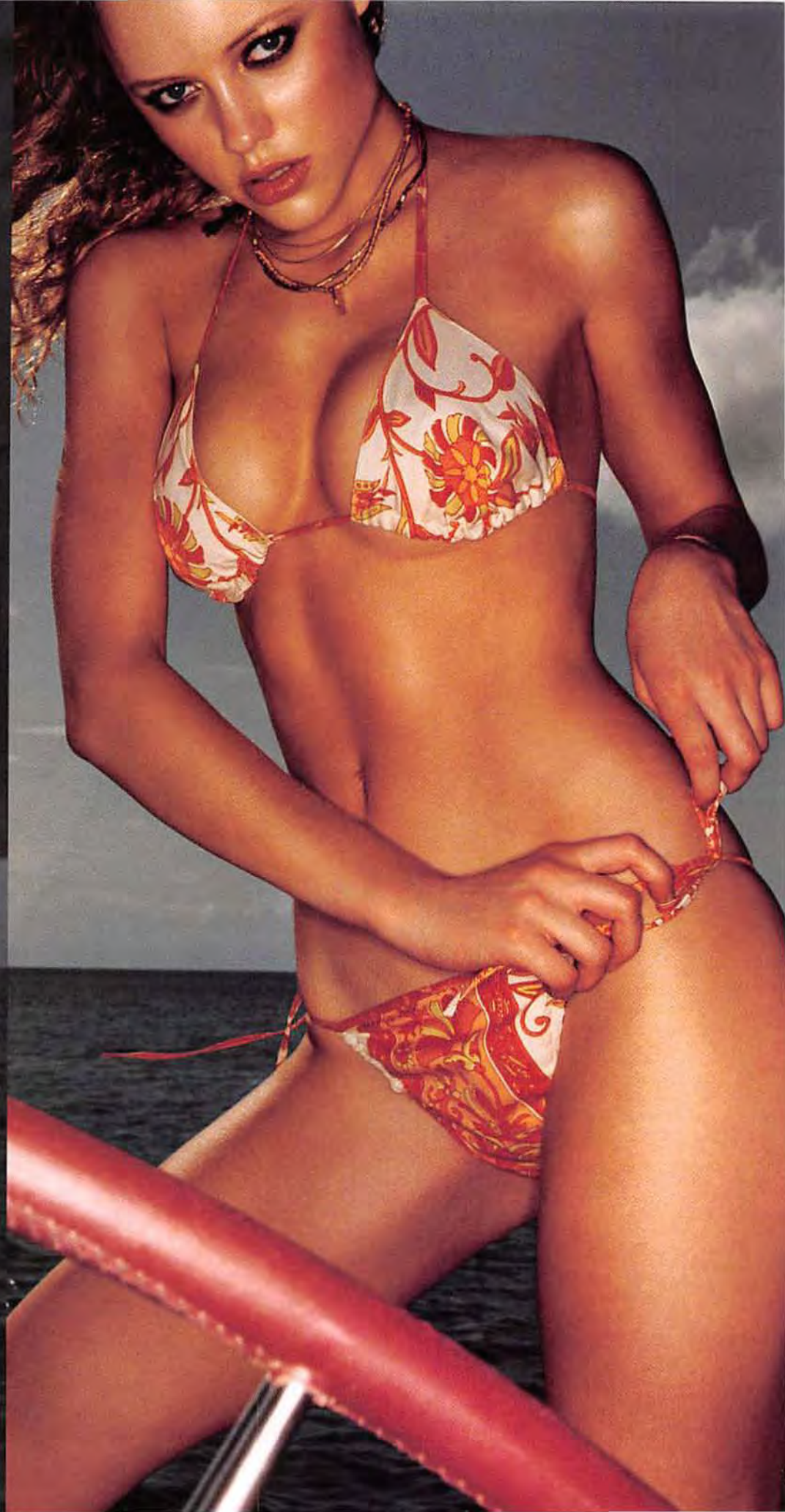
WOW. BUT I'M NOT SURE I'VE GOT THE NERVE TO ACTUALLY ENTER THE THING. No worries. Antigua Sailing Week is the island's version of Mardi Gras. Locals, visitors and participants get royally lubed while taking in the proceedings. Picture the drunken debauchery along the route of the Boston Marathon, and add amazing weather and attractive people wearing far less clothing.

ALL RIGHT, ONCE I LEARN HOW TO MASTER AND RACE A SEAWORTHY VESSEL, THEN WHAT? Your questions are becoming tiresome. The sailing is almost secondary. Sunsail Resort offers everything from tennis courts, scuba diving, snorkeling and the largest swimming pool on the island to two free meals a day. The accommodations aren't Club Med sparse, either. Each room is outfitted with a minibar, direct-dial telephone and satellite TV. With fall packages starting at $499 a week, this here's one damn good deal.

WHAT ARE SOME GOOD BARS TO HIT IF I MISS SAILING WEEK? Lashings is near the resort, and it's a great spot to jibe with other novice sailors, as well as drink your weight. Also try the weekly party at Shirley Heights (every Sunday afternoon).

SOLD. WHEN SHOULD I BOOK THIS LITTLE ADVENTURE? Weatherwise, the best time to go is during the November/December season. You can call 800-327-2276 for reservations, or check out their Web site, www.sunsail.com, for more information.

WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME ALL THIS? Because they loaned us this boat for our fashion shoot and we like them. A lot.



RULES OF COOL

Giovanni Ribisi

In a Hollywood full of Porsches, Giovanni Ribisi is a Dodge pickup. He's anti-flash, even though he's appeared in films such as *Saving Private Ryan* and this summer's *Gone in 60 Seconds*. Below, tips from his own personal cool school.

COOLEST THING YOU OWN A '55 Gretsch Country Club guitar. It's so tasty, and it has so much *fuego* to it!

COOLEST THING YOU DRIVE A '69 Chevy Camaro with a 502-crate engine. I built it with some friends of mine.

COOLEST THING TO WATCH ON TV The blue screen you get when the VCR is done playing a tape. I don't like to watch TV.

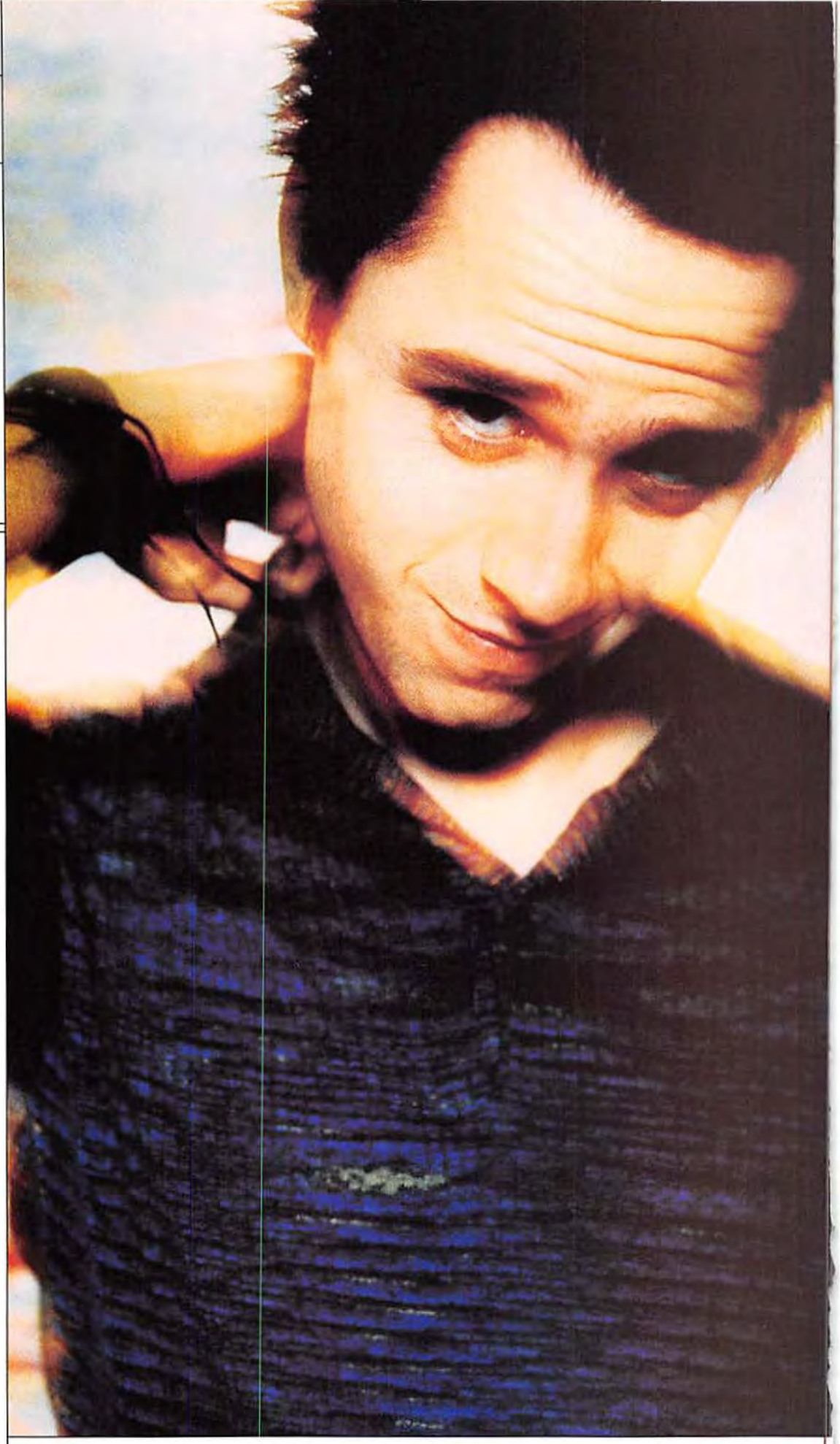
COOLEST FINANCIAL TIP YOU'VE EVER BEEN GIVEN Do porn.

COOLEST VINYL YOU'VE EVER OWNED My Curious George record. I liked learning how curious he was. I envied that little monkey.

COOLEST NICKNAME YOU'VE EVER HAD Asshole. I get that epithet when I'm driving down the street, anywhere from one to 20 times a day. Actually, my two-year-old daughter, Lucia, also calls me that.

COOLEST FACT YOU KNOW You *have* to brush your teeth. I'm no longer on the fence about that one, after having gum surgery a couple of years ago.

COOLEST PERSON YOU'VE EVER MET I once knew somebody who was born with a tail and could actually fart on command. Very interesting.



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BIGGER can

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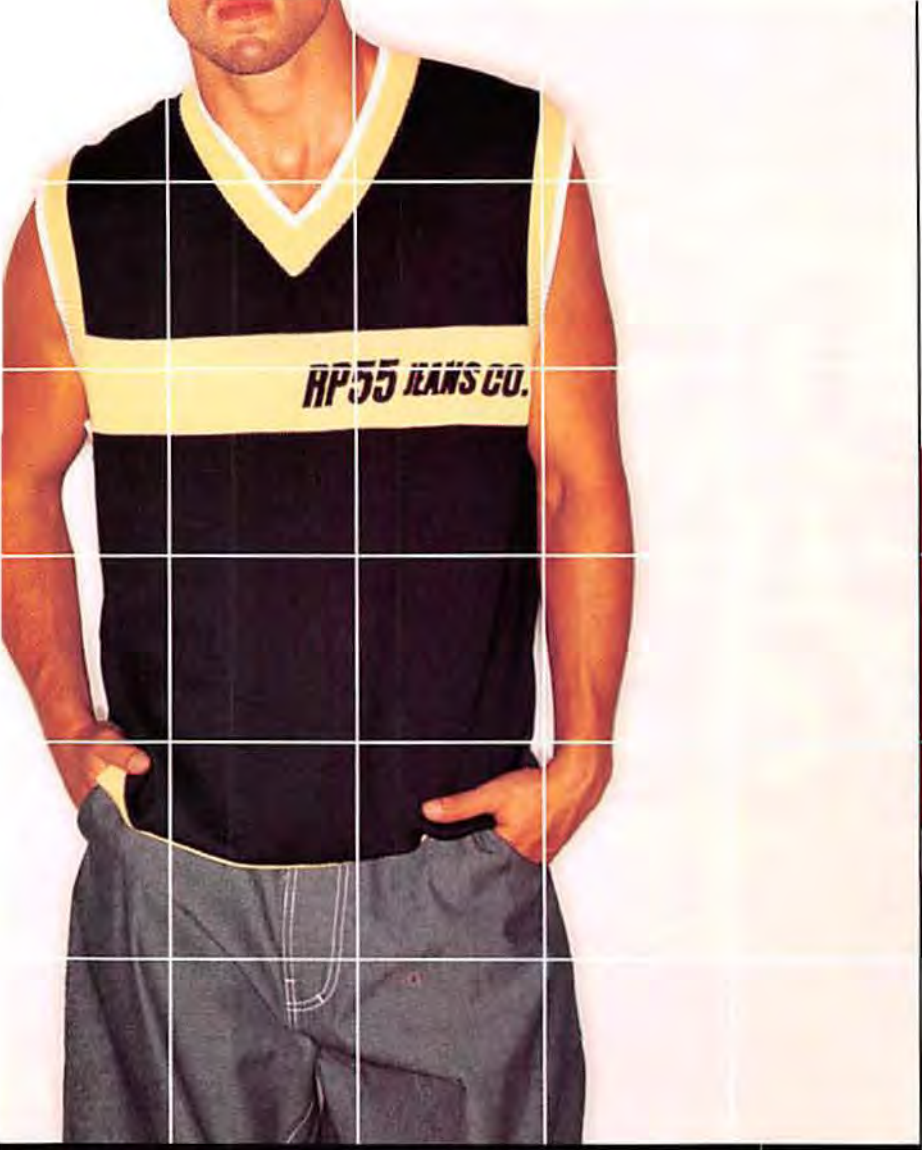

LABELS101

Our closet checklist of the clothes that would look damn swell on your sorry butt.

By Grant Davis Photographs by Michael Biondi

Zegna Sport

WHO'S Z-MAN? Ermenegildo Zegna, the Italian designer known for his sweet ties and sharp suits.
DOES "SPORT" MEAN YOU CAN PLAY IN IT? Not unless you want to get nicknamed Brian Boitano. This stuff's perfect for chillin' *after* the game and a shower, though, while drinking a cold brew with the boys.
WHO WEARS IT? Lots of quarterbacks, including John Elway, Troy Aikman and Peyton Manning.
TIE ONE ON Monica Lewinsky gave Bill Clinton an Ermenegildo Zegna tie as a gift and asked him to wear it on TV as a way of saying, "Hey, baby! Thinking of you."
GOTTA GET The high-tech nylon track pants and jacket (above) that don't stick to you like a wet sponge.

RP55

WHY RP55? Combine the *R* for founder Ralph Reynolds with the *P* for partner Ron Perry, add Perry's year of birth, '55, and voilà!
THEIR DEAL Reynolds and Perry were competing T-shirt makers who met up at the Afram Festival in Norfolk, Virginia. When their respective business partners bailed, they said, "Fuck 'em," and joined forces.
HOW'D THEY GO HUGE? Hip-hop shows in Baltimore and D.C. featured artists such as Lost Boyz wearing their brand. "After that summer (1995), it really hit hard," says Reynolds.
WHAT'S NEXT? Outrek, RP55's assault on outdoor technical gear (think Abercrombie & Fitch meets Harlem). Phone, beeper and CD-player pockets are da norm.

Polo Jeans Co.

WHERE'S THE GUY ON THE HORSE? Ralph Lauren knew that the elitist polo symbol was incompatible with down-and-dirty urban life, so he nixed it from this particular line.
WHO WEARS IT? DJ Scribble, Youngstown, Ryan Phillippe and ladies Posh Spice and Cameron Diaz.
RANDOM FACT Ralph Lauren's real name is Ralph Lipshitz, and he was born in the South Bronx. But we don't recommend reminding him of these facts at a public gathering. He might hit you with a mallet.
GOTTA GET Waterproof denim cargo pants—the first pair of jeans you can wear snowboarding without getting a wet spot on your ass.

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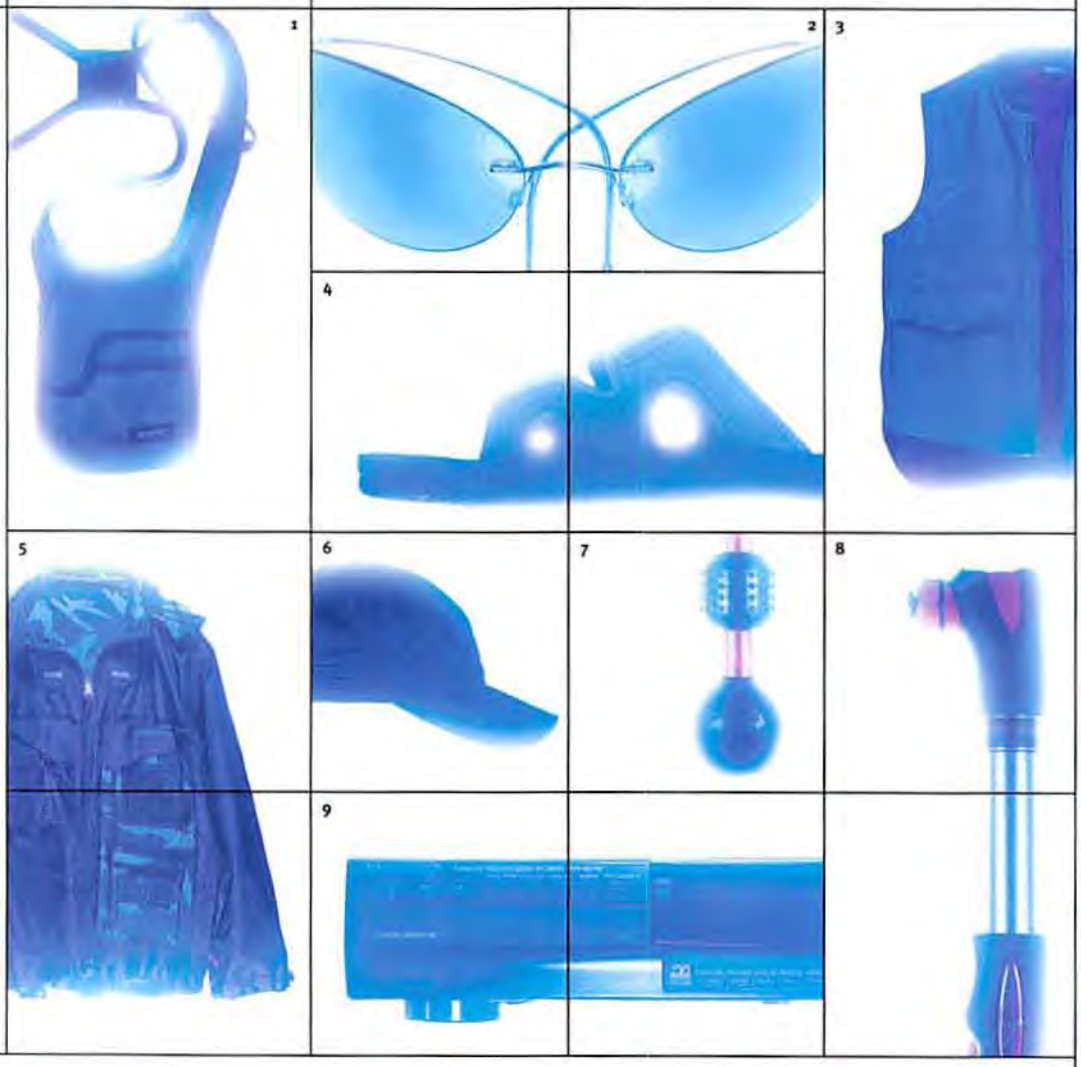
MOST WANTED

Cash or credit—just get it.

Photographs by Shin Ohira



1 GUN/BANANA HOLSTER
X-Large's shoulder pack helps you live out your most twisted *Cops* fantasies. **$26**

2 XTREME SPECS
Toss 'em out of a jet fighter, smash 'em with a mallet, but don't expect Silhouette's Minimal Art titanium shades to crack. It ain't happenin'. **$275**

3 MEAN VEST
Hard Yakka's denim vest with Polarfleece lining is built for a really hard day on the range. It can easily stand up to a year's worth of baseball games, smoky bars and the occasional ketchup "accident." **$125**

4 SLIDE-IN FOOT HOLDERS
Etnies' Turf sandals stick to your soles like glue without all that annoying toe strap/flip-flop bullshit. **$36**

5 JACKET OF MANY POCKETS
Oh, yeah. Complete with special pockets for a cell phone, CD player, beeper and any other gadgetry, this reversible JNCO jacket is juiced. **$199**

6 STYLIN' HAIR HOUSE
Slam Ecko's baseball hat on your head, cop an attitude and keep old folks from taking you seriously. **$28**

7 FIDO'S LOVE TOY
For the non-Seeing Eye dog, Fetch & Flash dog toys light up as soon as you hurl 'em into the dark abyss. **$15**

8 PUMP-ACTION PUMP
Just like Mr. Fantastic, the Ventilator 4 bicycle pump molds its shape to fit any nozzle. Unlike Mr. Fantastic, the Ventilator is *not* married to the Invisible Woman. **$30**

9 HOT CD BURNER
Kenwood's DR-307W CD recorder features double-speed dubbing for album pirates who are just too busy to sit through Metallica's *Master of Puppets* in real time. **$595**

10 THIEF-PROOF SHIRT
Wear Kenneth Cole Reaction's 2 Pocket Shakur shirt and pickpockets will hate you. **$48**

11 DOUBLE TIMER
Nautica's NTech waterproof watch offers a digital time display and chronograph—even 150 feet underwater. Go any deeper and your skull will cave in, making it hard to read the face at all. **$55**

12 BLACK BALLS
Refugees' golf ball (and Vee "Rocket Launcher" Tee) is the best thing to happen to golf since knickers were outlawed, but, man, it's a bitch trying to find this thing in the rough. **$9 for six balls; $4.50 for 6 tees**

13 EYE ARMOR
Wear these BB-proof Oakleys and never get shot in the eye again. **$325**

14 OLD SCHOOL SHOE
1981 was such a cool year that A.D. One has released its 81 Racer sneaker to celebrate. Isn't that the same year *Alf* premiered? **$55**

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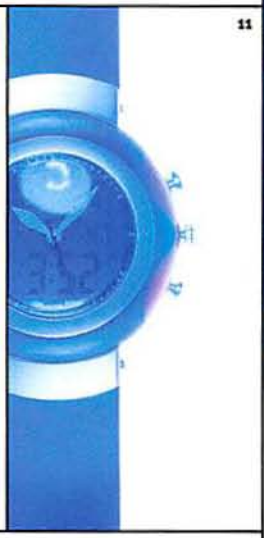

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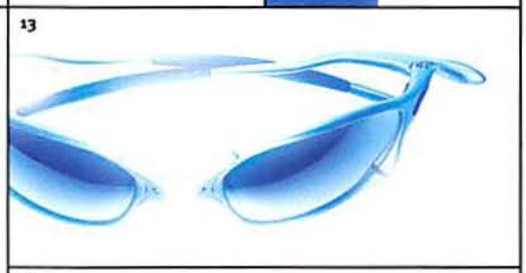

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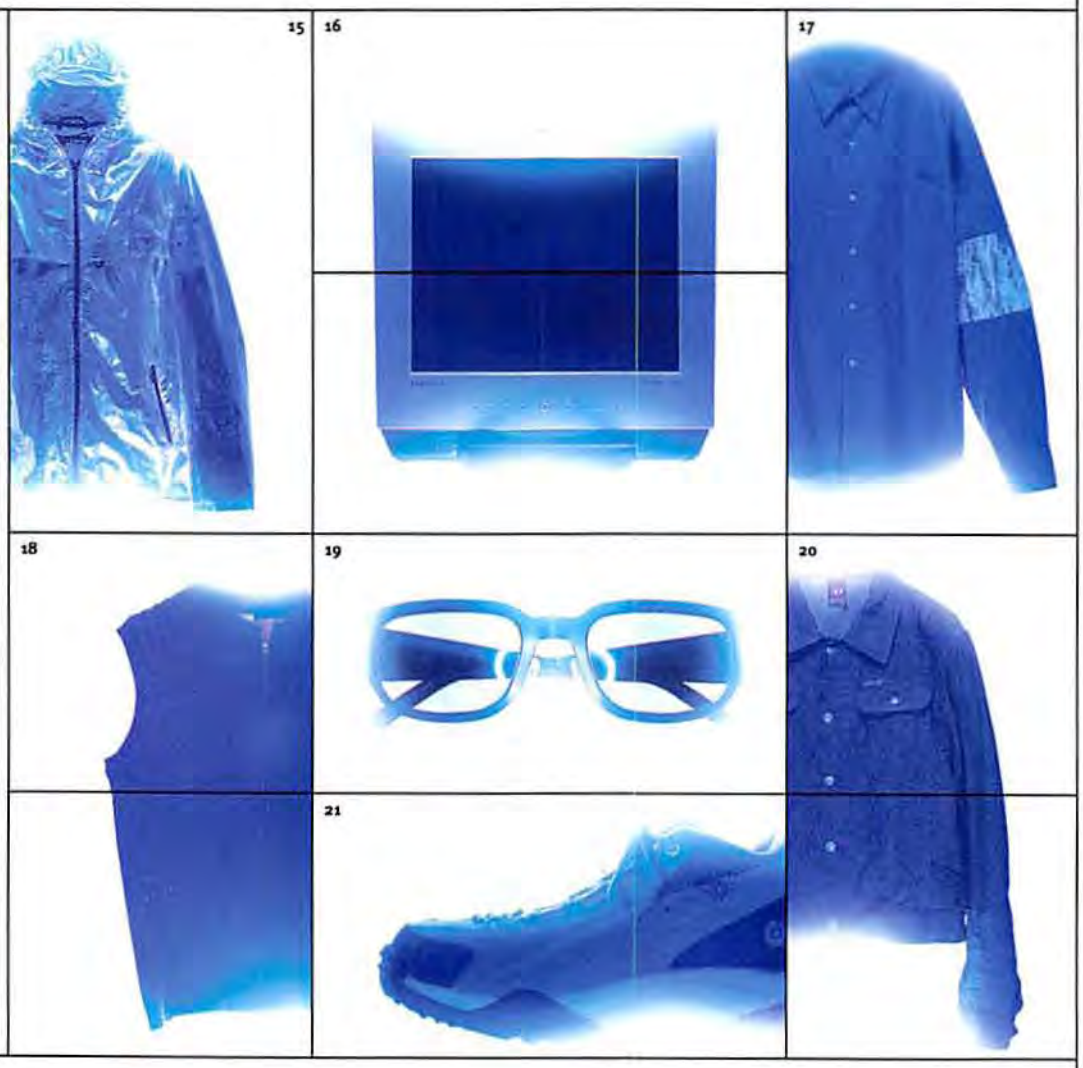

15 ATOMIC LAB COAT
Samsonite's Travel Jacket doubles as a safety coat during nuclear attack. $450

16 ÜBERMONITOR
Samsung's SyncMaster works as a TV screen and a computer monitor, allowing you to watch *SportsCenter* while doing spreadsheets. $1,287

17 ELBOWS OF STEEL
Nathaniel Christian's shirt with stainless steel elbows would have been a mandatory mosh-pit accessory if it had been available in 1993. $295

18 YET ANOTHER VEST
Yes, sleeves are out this year. Way out. Unless you're going swimming in a thistle patch, All Saints' sweater is your ticket to cool heaven. $64

19 OL' BLUE EYES
There's been gray, yellow, green and red shades. Now Hugo Boss gives you blue. Will there ever be an end to the madness? $180

20 FILTHY CLOTHES
If Diesel's Gregg crushed, dirty denim jean jacket looks thrashed and covered in funk, that's because it is. The jacket's built that way to hide stains and increase wear time between washings. $49

21 ODOR EATERS
The high-tech fabric in Gravis' Deuce shoes sucks out sweat to keep toes fungus-free. $95

22 NOTHING BUT NET
Microsoft, watch your back. Look out, Sony. Nike is making a strong move on the world of electronics with the PSA Play 120 MP3 player. On the playground, at the beach or on the Million Mom March, you can enjoy 120 minutes of tunes downloaded from the Net. $279

23 KEYS TO THE CELL
We introduced the gorgeous Ericsson T18d cell phone to the debonair Chatboard, and they bonded instantly. This beautiful couple will allow you to send e-mails from the road and download the "I love you" virus. $398

24 SURF SWEATER
The Underoos of yore grew up and got cool. Ecko's Silver Surfer sweater brings mutant life-forms back to the street in jiggy style. $120

25 CRAZIE WALKIE-TALKIE
See what's going down with your pals on Motorola's TalkAbout T6000 two-way radio, digital compass, thermometer, altimeter-barometer and stopwatch with a two-mile talk range. $175

26 INCENDIARY DEVICE
The windproof and waterproof Solo Submariner lighter ignites a 2,300-degree flame that's hot enough to light a cigarette. $11

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THE ROAD SCHOLAR

AIR ITALIA

Meet Marty Padgett. He test-drives cars for a living. Very, very expensive cars. And he likes it. So we don't bother paying him.
This month: The Mangusta.

By Marty Padgett
Photographs by Jim Huibregtse

There is only one downside to being an international, jet-setting auto journalist for *Stuff*. Friends, family and strangers corner me at least once a week and ask, "Hey, Marty, can you introduce me to Alyssa Milano?"

"Er, no. I'm the *car* editor," I explain.

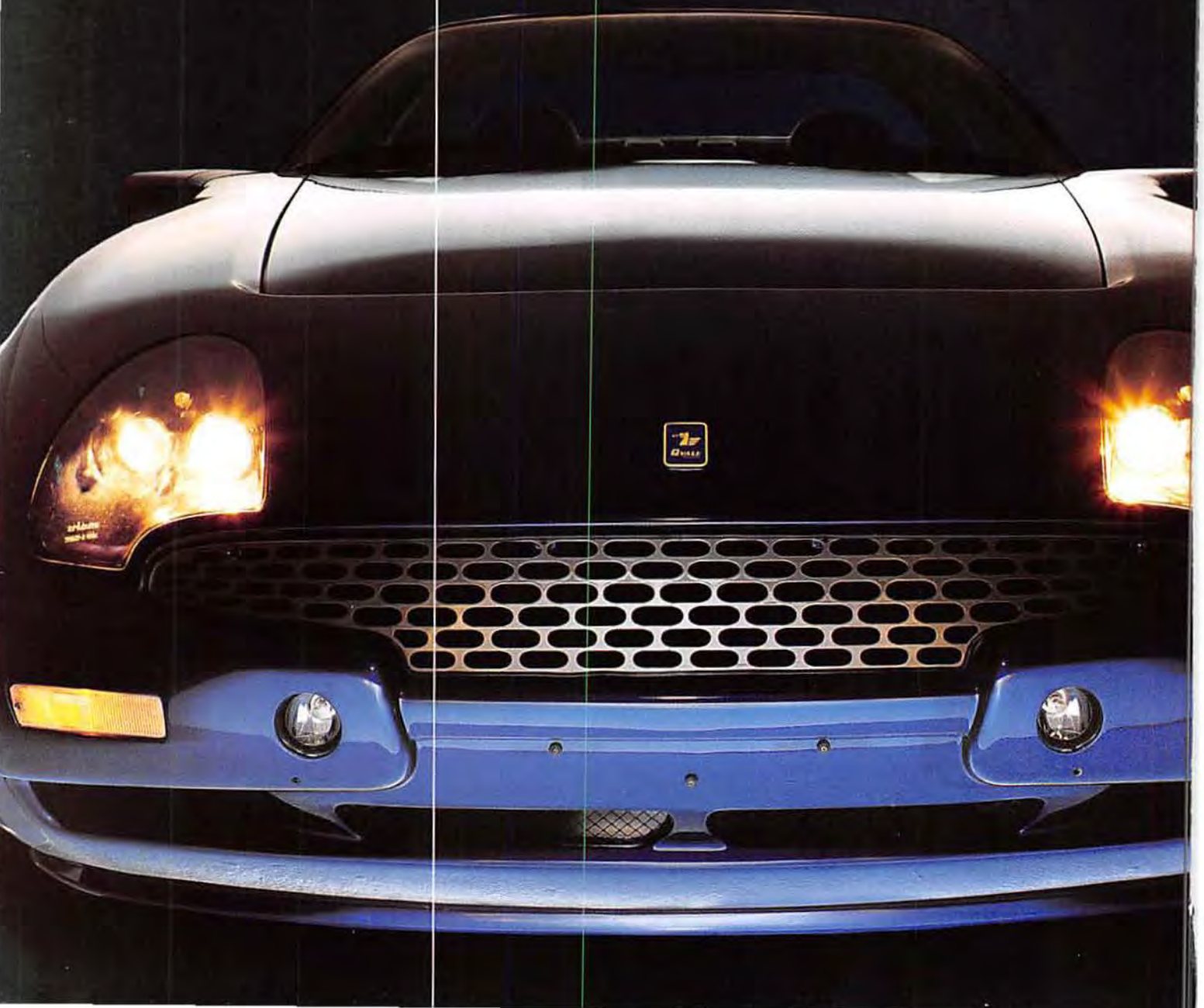
"What about Xena? Have you seen her, you know, in the flesh?"

"Look, what part of *car* don't you understand, buddy?"

Most just walk away. The few who stay have pity on my luckless life without glamorous ladies and throw out another original line: "So what's the hottest new car out there?" Now you're speaking my language.

My answer to their ignorant little question: Mangusta. You're probably thinking, *Huh? Has this imbecile never heard of Ferrari or Rolls-Royce?* I wouldn't waste my cash, friend. In my opinion, an Italian pocket rocket like the new 2000 Qvale Mangusta is the only way to go. It's got it all—speed, head-turning "what the fuck was that thing?" style and some real old-world street cred. *Bellissima!*

So imagine the chubbissima I got when the folks from Qvale allowed me to hop behind the wheel of this cruising slice of heaven. The Mangusta is the brainchild of Marcello Gandini, the guy who almost made me forget girls during high school with his designs for the Lamborghini Countach and Diablo. It's a



tire-smoking neck snapper, with body panels made out of the same plastic stuff that Corvettes and Lotuses wear. Underneath its knife-edged skin lurks a 320-horsepower V-8 with enough torque to pull Van Halen's career back on track. Even in car-unfriendly San Francisco, I was able to jet from zero to sixty in about 5.5 seconds before being stopped by the fuzz. It goes up to 160 mph, but, sadly, the hilly streets of San Fran kept shooting me airborne before I could max out the engine.

Inside, the two-seat cockpit could fit Kevin Garnett and Gheorghe Muresan and still have plenty of leftover legroom. The plush leather seats ooze comfort: Park your ass and you instantly get that post-six-pack, La-Z-Boy feeling, minus the shakes. In fact, there's more leather inside this thing than in Nasty Ms. Spanky's Slap & Tickle Club on Leather Licker Night (that's what your mom told me, anyway). And you can pick whatever color leather you like to hide the appropriate stains: black, cappuccino or tobacco. All the truly important controls—power windows, a 160-watt Nakamichi six-disc CD changer and a vanity mirror—are right at your fingertips.

If you live in San Francisco, Beverly Hills, Fort Lauderdale or Greenwich, Connecticut, you can drive one of these muthas right off the Qvale showroom floor. All it takes is $78,900—and some *cogliones*. Call 415-776-7785, or log on to www.mangusta.net.

THE AIR BAG

No crash-test dummy, our automotive genius, Marty, rattles on like a loose exhaust pipe about the hottest new cars and the gadgets that love them.

Rolls with buttah

And you thought the Camaro was the ultimate pimpmobile. I was the Mack Daddy of them all the other day, when I pulled curbside in this year's new 325-horsepower **ROLLS-ROYCE CORNICHE**—a car that makes the Benz SL convertible look like your father's postprostatectomy Olds. With acres of wood on the dash and more chrome than a cheerleading team could polish off, the Corniche makes everyone turn and stare—in my case, making them think that I was a new-to-American-riches hockey player. Why not buy one for a mere $360,000?

HAL on wheels

Get ready to read your e-mail, book a flight to Vegas and surf for funky MP3s—all while you're stuck in traffic. The new, in-car **BOSE INFOTAINMENT SYSTEM** ($2,000), available only in the 2001 Cadillac STS, downloads information from Web sites in audio format, retrieves your e-mail through wireless connections (spooking the bejesus out of you by reading it back in a female robo-voice) and lets you get in sync with your Palm Pilot. Plug in a cell phone for voice-activated calls, or use it the old-fashioned way to play the radio, CDs and MP3s. The jury is still out on whether this baby will clean your underwear, but I'm not giving up hope.

A cop's worst nightmare

With a snappy name like the **LRD767** ($180), Uniden's newest radar sniffer sounds like a jumbo jet, but is, in fact, an electronic bloodhound that detects the latest speeder-bustin' police technology. And, considering that you're driving way too fast to read road signage, Uniden packs in a handy compass to help you find your way. As a journalist, I felt it was my duty to test this sucker out, so I plopped it on my dash and went about breaking speed laws in four counties. It took five seconds for the bleepers to sound enough alarms for a jailbreak on an Alabama night. Final verdict: This works almost too well.

VIVA TEQUILA!

Stuff lines the bar with seven of the smoothest tequilas south of the border—no chaser required.

By Grant Davis
Photographs by Shin Ohira

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Casa Noble Reposado $55 ★★★★

Just call this tequila "the Body." The relatively unknown Casa Noble comes in a bottle with Carmen Electra curves and has a smooth, silky texture—but enough bite to remind you that this is a high-octane, 80-proof liquid bombshell. Warning: Bring your nasal plugs because the distinctive pepper smell is reminiscent of a big, fat jalapeño. This was our bartending experts' first choice for introducing something new, unusual and downright super to your alcohol arsenal. The big boys of tequila better watch their backs.

Cabo Wabo Blanco $30 ★★★

This is the stealth bomber of tequilas. Pour it into a margarita and people will think they're drinking virgins—until they pass out or end up in another state with their underwear on their heads. Owned and bottled by Van Halen alum Sammy Hagar, Cabo Wabo is the smoothest blanco (or silver) tequila on the market. It slips down like water, with the mellow taste hitting your tongue and then vanishing. The same cannot be said for the hangover that you'll endure the morning after.

Chinaco Reposado $36 ★★★★★

When we look at this bottle, we dream of a genie. Jeannie, in fact. Mmmm...Barbara Eden in that belly dancer getup... Mmmm...exposed navel... Mmmm...lamp...rubbing... Oh, sorry—lost ourselves for a moment. Anyway, Chinaco's subtle caramel sweetness makes it unlike any other tequila: It goes down like ice, but then sticks around with a smoldering, oddly pleasant bite—sort of like Major Healey. This is the most visceral tequila experience around. Make it your one-stop shot or the ultimate margarita fuel.

Sauza Tres Generaciones Añejo $36 ★★★

Don't be fooled by its neutral taste or the absence of a scent: Sauza packs heat. This is more like a lighter silver tequila than a typically smoky añejo. But before you gulp it like Gatorade, prepare for a firestorm in your throat.

Patrón Añejo $50 ★★★★★

Patrón is smoother than an Allan Houston jumper. The most popular premium tequila in America holds that title for good reason: It delivers a more mature and spicier flavor than other añejos, without that nasty burning sensation. Wanna win a shot duel? Request this laid-back liquid for yourself, get the house tequila for your buds and watch them weep.

Don Julio Añejo $45 ★★★★

Order this añejo and watch how fast the barkeep worships you. Don Julio tastes like caramel mixed with smoke, but it doesn't have that eye-watering aftertaste of lesser tequilas. Think of the Don as a fine port. You sip, rest and sip again. And the best part: The subtle flavor is bold enough to survive all the citrus and sugar a margarita can throw at it.

El Tesoro de Don Felipe Añejo $36 ★★★★

El Tesoro flips the bird to tradition by aging its añejo in old oak bourbon casks from Kentucky. The result is a mellow citrus scent and rich caramel color, without the smoky flavor. It's like Dick Clark: experienced but forever young. And better yet, instead of going through taste changes from lips to gullet, El Tesoro is as consistent as Dick and New Year's Eve.

WHAT THE HELL IS...

THE MEZCAL WORM

Stuff solves the great mystery of the bug in the bottle.

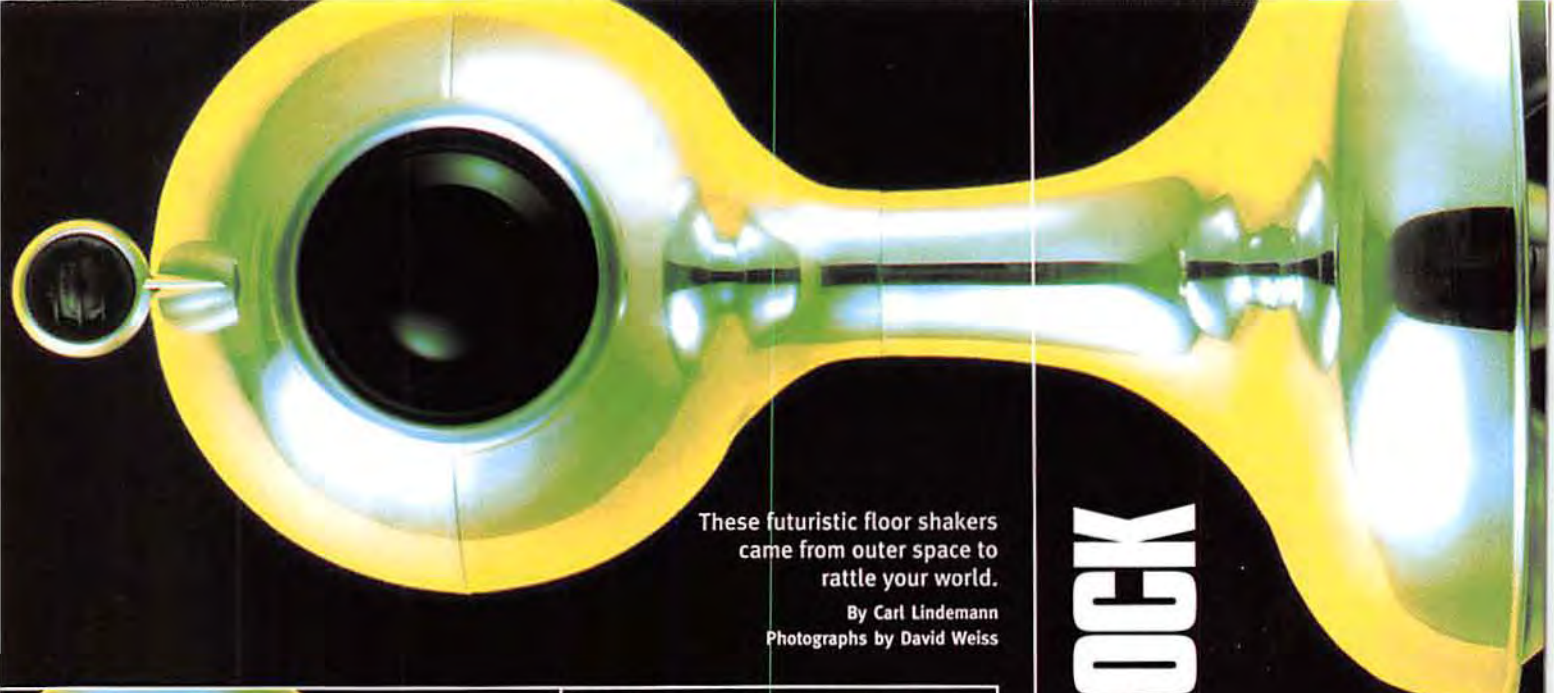
MEZCAL—THAT'S A TYPE OF TEQUILA, RIGHT? No. Despite popular belief, mezcal is *not* tequila. Yes, it comes from the same plant family as tequila—the agave—but it's grown and processed under less rigorous quality standards. And while tequilas are made with 100 percent blue agave, mezcals may include some blue agave mixed in with lesser plants (read: weeds).

SO, WHY THE WORM? In 1950, mezcal manufacturer Jacobo Lozano Páez discovered that his entire batch of agave was contaminated by *gusanos* (worms). Rather than toss the plants, he cooked them up and found that they had a slightly different, but not unpleasant, taste from pure mezcal. In a bout of marketing genius—rivaling even the Cracker Jack prize—Páez added a worm to his bottle and attached a small sack of salt seasoned with crushed worms to temper the taste. Thus, the worm in the bottle *and* the shots-with-salt ritual were born.

DOES THE WORM TASTE LIKE CHICKEN? We wish. Since it's been saturated in really strong, cheap mezcal, the worm smells and tastes like—surprise—really strong, cheap mezcal. Imagine a *mierda* mouthwash. The texture is similar to a three-week-old raisin. Chomp into the bloated sucker and it'll pop in your mouth like a stale piece of Freshen-up gum.

WILL EATING IT GET ME HIGH? Sorry, bud. Despite legend that the worm acts as a hallucinogen, the only trip you'll be taking is to the men's room. At best, if you eat enough mezcal-laced worms, you'll simply get really drunk.

Bottoms up to margarita mixmasters **RICK MURPHY** and **STEVEN ENGELMANN** of New York City's Rocking Horse Cafe Mexicano, who helped us decipher the best tequilas—shot by grueling shot.



PLANETROCK

These futuristic floor shakers came from outer space to rattle your world.

By Carl Lindemann
Photographs by David Weiss

ULTIMATE CHICK MAGNETS

Minipods $399 ★★★★

Fact 1: Ladies love Minipods. A good 99.7 percent of the women we asked said that the 'pods are the only stereo equipment that they'd put in their homes. Fact 2: These little, silver snowmen also come in blue, black and white—so you can to match them to your sofa. Fact 3: Yes, they look like fresh ham hocks, but the sound is phat. The bass is deeper than a philosophy professor, and full-blast volume won't max out the power on the amp. But don't pump it up too high: Songs get a bit muddy in the glass-shattering range. **www.minipod.com**

COOLEST COMPACTS

B&W LM 1 $350 ★★★★

Shelve these sound machines between a copy of *The Perfect Storm* and a few back issues of *Stuff*, and start the party. Their lunch-box size means that you'll sacrifice some bass, but it's well worth it if you're looking for crystal-clear, accurate sound. Throw in B&W's ASW 500 subwoofer ($450) and you've got a bangin' system that would make Barry White, Method Man and even Satan himself proud. **www.bwspeakers.com**

BEST BANG FOR THE BUCK

Benwin BW2000 $90 ★★★

These tiny, baby Benwins sound amazing, as long as you use them in a space the size of a single-toilet rest room—aka your apartment. The innovative flat panels are great for mid to high tones like vocals and guitar, but the separate, four-inch subwoofer couldn't raise a hair on a sheepdog. Still, for the price, these speakers are fine for getting decent sound out of a computer, MP3 player or MiniDisc. **www.benwin.com**

3001: A Barbecue Odyssey

C'MON, BABY, LIGHT MY FIRE

A sci-fi grill, fresh bear meat and sauce with a bad attitude—just some of the ingredients you'll need to throw the ultimate BBQ bash.

By Grant Davis Photograph by Jens Mortensen

MOST CRAZY-ASS DESIGN

O'heocha D2 $1,870 ★★★★★

Steal a droid from the evil empire, add woofers and tweeters, bolt on steel-tipped tripod legs—ones deemed so dangerous that they're banned in certain states—and you've got a D2. (Note to self: Use speaker to destroy home intruders.) The sound is superclean and accurate, with a cannon's worth of bass, and the unit's aerodynamic curves help eliminate distortion. One caveat: You'll need an amp with serious power (100-plus watts) to properly blow a hole through your neighbor's window. **www.o-d.co.uk**

SMARTEST SURROUND SOUND

Pioneer S-DS1-H $170 ★★★

Most home-theater systems are as inconspicuous as a lingerie-clad moose standing in the living room. The solution? Mount these Pioneers on the wall behind your big-screen TV for stylish, otherworldly sound. (You'll still need a separate subwoofer and speaker up front.) Warning: Put them too close to a TV and they'll cause it to say, "They're heeere," from a bluish haze. **www.pioneerelectronics.com**

Mesquite chips and BBQ utensils from Weber.

1 Pyromid Stove & Grill $90

The Cirque du Soleil contortionist of grills, the insanely portable Pyromid folds into a 12-inch square that's a mere inch thick—but that doesn't make it a small-fry. Its stainless steel design maximizes heat transfer: Nine charcoal briquettes can burn to 1,100 degrees, carbonizing enough meat to feed Tom Arnold's entire family. **www.pyromid.net**

2 Black Bear Meat $10/pound

Real masticators prefer to fire up a patty of 100 percent bear meat, fresh from the Black Hills of South Dakota. Though leaner than beef or pork by 20 percent, we still don't recommend serving Smokey at any ASPCA fund-raisers. **www.exoticmeats.com**

3 Scorned Woman Fiery Barbeque Sauce $6

Georgian legend has it that a guy named Phillipe wouldn't stop cheating on his girlfriend, so she cooked up a serious bitch of a BBQ sauce to teach him a painful lesson. The result: a concoction so hot, it'll burn a hole through a rib eye. **www.oakhillfarms.com**

4 Shiner Summer Stock

$6/six-pack

The brain-frying days of summer require the proper refreshment. May we suggest Shiner Summer: Brewed deep in the heart of Texas by people who know a thing or two about surviving ungodly heat, Shiner has a thick, smooth texture that coats a dry, scorched throat for hours in liquid bliss. A subtle, malted wheat flavor makes you sip it slowly and enjoy. We highly recommend it for your "Kathie Lee for President" shindig this summer. **www.shiner.com**

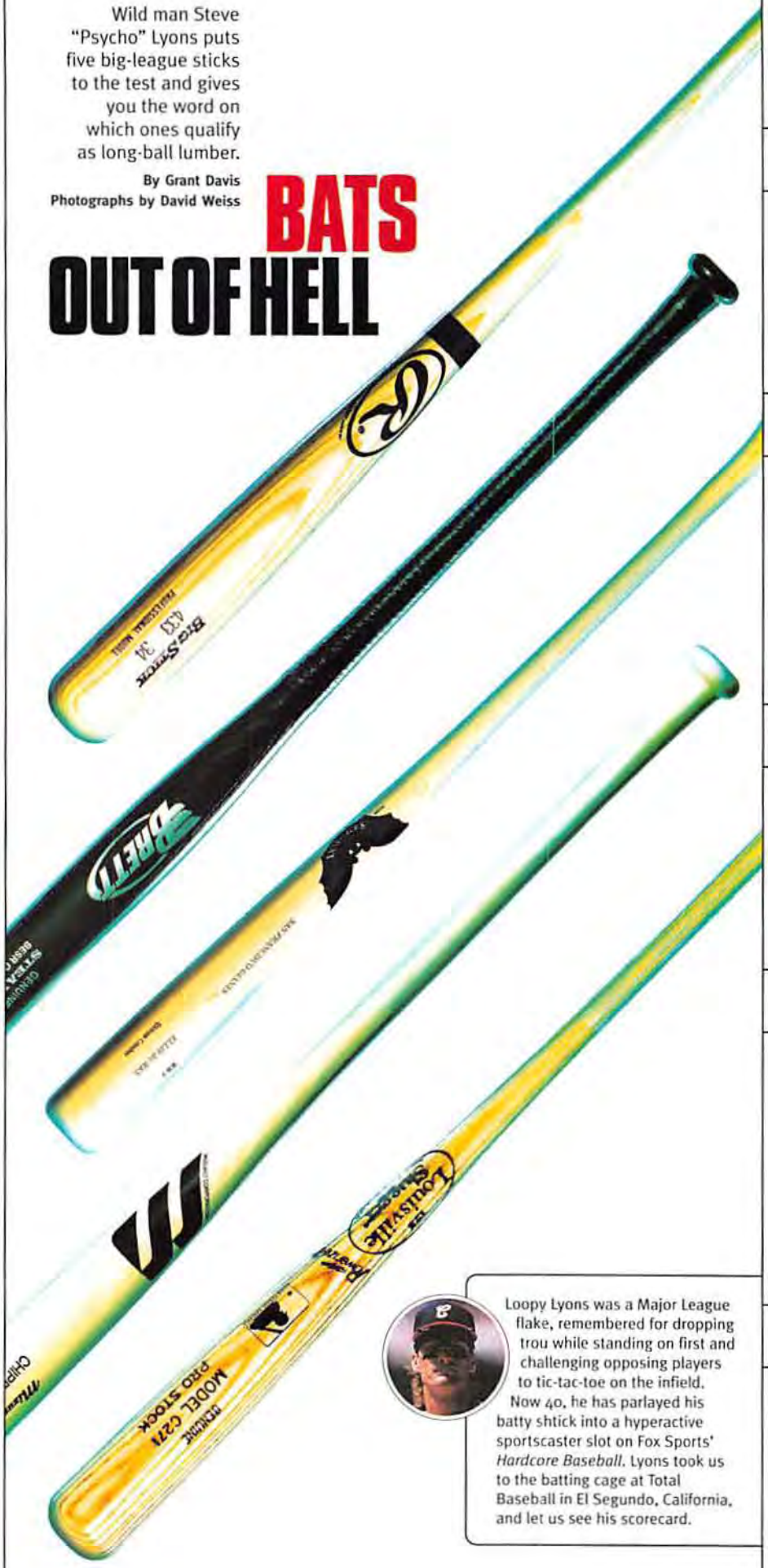
5 New Beetle Portable Stereo $180

Drown out all protests from envious neighbors with the VW-inspired New Beetle AM/FM tuner/CD player. Its sleek design and compact size hide dual megabass ports that crank out a deck-shaking beat. Fear not—the CD player won't be skippin', thanks to ESP shock protection. The New Beetle also comes with a remote to ensure that you always play DJ. But our favorite feature is the removable bud vase that doubles as a wicked shot glass. **www.refac.com**

Wild man Steve "Psycho" Lyons puts five big-league sticks to the test and gives you the word on which ones qualify as long-ball lumber.

By Grant Davis
Photographs by David Weiss

BATS OUT OF HELL



Loopy Lyons was a Major League flake, remembered for dropping trou while standing on first and challenging opposing players to tic-tac-toe on the infield. Now 40, he has parlayed his batty shtick into a hyperactive sportscaster slot on Fox Sports' *Hardcore Baseball*. Lyons took us to the batting cage at Total Baseball in El Segundo, California, and let us see his scorecard.

1 Rawlings Big Stick $49

It starts off as a solid log of northern white ash, but a flame treatment hardens it into a dinger launcher.

WHO USES IT: Mark McGwire, Sammy Sosa—'nuff said.

PSYCHO SAYS: "It felt like my arms were going to fall off when I swung this bad boy. Unless you're the Hulk, have two steak dinners before you even think about muscling this through the strike zone."

2 Brett Bros. Stealth $49

Designed by KC Royals legend George Brett, the Stealth combines three types of ash to make it stronger than a solid, one-piece bat. This makes it ineligible for MLB play, but not for your sneaky, park-playing ass.

WHO USES IT: A-level minor leaguers.

PSYCHO SAYS: "It feels like wood, but it's as tough as aluminum—the perfect practice bat. The textured, sticky handle negates the need for pine tar, which, considering Brett's history, makes perfect sense."

3 Sam Bat $50

This Canadian import is made from chip- and split-resistant Canadian maple, not ash, which gives it a stiff, ironlike feel.

WHO USES IT: Shawn Green, Jeff Bagwell, Barry Bonds, Vladimir Guerrero.

PSYCHO SAYS: "It's top-heavy and was hard for me to get my hands around. But the syrupy color would look bitchin' with black pine tar. I'd reserve this for the mature player who knows how to hit."

4 Mizuno Pro $100

Carved from northern white ash, the Mizuno is nuked in a microwave dryer to lock in the perfect amount of moisture—which gives it its bleached look, keeps it hard and tempers its crack habit.

WHO USES IT: Mike Piazza, Juan Gonzalez, Jim Thome, Chipper Jones.

PSYCHO SAYS: "I felt like I was in Little League, hitting ropes all over the place. If this is Chipper Jones' bat, then he's not that good a hitter—he's just got one hell of a bat. Where was this thing seven years ago when I could've used it?"

5 Louisville Slugger C271 $49

Babe Ruth and Hank Aaron swung Sluggers. The company still flame-treats cuts of northern white ash to create solid hammers that make pitchers weep.

WHO USES IT: Ken Griffey Jr., Alex Rodriguez, Will Clark, Rafael Palmeiro.

PSYCHO SAYS: "This short, lightweight lumber is perfect for a contact hitter. It's so easy to control, I'd give it to a high schooler to learn the art of hitting."

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Clothing Credits Brazil Supplement
Accessories by Yummy Girl; green bikini by Blue Man; NYC T-shirt from Urban Outfitters; bottoms with T-shirt by Roxy; red tank top by Michael Stars; multi-color bikini bottom by BCBG.

Powder Room p.80-82
Dawn: dress by Daang Goodman; Stacy: dress by XOXO. (Group) Chae: top by Malia Mills; bottom by Only Hearts; Stacy: swimsuit by Malia Mills; Kimberly: top by Malia Mills; bottom by Vic & Janet; Tornel: top and bottom by Sparkle.

Lacey Chabert p.94-99
Peach sparkly shirt by Krizia.

Living Large p.100-105
(Martini) Black string bikini by Norma Kamali; tiara and ring by Tatina Tarantino; shoes by Giuseppe Zanotti; sapphire and diamond ring from David Orgell; vintage smoking jacket and pajamas from Palace Costume Company. (Feram) Turquoise slip by Bluemarine; bikini top by DKNY.

Kimberley Davies p.112-115
White shirt by E-Play; white shorts by Elspeth Gibson; red dress by E-Play; shoes by Gina.

Sex Survey p.120-129
Plaid scarf as skirt and plaid sandals by Burberry; bra top by Gianfranco Ferre; polka dot top, plaid skirt and red boots from D&G by Dolce & Gabbana; floral bra and panty by La Perla; leopard panty by Roberto Cavalli; ruffled shirt by Burberry; trenchcoat from D&G by Dolce & Gabbana; glitter bra top by La Perla; black panty bottom by Gianfranco Ferre; paisley shirt from D&G by Dolce & Gabbiana; purple bra and panty by Prada; black bra by Eres; black boots by Sergio Rossi.

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Photograph: Willy Camzen; Styling: Kelly Rae; Hair & Makeup: Keiko Hamaguchi for Celestine LA.

ADDITIONAL PHOTO CREDITS

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Coco Lee
Asia's Mariah Carey—but better looking

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You Go, Girl! No. 3

Penelope Cruz on her ballsy approach to bowling

"At the end of the night, I take all the balls and roll them down the alleys. The owner gets mad, but I just shrug my shoulders and pretend not to understand."

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